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THE

UCUBRATIONS

OF

ſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;

VOL. II.

LONDON:

ted for H. LINTOT, J. and P. KNAPTON,
. INNYS and J. RICHARDSON, T. LONGMAN,
. BIRT, D. BROWNE, J. SHUCKBURGH, J. and
. TONSON and S. DRAPER, J. HINTON,
I. COOPER, J. WARD, E. WICKSTEED, and
. OSWALD.

MDCCLIV.

12057.

TO

EDWARD WORTLEY MOUNTAGUE, *Esq;*

SIR,

HEN I ſend you this Volume, I am rather to make you a Requeſt than a Dedication. I muſt deſire, that if you think fit to throw away any Moments on it, you wou'd not do it after Reading thoſe excellent Pieces with which you are uſually converſant. The Images which you will meet with here, will be very faint, after the Peruſal of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, who are your Ordinary Companions. I muſt confeſs I am obliged to you for the Taſte of many of their Excellencies, which I had not obſerved till you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are ſome Things in thoſe Papers which I know you pardon; and it is no ſmall Pleaſure to have one's Labours

ſuffered by the Judgment of a Man who ſo well underſtands the true [illegible] of Eloquence and Poeſie. But I direct this Addreſs to you; not that I think I can entertain you with my Writings, but to thank you for the new Delight I have from your Converſation in thoſe of other Men.

MAY you enjoy a long Continuance of the true Reliſh of the Happineſs Heaven has beſtowed upon you. I know not how to ſay a more affectionate thing to you, than to wiſh that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger Fortune than you want. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

THE

TATLER:

BY

Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq;*

VOL. II.

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli
The Actions of Mankind are the Subject of my Collections.

N° 51 *Saturday*, August 6, 1709

White's Chocolate-house, August 5.

The History of Orlando *the Fair.* Chap. II.

ORTTUNE being now propitious to the gay *Orlando*, he dreſſed, he ſpoke, he mov'd as a Man might be ſuppoſed to do in a Nation of *Tyrants*, and had an equal Value for our Approbation or Diſlike. It is uſual for thoſe, who profeſs a Contempt of the World, to fly from it and live in Obſcurity; but *Orlando*, with a greater Magnanimity, contemn'd it, and appeared in it to tell 'em ſo. If therefore his exalted Mien met with an unwelcome Reception, he was ſure always to double the Cauſe which gave the Diſtaſte. You ſee *our Beauties* affect a Negligence in the *Ornament of their Hair*, and adjuſting their Head

dreſſes.

dreſſes, as conſcious that they adorn whatever they wear *Orlando* had not only this Humour in common with othe Beauties, but alſo had a Neglect whether Things becam him, or not, in a World he contemn'd. For this Rea ſon, a noble Particularity appear'd in all his Oeconomy Furniture, and Equipage. And to convince the preſen little Race, how unequal all their Meaſures were to a *Antediluvian*, as he called himſelf, in reſpect of the In ſects which now appear for Men, he ſometimes rode i an open Tumbril, of leſs Size than ordinary, to ſhow th Largeneſs of his Limbs, and the Grandeur of his Perſon age, to the greater Advantage: At other Seaſons, al his Appointments had a Magnificence, as if it were formec by the Genius of *Trimalchio* of old, which ſhewed itſel in doing ordinary Things with an Air of Pomp and Grandeur. *Orlando* therefore called for Tea by Beat of Drum; his Valet got ready to ſhave him by a Trumpet to Horſe; and Water was brought for his Teeth, when the Sound was changed to Boots and Saddle.

IN all theſe glorious Exceſſes from the common Practice, did the happy *Orlando* live and reign in an uninterrupted Tranquillity, till an unlucky Accident brought to his Remembrance, that one Evening he was married before he courted the Nuptials of *Villaria*. Several fatal *Memorandums* were produced to revive the Memory of this Accident, and the unhappy Lover was for ever baniſhed her Preſence, to whom he owed the Support of his juſt Renown and Gallantry. But Diſtreſs does not debaſe noble Minds; it only changes the Scene, and gives them new Glory by that Alteration. *Orlando* therefore now raves in a Garret, and calls to his Neighbour Skies to pity his Dolours, and to find Redreſs for an unhappy Lover. All high Spirits, in any great Agitation of Mind, are inclin'd to relieve themſelves by Poetry: The renowned Porter of *Oliver* had not more Volumes around his Cell in the College of *Bedlam*, than *Orlando* in his preſent Apartment. And though Inſerting Poetry in the Midſt of Proſe be thought a Licence among correct Writers not to be indulged, it is hoped the Neceſſity of doing it, to give a juſt Idea of the Hero of whom we treat, will plead for the Liberty we ſhall

here

hereafter take, to print *Orlando*'s Soliloquies in Verſe and Proſe after the Manner of great Wits, and ſuch as thoſe to whom they are near ally'd.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 5.

A GOOD Company of us were this Day to ſee, or rather to hear, an artful Perſon do ſeveral Feats of Activity with his Throat and Windpipe. The firſt Thing, wherewith he preſented us, was a Ring of Bells, which he imitated in a moſt miraculous Manner; after that, he gave us all the different Notes of a Pack of Hounds, to our great Delight and Aſtoniſhment. The Company expreſs'd their Applauſe with much Noiſe; and never was heard ſuch a Harmony of Men and Dogs: But a certain plump merry Fellow, from an Angle of the Room, fell a Crowing like a Cock ſo ingeniouſly, that he won our Hearts from the other Operator in an Inſtant. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I recollected I had ſeen him on the Stage, and immediately knew it to be *Tom. Mirvan*, the comical Actor. He immediately addreſſed himſelf to me, and told me, he was ſurpriſed to ſee a Virtuoſo take Satisfaction in any Repreſentations below that of human Life; and aſked me, Whether I thought this acting Bells and Dogs was to be conſidered under the Notion of Wit, Humour, or Satire? Were it not better, continued he, to have ſome particular Picture of Man laid before your Eyes, that might incite your Laughter? He had no ſooner ſpoke the Word, but he immediately quitted his natural Shape, and talked to me in a very different Air and Tone from what he had uſed before; upon which, all that ſat near us laughed: but I ſaw no Diſtortion in his Countenance, or any Thing that appeared to me diſagreeable. I aſked *Pacolet*, What meant that ſudden Whiſper about us? For I could not take the Jeſt. He anſwered, The Gentleman you were talking to, aſſumed your Air and Countenance ſo exactly, that all fell a laughing to ſee how little you knew yourſelf, and how much you were enamour'd with your own Image. But that Perſon, (continued my Monitor) if Men would make the right

uſe of him, might be as inſtrumental to their reforming Errors in Geſture, Language, and Speech, as a Dancing Maſter, Linguiſt or Orator. You ſee he laid yourſelf before you with ſo much Addreſs, that you ſaw nothing particular in his Behaviour: He has ſo happy a Knack of repreſenting Errors and Imperfections, that you can bear your Faults in him as well as in yourſelf: He is the firſt Mimick that ever gave the Beauties, as well as the Deformities, of the Man he acted. What Mr. *Dryden* ſaid of a very great Man, may be well applied to him:

He is
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

YOU are to know, that this *Pantomime* may be ſaid to be a Species of himſelf: He has no Commerce with the Reſt of Mankind, but as they are the Objects of Imitation; like the *Indian* Fowl, called the *Mock-Bird*, who has no Note of his own, but hits every Sound in the Wood as ſoon as he hears it; ſo that *Mirrour* is at once a Copy and an Original. Poor *Mirrour*'s Fate (as well as Talent) is like that of the Bird we juſt now ſpoke of; the Nightingale, the Linnet, the Lark, are delighted with his Company; but the Buzzard, the Crow, and the Owl, are obſerved to be his mortal Enemies. Whenever *Sophronius* meets *Mirrour*, he receives him with Civility and Reſpect, and well knows, a good Copy of himſelf can be no Injury to him; but *Bathillus* ſhuns the Street where he expects to meet him; for he that knows his every Step and Look is conſtrained and affected, muſt be afraid to be rival'd in his Action, and of having it diſcovered to be unnatural, by its being practiſed by another as well as himſelf.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 5.

LETTERS from *Coventry* and other Places have been ſent to me, in Anſwer to what I have ſaid in Relation to my Antagoniſt Mr. *Powell*, and adviſe me, with warm Language, to keep to Subjects more proper for me than ſuch high Points. But the Writers of theſe Epiſtles miſtake the Uſe and Service I propoſed

proposed to the learned World by such Observations. For you are to understand, That the Title of this Paper gives me a Right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such Parts of any Book or Letter which are foreign to the Purpose intended, or professed by the Writer: So that suppose two great Divines should argue, and treat each other with Warmth and Levity, unbecoming their Subject or Character, all that they say unfit for that Place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore from Time to Time, in all Writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me Extracts of all that shall appear not to the Purpose; and for the Benefit of the gentle Reader, I will shew what to turn over unread, and what to peruse. For this End I have a Mathematical Sive preparing, in which I will sift every Page and Paragraph; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own Use. The same Thing will be as beneficial in Speech; for all superfluous Expressions in Talk fall to me also. As, when a Pleader at the Bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, *Under Favour of the Court, . . . With Submission, my Lord . . . I humbly offer . . .* and *I think I have well considered this Matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your Lordship's Time, or trespassing upon your Patience. However, thus I will venture to say* . . . . . and so forth. Or else, when a sufficient self conceited Coxcomb is bringing out something in his own Praise, and begins, *Without Vanity*, I must take this upon me to assert. There is also a Trick which the Fair Sex have, that will greatly contribute to swelling my Volumes: As, when a Woman is going to abuse her best Friend, *Pray* (says she) *have you heard what is tried of Mrs. such a one? I am heartily sorry to hear any thing of that Kind of one I have to great a Value for; but they make no Scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a Secret, for now the Town rings of it.* All such Flowers in Rhetorick, and little Refuges for Malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this Method you will immediately find Volumes contract themselves into Octavo's, and the Labour of a Fortnight got over in Half a Day.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 5.

LAST Night arrived a Mail from *Liſbon*, wh gives a very pleaſing Account of the Poſture of Affi in that Part of the World, the Enemy having been ceſſitated wholly to abandon the Blockade of *Olivenz* Theſe Advices ſay, That Sir *John Jennings* is arrivec *Liſbon*. When that Gentleman left *Barcelona*, his (tholick Majeſty was taking all poſſible Methods for C rying on an Offenſive War. It is obſerved with gr Satisfaction in the Court of *Spain*, That there is a v good Intelligence between the General Officers: Co *Staremberg* and Mr. *Stanhope* acting in all Things w ſuch Unanimity, that the Publick Affairs receive gr Advantages from their perſonal Friendſhip and Eſteem each other, and mutual Aſſiſtance in promoting the S vice of the Common Cauſe.

THIS is to give Notice, That if any able bodied latine *will enter into the Bonds of Matrimony with* Be Pepin, *the ſaid* Palatine *ſhall be ſettled in a Freehold* 40 s. per Annum *in the County of* Middleſex.

Nº 52. *Tueſday*, Auguſt 9, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 7.

Delamira *reſigns her Fan.*

LONG had the Croud of the Gay and Yo ſtood in Suſpenſe as to their Fate in their Paſ to the beauteous *Delamira*; but all their Hopes are li ly vaniſhed, by the Declaration that ſhe has made her Choice, to take the happy *Archibald* for her Co panion for Life. Upon her making this known, Expence of ſweet Powder and Jeſſamine are conſide *bly abated*; and the Mercers and Milleners complain *her Want of* publick Spirit, in not concealing long

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Secret which was so much the Benefit of Trade. But so it happened; and no one was in Confidence with her in carrying on this Treaty, but the matchless *Virgulta*, whose Despair of ever entring the matrimonial State made her, some Nights before *Delamira*'s Resolution was published to the World, addicts herself to her in the following Manner.

DELAMIRA, *You are now going into that State of Life, wherein the Use of your Charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one Man. That swimming Air of your Body, that jouty bearing of your Head over one Shoulder, and that inexpressible Beauty in your Manner of playing your Fan, must be improv'd into a more confin'd Behaviour; to please. That you would rather please than receive Addresses for the Future. Therefore dear* Delamira, *give me those Recollections you learnt of, and acquaint me with your Manner of Becoming: For I take the Liberty of our Friendship to say, That when I consider my own Stature, Motion, Complexion, Wit or Breeding, I cannot think myself any way your Inferior; yet do I go through Crowds without wounding a Man, and all my Acquaintance marry round me, while I live a Virgin unask'd, and (I think) unregarded.*

DELAMIRA heard her with great Attention, and with that Dexterity which is natural to her, told her, That all she had above the rest of her Sex and contemporary Beauties was wholly owing to a Fan, (which was left her by her Mother, and had been long in the Family) which whoever had in Politeſſion, and used with Skill, should command the Hearts of all her Beholders. And since (said she smiling) I have no more to do with extending my Conquests or Triumphs, I'll make you a present of this inestimable Rarity. *Virgulta* made her Expressions of the highest Gratitude for so uncommon a Confidence in her, and desired she would shew her what was peculiar in the Management of that Utensil, which rendered it of such general Force while she was Mistress of it. *Delamira* reply'd, You see, Madam, *Cupid* is the principal Figure painted on it; and the Skill in playing this Fan is, in your several Motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable Lovers fly all Fan *endeavours to enhance them*; and your Cupid must hide

his Bow and Arrow, or he'll never be ſure of his Game. You may obſerve, continued ſhe, That in all publick Aſſemblies, the Sexes ſeem to ſeparate themſelves, and draw up to attack each other with Eye-ſhot: That is the Time when the Fan, which is all the Armour of a Woman, is of moſt Uſe in our Defence; for our Minds are conſtrued by the Waving of that little Inſtrument, and our Thoughts appear in Compoſure or Agitation according to the Motion of it. You may obſerve, when *Will. Peregoine* comes into the Side-Box, Miſs *Carry* flutters her Fan as a Fly does its Wings round a Candle; while her elder Siſter, who is as much in Love with him as ſhe is, is as grave as a Veſtal at his Entrance, and the Conſequence is accordingly. He watches half the Play for a Glance from her Siſter, while *Carry* is overlooked and neglected. I wiſh you heartily as much Succeſs in the Management of it as I have had: If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a ſhort Account of the Execution I have made with it.

CIMON, who is the dulleſt of Mortals, and though a wonderful great Scholar, does not only pauſe, but ſeems to take a Nap with his Eyes open between every other Sentence in his Diſcourſe: Him have I made a Leader in Aſſemblies; and one Blow on the Shoulder as I paſſed by him has raiſed him to a downright Impertinent in all Converſations. The airy *Will. Sample* is become as Lethargick by this my Wand, as *Cimon* is ſprightly. Take it, good Girl, and uſe it without Mercy; for the Reign of Beauty never laſted full three Years, but it ended in Marriage, or Condemnation to Virginity. As you fear therefore the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly Journal of your Triumphs; for I have it by certain Tradition, that it was given to the firſt who wore it, by an Inchantreſs, with this remarkable Power, that it beſtows a Huſband in Half a Year to her who does not overlook her proper Minute; but aſſigns to a long Deſpair the Woman who is well offered, and neglects that Propoſal. May Occaſion attend your Charms, and your Charms ſlip no Occaſion. Give me, I ſay, an Account of the Progreſs

of

of your Forces at our next Meeting; and you ſhall hear what I think of my new Condition. I ſhall meet my future Spouſe this Moment. Farewell. Live in juſt Terror of the dreadful Words, SHE WAS.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 8.

I HAD the Honour this Evening to viſit ſome Ladies, where the Subject of the Converſation was *Modeſty*, which they commended as a Quality quite as becoming in Men as in Women. I took the Liberty to ſay, It might be as beautiful in our Behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be ſaid, it was as ſucceſsful in Life; for as it was the only Recommendation in them, ſo it was the greateſt Obſtacle to us both in Love and Buſineſs. A Gentleman preſent was of my Mind, and ſaid, That we muſt deſcribe the Difference between the Modeſty of Women and that of Men, or we ſhould be confounded in our Reaſonings upon it; for this Virtue is to be regarded with Reſpect to our different Ways of Life. The Woman's Province is to be careful in her Oeconomy, and chaſte in her Affection: The Man's to be active in the Improvement of his Fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is conſiſtent with his Reputation for that End. Modeſty therefore in a Woman has a certain agreeable Fear in all ſhe enters upon; and in Men it is compoſed of a right Judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a diſcreet Man is always a modeſt one. It is to be noted, That Modeſty in a Man is never to be allowed as a good Quality, but a Weakneſs, if it ſuppreſſes his Virtue, and hides it from the World, when he has at the ſame Time a Mind to exert himſelf. A *French* Author ſays very juſtly, That Modeſty is to the other Virtues in a Man, what Shade in a Picture is to the Parts of the Thing repreſented. It makes all the other Beauties conſpicuous, which would otherwiſe be but a wild Heap of Colours. This Shade in our Actions muſt therefore be very juſtly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good Qualities, inſtead of ſhewing them to Advantage.

NESTOR in *Athens* was an unhappy Instance of this Truth; for he was not only in his Profession the greatest Man of that Age, but had given more Proofs of it than any other Man ever did; yet for want of that natural Freedom and Audacity which is necessary in Commerce with Men, his personal Modesty overthrew all his publick Actions. *Nestor* was in those Days a skilful Architect, and in a Manner the Inventor of the Use of mechanick Powers, which he brought to to great Perfection, that he knew to an Atom what Foundation would bear such a Superstructure. And they record of him, That he was so prodigiously exact, that for the Experiment sake, he built an Edifice of great Beauty, and seeming Strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own Weight, and not to admit the Addition of the least Particle. This Building was beheld with much Admiration by all the Virtuosi of that Time; but fell down with no other Pressure, but the settling of a *Wren* upon the Top of it. Yet *Nestor*'s Modesty was such, that his Art and Skill were soon disregarded, for Want of that Manner with which Men of the World support and assert the Merit of their own Performances. Soon after this Instance of his Art, *Athens* was, by the Treachery of its Enemies, burnt to the Ground. This gave *Nestor* the greatest Occasion that ever Builder had to render his Name immortal, and his Person venerable: For all the new City rose according to his Disposition, and all the Monuments of the Glories and Distresses of that People were erected by that sole Artist: Nay, all their Temples, as well as Houses, were the Effects of his Study and Labour; insomuch that it was said by an old Sage, Sure, *Nestor* will now be famous; for the Habitations of Gods, as well as Men, are built by his Contrivance. But this bashful Quality still put a Damp upon his great Knowledge, which has as fatal an Effect upon Men's Reputations as Poverty; for as it was said, The poor Man saved the City, and the poor Man's Labour was forgot; so here we find, The modest Man built the City, and the modest Man's Skill was unknown.

THUS

THUS we see every Man is the Maker of his own Fortune; and what is very odd to conſider, he muſt in ſome Meaſure be the Trumpet of his Fame. Not that Men are to be tolerated who directly praiſe themſelves, but they are to be endued with a Sort of defenſive Eloquence, by which they ſhall be always capable of expreſſing the Rules and Arts by which they govern themſelves.

VARILLUS was the Man of all I have read of the happieſt in the true Poſſeſſion of this Quality of Modeſty. My Author ſays of him, Modeſty in *Varillus* is really a Virtue; for it is a voluntary Quality, and the Effect of good Senſe. He is naturally bold and enterpriſing; but ſo juſtly diſcreet, that he never acts or ſpeaks any thing, but thoſe who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of Deference to the Perſons before whom he is. This makes *Varillus* truly amiable, and all his Attempts ſucceſsful; for as bad as the World is thought to be by thoſe who are perhaps unſkill'd in it, Want of Succeſs in our Actions is generally owing to Want of Judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a ruſtick Modeſty which will not give us Leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident Temper is to thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it, may be beſt ſeen in the Succeſs of ſuch as are wholly unacquainted with it.

WE have one peculiar Elegance in our Language above all others, which is conſpicuous in the Term *Fellow*. This Word added to any of our Adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters the Senſe of that with which it is joined. Thus though a modeſt Man is the moſt unfortunate of all Men, yet a modeſt Fellow is as ſuperlatively happy. A modeſt Fellow is a ready Creature, who with great Humility, and as great Forwardneſs, viſits his Patrons at all Hours, and meets 'em in all Places, and has ſo moderate an Opinion of himſelf, that he makes his Court at large. If you won't give him a great Employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has ſo great a Deference for his Benefactor's Judgment, that as he thinks himſelf fit for any Thing he can get, ſo he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young Bachelor of Arts, who

who came to Town recommended to a Chaplain's Place; but none being vacant, modeſtly accepted of that of a Poſtilion.

We have very many conſpicuous Perſons of this undertaking yet modeſt Turn: I have a Grandſon who is very happy in this Quality: I ſent him in the Time of the laſt Peace into *France*. As ſoon as he landed at *Calais*, he ſent me an exact Account of the Nature of the People, and the Policies of the King of *France*. I got him ſince choſen a Member of a Corporation: The modeſt Creature, as ſoon as he came into the Common Council, told a Senior Burgeſs, he was perfectly out of the Orders of their Houſe. In other Circumſtances, he is ſo thoroughly modeſt a Fellow, that he ſeems to pretend only to Things he underſtands. He is a Citizen only at Court, and in the City a Courtier. In a Word, to ſpeak the Characteriſtical Difference between a modeſt Man and a modeſt Fellow; the modeſt Man is in Doubt in all his Actions; a modeſt Fellow never has a Doubt from his Cradle to his Grave.

Nº 53. *Thurſday*, Auguſt 11, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 10.

The Civil Huſband.

THE Fate and Character of the inconſtant *Oſmyn*, is a juſt Excuſe for the little Notice taken by his Widow, of his Departure out of this Life, which was equally troubleſome to *Elmira* his faithful Spouſe, and to himſelf. That Life paſſed between them after this Manner, is the Reaſon the Town has juſt now received a Lady with all that Gaiety, after having been a Relict but three Months, which other Women hardly aſſume under fifteen after ſuch a Diſaſter. *Elmira* is the Daughter of a rich and worthy Citizen, who *gave her* to *Oſmyn* with a Portion which might have *obtained her* an Alliance with our moſt Noble Houſes,

and

and fixed her in the Eye of the World, where her Story had not been now to be related: For her good Qualities had made her the Object of universal Esteem among the polite Part of Mankind, from whom she has been hauld'd and immur'd till the Death of her Guardian. It is now full fifteen Years since that beauteous Lady was given into the Hands of the happy *Olinyn*, who in the Sense of all the World received at that Time a Present more valuable than the Poſſeſſion of both the *Indies*. She was then in her early Bloom, with an Underſtanding and Diſcretion very little inferior to the moſt experienced Matrons. She was not beholden to the Charms of her Sex, that her Company was preferable to any *Olinyn* could meet with abroad; for were all the ſaid conſidered, without Regard to her being a Woman, it might ſtand the Examination of the ſeverell Judges. She had all the Beauty of her own Sex, with all the Converſation Accompliſhments of ours. But *Olinyn* very ſoon grew forfeited with the Charms of her Perſon by Poſſeſſion, and of her Mind by Want of Taſte; for he was one of that loole Sort of Men, who have but one Reaſon for ſetting any Value upon the Fair Sex, who conſider even Fools but as new Women, and conſequently neglect 'em when they ceaſe to be ſuch. All the Merit of *Olmira* could not prevent her becoming a mere Wife within few Months after her Nuptials; and *Olinyn* had ſo little Reliſh for her Converſation, that he complained of the Advantages of it. My Spouſe (ſaid he to one of his Companions) is ſo very diſcreet, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her Perſon is rather the Object of Eſteem than of Love; and there is ſuch a Thing as a Merit, which cauſes rather Diſtance than Paſſion. But there being no *Medium* in the State of Matrimony, their Life began to take the uſual Gradations to become the moſt irkſome of all Beings. They grew in the firſt Place very complaiſant; and having at Heart a certain Knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, Apologies were made for every little Circumſtance which they thought betray'd their mutual Coldneſs. This laſted but few Months, when *they ſhewed a Difference of Opinion in every*

Taſte;

Trifle; and, as a Sign of certain Decay of Affection, the Word *perhaps* was introduc'd in all their Diſcourſe. *I have a Mind to go to the Park*, ſays ſhe; *but* perhaps, *my Dear, you will want the Coach on ſome other Occaſion. He would very willingly carry her to the Play; but* perhaps *ſhe had rather go to Lady* Centaure's *and play at* Ombre. They were both Perſons of good Diſcerning, and ſoon found that they mortally hated each other, by their Manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are ſome Genio's which are not capable of pure Affection, and a Man is born with Talents for it as much as for Poetry or any other Science.

OSMYN began too late to find the Imperfection of his own Heart, and uſed all the Methods in the World to correct it, and argue himſelf into Return of Deſire and Paſſion for his Wife, by the Contemplation of her excellent Qualities, his great Obligations to her, and the high Value he ſaw all the World except himſelf did put upon her. But ſuch is Man's unhappy Condition, that tho' the Weakneſs of the Heart has a prevailing Power over the Strength of the Head, yet the Strength of the Head has but ſmall Force againſt the Weakneſs of the Heart. *Osmyn* therefore ſtruggled in vain to revive departed Deſire; and for that Reaſon reſolved to retire to one of his Eſtates in the Country, and paſs away his Hours of Wedlock in the noble Diverſions of the Field; and in the Fury of a diſappointed Lover, made an Oath, to leave neither Stag, Fox, or Hare living, during the Days of his Wife. Beſides, that Country Sports would be an Amuſement, he hoped alſo, that his Spouſe would be half killed by the very Senſe of ſeeing this Town no more, and would think her Life ended as ſoon, as ſhe left it. He communicated his Deſign to *Elmira*, who received it, (as now ſhe did all Things) like a Perſon too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the Circumſtance of Place. This unexpected Reſignation made *Osmyn* reſolve to be as obliging to her as poſſible; and if he could not prevail upon himſelf to be kind, he took a Reſolution at leaſt to act ſincerely, and communicate frankly to her *the Weakneſs of his* Temper, to excuſe the Indifference *of his Behaviour.* He diſpoſed his Houſhold in the

Way

Way to *Rutland*, so as he and his Lady travelled only in the Coach for the Conveniency of Discourse. They had not gone many Miles out of Town, when *Osmyn* spoke to this Purpose:

MY Dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the Country together, with only one Hope for making this Life agreeable, Survivorship: Desire is not in our Power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with Decency to the World, and hate one another with Discretion?

THE Lady answered without the least Observation on the Extravagance of the Speech:

MY Dear, You have lived most of your Days in a Court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that Sort of Life. In Courts, you see Good will is spoken with great Warmth, Ill Will covered with great Civility. Men are long in Civilities to those they hate, and short in Expressions of Kindness to those they love. Therefore, my Dear, let us be well bred still, and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: And to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my Conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my Dear, this Half Year; and yet neither in Language or Behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of Town to divert Life in Pursuit of Beasts, and Conversation with Men just above 'em; so, my Life, from this Moment, I shall read all the learned Cooks who have ever writ, study Broths, Plasters, and Conserves, till from a fine Lady I become a notable Woman. We must take our Minds a Note or two lower, or we shall be tortur'd by Jealousy or Anger. Thus I am resolved to kill all keen Passions by employing my Mind on little Subjects, and lessening the Uneasiness of my Spirit; while you, my Dear, with much Ale, Exercise, and ill Company, are so good, as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is necessary for my Quiet I should think you.

TO

TO *Rutland* they arrived, and lived with great, but ſecret Impatience for many ſucceſſive Years, till *Oſmyn* thought of an happy Expedient to give their Affairs a new Turn. One Day he took *Elmira* aſide, and ſpoke as follows:

MY Dear, you ſee here the Air is ſo temperate and ſerene, the Rivulets, the Groves, and Soil, ſo extremely kind to Nature, that we are ſtronger and firmer in our Health ſince we left the Town; ſo that there is no Hope of a Releaſe in this Place: But if you will be ſo kind as to go with me to my Eſtate in the Hundreds of Eſſex, *it is poſſible ſome kind Damp may one Day or other relieve us. If you will condeſcend to accept of this Offer, I will add that whole Eſtate to your Jointure in this County.*

ELMIRA, who was all Goodneſs, accepted the Offer, removed accordingly, and has left her Spouſe in that Place to reſt with his Fathers.

THIS is the real Figure in which *Elmira* ought to be beheld in this Town, and not thought guilty of an *Indecorum*, in not profeſſing the Senſe, or bearing the Habit of Sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the Endearments of Life, and gave her only common Civility, inſtead of Complacency of Manners, Dignity of Paſſion, and that conſtant Aſſemblage of ſoft Deſires and Affections which all feel who love, but none can expreſs.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 10.

Mr. *TRUMAN*, who is a mighty Admirer of Dramatick Poetry, and knows I am about a Tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving Admonitions and Hints for my Conduct. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, (ſaid he) I was reading laſt Night your ſecond Act you were ſo kind to lend me; but I find you depend mightily upon the Retinue of your Hero to make him magnificent. You make Guards, and Uſhers, and Courtiers, and Commons, and Nobles, march before, and then enters your Prince, and ſays, they can't defend him from his Love. *Why, prithee Iſaac*, who ever thought they could?

Place

Place me your loving Monarch in a Solitude; let him have no Senſe at all of his Grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his Paſſion. He muſt value himſelf as the greateſt of Lovers, not as the firſt of Princes: And then let him ſay a more tender Thing than ever Man ſaid before—For his Feather and Eagle's Beak are nothing at all. The Man is to be expreſſed by his Sentiments and Affections, and not by his Fortune or Equipage. You are alſo to take Care, that at his firſt Entrance he ſays ſomething which may give us an Idea of what we are to expect in a Perſon of his Way of Thinking. *Shakſpear* is your Pattern. In the Tragedy of *Cæſar* he introduces his Hero in his Night Gown. He had at that Time all the Power of *Rome*: Depoſed Conſuls, Subordinate Generals, and Captive Princes might have preceded him; but his Genius was above ſuch Mechanick Methods of ſhewing Greatneſs. Therefore he rather preſents that great Soul debating upon the Subject of Life and Death with his intimate Friends, without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs his Audience with empty Shew and Pomp. When thoſe who attend him talk of the many Omens which had appeared that Day, he anſwers,

Cowards die many Times before their Deaths;
The Valiant never taſte of Death but once.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that Men ſhould fear;
Seeing that Death, a neceſſary End,
Will come, when it will come.

WHEN the Hero has ſpoken this Sentiment, there is nothing that is great, which cannot be expected from one whoſe firſt Poſition is the Contempt of Death to ſo high a Degree, as making his *Exit* a Thing wholly indifferent, and not a Part of his Care, but that of Heaven and Fate.

St. James's Coffee houſe, Auguſt 10.

LETTERS from *Bruſſels* of the 15th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That Major General *Ravignan* returned on the 8th with the *French* King's Anſwer to the intended Capitulation from *the Citadel of Tournay*; which is, That he does

not

not think fit to ſign that Capitulation, except the Allies will grant a Ceſſation of Arms in general, during the Time in which all Acts of Hoſtility were to have ceaſed between the Citadel and the Beſiegers. Soon after the Receipt of this News, the Cannon on each Side began to play. There are two Attacks againſt the Citadel, commanded by General *Lottum* and General *Schuylemberg*, which are both carried on with great Succeſs; and it is not doubted but the Citadel will be in the Hands of the Allies before the laſt Day of this Month. Letters from *Ipres* ſay, That on the 9th Inſtant Part of the Garriſon of that Place had mutinied in two Bodies, each conſiſting of two hundred; who being diſperſed the ſame Day, a Body of eight hundred appeared in the Market-Place at Nine the Night following, and ſeiſed all manner of Proviſions, but were with much Difficulty quieted. The Governor has not puniſhed any of the Offenders, the Diſſatisfaction being univerſal in that Place; and it is thought the Officers foment thoſe Diſorders, that the Miniſtry may be convinced of the Neceſſity of paying thoſe Troops, and ſupplying them with Proviſions. Theſe Advices add, That on the 14th the Marquis *d'Eſte* paſſed Expreſs through *Bruſſels* from the Duke of *Savoy*, with Advice that the Army of his Royal Highneſs had forced the Retrenchments of the Enemy in *Savoy*, and defeated that Body of Men which guarded thoſe Paſſes under the Command of the Marquis *de Thuny*.

N° 54. *Saturday*, Auguſt 13, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 12.

Of the Government of Affection.

WHEN Labour was pronounced to be the Portion of Man, that Doom reached the Affections of *his Mind*, as well as his Perſon, the Matter on which he

as to feed, and all the animal and vegetable World
t him. There is therefore an aſſiduous Care and
vation to be beſtowed upon our Paſſions and Affec-
; for they, as they are the Excreſcencies of our
, like our Hair and Beards, look horrid or becoming,
e cut or let 'em grow. All this grave Preface is
t to aſſign a Reaſon in Nature for the unaccountable
viour of *Duumvir*, the Huſband and Keeper. Ten
and Follies had this unhappy Man eſcaped, had he
: a Compact with himſelf to be upon his Guard, and
permitted his vagrant Eye to let in ſo many different
nations upon him, as all his Days he has been per-
d with. But indeed, at preſent he has brought
elf to be confined only to one prevailing Miſtreſs;
een whom and his Wife, *Duumvir* paſſes his Hours
l the Viciſſitudes which attend Paſſion and Affection,
out the Intervention of Reaſon. *Laura* his Wife,
Phillis his Miſtreſs, are all with whom he has had,
ome Months, the leaſt amorous Commerce. *Duum-*
ir paſſed the Noon of Life; but cannot withdraw
thoſe Entertainments which are pardonable only be-
that Stage of our Being, and which after that Seaſon
ather Puniſhments than Satisfactions: For paſt'd Ap-
e is humorous, and muſt be gratified with Sauces ra-
than Food. For which End *Duumvir* is provided
an haughty, imperious, expenſive, and fantaſtick
reſs, to whom he retires from the Converſation of
affable, humble, diſcreet, and affectionate Wife.
a receives him after Abſence with an eaſy and unaf-
d Complacency; but that he calls inſipid: *Phillis*
him for his Abſence, and bids him return from
ace he came; this he calls Spirit and Fire: *Laura*'s
tleneſs is thought mean; *Phillis*'s Inſolence, ſprightly.
e you to ſee him at his own Home, and his Mi-
's Lodgings, to *Phillis* he appears an obſequious
er, to *Laura* an imperious Maſter. Nay, ſo unjuſt
e Taſte of *Duumvir*, that he owns *Laura* has no ill
lity, but that ſhe is his Wife; *Phillis* no good one,
that ſhe is his Miſtreſs. And he has himſelf often
were he married to any one elſe, he would rather
Laura than any *Woman* living; yet allows at the
Time, that Phillis, were ſhe a Woman of Honour,
would

would have been the moſt inſipid Animal breathing. The other Day *Laura*, who has a Voice like an Angel, began to ſing to him: Fie, Madam, he cried, we muſt be paſt all theſe Gaieties. *Phillis* has a Note as rude and as loud as that of a Milk maid: When ſhe begins to warble; well, ſays he, There is ſuch a pleaſing Simplicity in all that Wench does. In a Word, the affectionate Part of his Heart being corrupted, and his true Taſte that way wholly loſt, he has contracted a Prejudice to all the Behaviour of *Laura*, and a general Partiality in Favour of *Phillis*. It is not in the Power of the Wife to do a pleaſing Thing, nor in the Miſtreſs to commit one that is diſagreeable. There is ſomething too melancholy in the Reflection on this Circumſtance to be the Subject of Raillery. He ſaid a ſour Thing to *Laura* at Dinner the other Day: upon which ſhe burſt into Tears. What the Devil, Madam, ſays he, can't I ſpeak in my own Houſe? He anſwered *Phillis* a little abruptly at Supper the ſame Evening, upon which ſhe threw his Periwig into the Fire. Well, ſaid he, thou art a brave Termagant Jade: Do you know, Huſſy, that fair Wig coſt forty Guineas? Oh *Laura!* Is it for this that the faithful *Cæſar* ſigh'd for you in vain? How is thy Condition altered, ſince Crowds of Youth hung on thy Eye, and watched its Glances? It is not many Months ſince *Laura* was the Wonder and Pride of her own Sex, as well as the Deſire and Paſſion of ours. At Plays and at Balls, the juſt Turn of her Behaviour, the Decency of her Virgin Charms, chaſtiſed, yet added to Diverſions. At publick Devotions, her winning Modeſty, her reſigned Carriage, made Virtue and Religion appear with new Ornaments, and in the natural Apparel of Simplicity and Beauty. In ordinary Converſations, a ſweet Conformity of Manners, and an Humility which heightened all the Complacencies of Good Breeding and Education, gave her more Slaves than all the Pride of her Sex ever made Women with for. *Laura*'s Hours are now ſpent in the ſad Reflection on her Choice, and that deceitful Vanity (almoſt inſeparable from the Sex) of believing, ſhe could reclaim one that had ſo often enſnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the Power of *Dunmoir* himſelf to do *her Juſtice*: For though Beauty and Merit are Things

real

real and independent on Taste and Opinion, yet Agreeableness is arbitrary, and the Mistress has much the Advantage of the Wife. But whenever Fate is so kind to her and her Spouse as to end her Days, with all this Passion for *Phillis*, and Indifference for *Laura*, he has a second Wife in View, who may avenge the Injuries done to her Predecessor. *Aglaura* is the destined Lady, who has lived in Assemblies, has Ambition and Play for her Entertainment, and thinks of a Man, not as the Object of Love, but the Tool of her Interest or Pride. If ever *Aglaura* comes to the Empire of this Inconstant, she will endear the Memory of her Predecessor. But in the mean Time it is melancholy to consider, That the Virtue of a Wife is like the Merit of a Poet, never justly valued till after Death.

From my own Apartment, August 11.

AS we have professed, that all the Actions of Men are our Subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happen to creep into their Behaviour any Thing improper for such Occasions. Therefore the Offence mentioned in the following Epistles (though it may seem to be committed in a Place sacred from Observation) is such, that it is our Duty to remark upon it; for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an *Indecorum*, he occasions a criminal Levity in all others who are present at it.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

IT being mine, as well as the Opinion of many others, that your Papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent Practice, I present the following as one which requires your Correction. Myself, and a great many good People who frequent the Divine Service at St. Paul's, *have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent Conduct of* Stentor *in that Cathedral. This Gentleman you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his Devotion, which I believe no body blames; but then he is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the* Responses, *that he frightens even us of the Congregation who are daily used to him: And one of our* Petty Canons,

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a Punning Cambridge *Scholar, calls his Way of Worſhip a* Bull-Offering. *His harſh untunable Pipe is no more fit than a Raven's to join with the Muſick of a Choir; yet no body having been enough his Friend, I ſuppoſe, to inform him of it, he never fails, when preſent, to drown the Harmony of every Hymn and Anthem, by an Inundation of Sound beyond that of the Bridge at the Ebb of the Tide, or the neighbouring Lions in the Anguiſh of their Hunger. This is a Grievance, which, to my certain Knowledge, ſeveral worthy People deſire to ſee redreſs'd; and if by inſerting this Epiſtle in your Paper, or by repreſenting the Matter your own Way, you can convince* Stentor, *that Diſcord in a Choir is the ſame Sin that Schiſm is in the Church in general, you would lay a great Obligation upon us, and make ſome Atonement for certain of your Paragraphs which have not been highly approved by us.* I am,

SIR,

St. Paul's Church-yard, Aug. 11.

Your moſt humble Servant,
Jeffry Chanticleer.

IT is wonderful there ſhould be ſuch a general Lamentation, and the Grievance ſo frequent, and yet the Offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following Letter from my Kinſman at the *Heralds-Office*, near the ſame Place.

Dear Couſin,

THIS Office, which has had its Share in the impartial Juſtice of your Cenſures, demands at preſent your Vindication of their Rights and Privileges. There are certain Hours when our young Heralds are exerciſed in the Faculties of making Proclamation, and other Vociferations, which of Right belong to us only to utter: But at the ſame Hours, Stentor *in St.* Paul's *Church, in ſpite of the Coaches, Carts,* London *Cries, and all other Sounds between us, exalts his Throat to ſo high a Key, that the moſt noiſy of our Order is utterly unheard. If you pleaſe to obſerve upon this, you will ever oblige,* &c.

THERE have been communicated to me ſome other Ill Conſequences from the ſame Cauſe; as, the Over-*turning of* Coaches by ſudden Starts of the Horſes as they

they paſs'd that Way, Women pregnant frighten'd, and Heirs to Families loſt; which are publick Diſaſters, tho' ariſing from a good Intention: But it is hoped, after this Admonition, that *Stentor* will avoid an Act of ſo great Supererogation, as ſinging without a Voice.

BUT I am diverted from proſecuting *Stentor*'s Reformation, by an Account, That the two faithful Lovers, *Liſander* and *Coriana*, are dead; for no longer ago than the firſt of the laſt Month they ſwore eternal Fidelity to each other, and to love till Death. Ever ſince that Time, *Liſander* has been twice a Day at the Chocolate-houſe, viſits in every Circle, is miſſing four Hours in four and twenty, and will give no Account of himſelf. Theſe are undoubted Proofs of the Departure of a Lover; and conſequently *Coriana* is alſo dead as a Miſtreſs. I have written to *Stentor* to give this Couple three Calls at the Church-door, which they muſt hear if they are living within the Bills of Mortality; and if they do not anſwer at that Time, they are from that Moment added to the Number of my Deſunct.

——— *Paulo majora canamus.*

Let's ſing a higher Strain.

N° 55. *Tueſday*, Auguſt 16, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 15.

WHILE others are buſied in Relations which concern the Intereſts of Princes, the Peace of Nations, and the Revolutions of Empire, I think (though theſe are very great Subjects) my Theme of Diſcourſe is ſometimes to be of Matters of a yet higher Conſideration. The ſlow Steps of Providence and Nature, and *ſtrange Events which are* brought about in an Inſtant,

are

are what, as they come within our View and C
vation, shall be given to the Publick. Such Thing
not accompanied with Shew and Noise, and ther
seldom draw the Eyes of the unattentive Part of
kind; but are very proper at once to exercise our
manity, please our Imaginations, and improve our
ments. It may not therefore be unuseful to
many Circumstances, which were observable upon
Cure done upon a young Gentleman who was
blind, and on the 29th of *June* last received his
at the Age of twenty Years, by the Operation
Oculist. This happened no farther off than *Ne*
ton, and the Work was prepared for in the follo
Manner.

THE Operator, Mr. *Grant*, having observed
Eyes of his Patient, and convinced his Friends and
lations, among others the Reverend Mr. *Capwell*,
nister of the Place, that it was highly probabl
should remove the Obstacle which prevented the
of his Sight; all his Acquaintance, who had any
gard for the young Man, or Curiosity to be pr
when one of full Age and Understanding received a
Sense, assembled themselves on this Occasion. Mr.
well being a Gentleman particularly curious, desired
whole Company, in case the Blindness should be
to keep Secret, and let the Patient make his own O
vations, without the Direction of any Thing he ha
ceived by his other Senses, or the Advantage of disc
ing his Friends by their Voices. Among several o
the Mother, Brethren, Sisters, and a young Gentl
man for whom he had a Passion, were present.
Work was performed with great Skill and Dext
When the Patient first received the Dawn of Light,
appeared such an Ecstasy in his Action, that he se
ready to swoon away in the Surprize of Joy and W
der. The Surgeon stood before him with his In
ments in his Hands. The young Man observed
from Head to Foot; after which he surveyed himse
carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself,
observing both their Hands, seemed to think
were exactly alike, except the Instruments, whic
took for Parts of his Hands. When he had cont

his Amazement ſome Time, his Mother could not
er bear the Agitations of ſo many Paſſions as throng'd
her, but fell upon his Neck, crying out, my Son!
Son! The Youth knew her Voice, and could ſpeak
more than, Oh me! Are you my Mother? and
ed. The whole Room, you will eaſily conceive,
very affectionately employed in recovering him;
above all, the young Gentlewoman who loved him,
whom he loved, ſhriek'd in the loudeſt Manner.
Voice ſeem'd to have a ſudden Effect upon him as
ecovered, and he ſhewed a double Curioſity in ob-
ng her as ſhe ſpoke and called to him; till at laſt
broke out, What has been done to me? Whither
carried? Is all this about me, the Thing I have
d ſo often of? Is this the Light? Is this Seeing?
e you always thus happy, when you ſaid, you were
to ſee each other? Where is *Tom*, who uſed to
me? But I could now, methinks, go any where
out him. He offered to move, but ſeemed afraid of
y Thing around him. When they ſaw his Diffi-
, they told him, till he became better acquainted
his new Being, he muſt let the Servant ſtill lead
. The Boy was called for, and preſented to him.
Caſwell aſked him, What Sort of Thing he took
to be before he had ſeen him. He anſwered, He
ved there was not ſo much of him as of himſelf;
he fancied him the ſame Sort of Creature. The
ſe of this ſudden Change made all the Neighbour-
d throng to the Place where he was. As he ſaw
Croud thickening, he deſired Mr. *Caſwell* to tell
how many there were in all to be ſeen. The Gen-
an, ſmiling, anſwered him, That it would be very
ter for him to return to his late Condition, and ſuffer
Eyes to be covered, till they had received Strength;
he might remember well enough, that by Degrees he
from little and little come to the Strength he had
reſent in his Ability of Walking and Moving; and
it was the ſame Thing with his Eyes, which, he
, would loſe the Power of continuing to him that
derful Tranſport he was now in, except he would
contented to lay aſide the Uſe of them, till they
e ſtrong *enough to bear* the Light without ſo much

Feeling, as he knew he underwent at preſent. With much Reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his Eyes bound, in which Condition they kept him in a dark Room, till it was proper to let the Organ receive its Objects without farther Precaution. During the Time of this Darkneſs, he bewailed himſelf in the moſt diſtreſſed Manner, and accuſed all his Friends, complaining that ſome Incantation had been wrought upon him, and ſome ſtrange Magick uſed to deceive him into an Opinion, that he had enjoy'd what they called Sight. He added, 'That the Impreſſions then let in upon his Soul would certainly diſtract him, if he were not ſo at that preſent. At another Time he would ſtrive to name the Perſons he had ſeen among the Croud after he was couched, and would pretend to ſpeak (in perplexed Terms of his own making) of what he in that ſhort Time obſerved. But on the 6th Inſtant it was thought fit to unbind his Head, and the young Woman whom he loved was inſtructed to open his Eyes accordingly, as well to indear herſelf to him by ſuch a Circumſtance, as to moderate his Ecſtaſies by the Perſuaſion of a Voice, which had ſo much Power over him as hers ever had. When this belov'd young Woman began to take off the Binding of his Eyes, ſhe talk'd to him as follows:

'Mr. *WILLIAM*, I am now taking the Binding 'off, though when I conſider what I am doing, I tremble with the Apprehenſion, that (though I have from 'my very Childhood loved you, dark as you were, and 'though you had conceived ſo ſtrong a Love for me, 'yet) you will find there is ſuch a Thing as Beauty, 'which may enſnare you into a Thouſand Paſſions of 'which you are now innocent, and take you from me 'for ever. But before I put myſelf to that Hazard, 'tell me in what Manner that Love, you always pro'feſſed to me, entred into your Heart; for its uſual Ad'miſſion is at the Eyes.

THE young Man anſwered, 'Dear *Lidia*, If I am 'to loſe by Sight the ſoft Pantings which I have always 'felt when I heard your Voice; If I am no more to di'ſtinguiſh the Step of her I love when ſhe approaches 'me, but to change that ſweet and frequent Pleaſure for

'ſuch

"such an Amazement as I knew the little Time I lately "saw; Oh if I am to have any Thing besides, which "may take from me the Sense I have of what appeared "most pleasing to me at that Time, (which Apparition it "seems was you) pull out these Eyes, before they lead "me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished "for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to "make me forget you."

LIDIA was extremely satisfied with these Assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his Perplexities. In all his Talk to her, he shewed but very faint Idea's of any Thing which had not been received at the Ears, and closed his Protestation to her, by saying, That if he were to see *Valentia* and *Vanessa*, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all Women, by the Quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but *Lidia*.

St. James's Coffee-house, August [illegible].

WE have repeated Advices of the entire Defeat of the *Swedish* Army near *Pultava* on the [illegible]th of *June*, O. S. And Letters from *Berlin* give the following Account of the Remains of the *Swedish* Army since the Battle. Prince *Menzikoff* being order'd to pursue the Victory, came up with the *Swedish* Army (which was left to the Command of General *Lewenhaupt*) on the [illegible]th of *June*, O. S. on the Banks of the *Boristhenes*; whereupon he sent General *Lewenhaupt* a Summons to submit himself to his present Fortune. *Lewenhaupt* immediately dispatched Three General Officers to that Prince, to treat about a Capitulation; but the *Swedes*, though they consisted of [illegible] Men, were in so great Want of Provision and Ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at Discretion. His Czarish Majesty dispatched an Express to General *Gelts* with an Account of these Particulars, and also with Instructions to send out Detachments of his Cavalry to prevent the King of *Sweden's* joining his Army in *Poland*. That Prince made his Escape with a small Party by swimming over the *Boristhenes*; and it was thought, he designed to retire into *Poland by the Way of Pelhinia*. Advices from Rees of

the 11th Inſtant ſay, That the General Diet of the *Helvetic* Body held at *Baden* concluded on the 6th; but the Deputies of the Six Cantons, who are deputed to determine the Affair of *Tockenburgh*, continue their Application to that Buſineſs, notwithſtanding ſome new Difficulties ſtarted by the Abbot of St. *Gall*. Letters from *Geneva* of the 9th ſay, That the Duke of *Savoy*'s Cavalry had join'd Count *Thaun*, as had alſo Two Imperial Regiments of Huſſars; and that his Royal Highneſs's Army was diſpoſed in the following Manner: The Troops under the Command of Count *Thaun* are extended from *Conflans* to St. *Peter D' Albigni*. Small Parties are left in ſeveral Poſts from thence to *Little St. Bernard*, to preſerve the Communication with *Piedmont* by the Valley of *Aoſta*. Some Forces are alſo poſted at *Taloir*, and in the Caſtle of *Doin*, on each Side of the Lake of *Annecy*. General *Rhelinder* is encamped in the Valley of *Oulx* with 10000 Foot, and ſome Detachments of Horſe: His Troops are extended from *Exilles* to Mount *Genevre*, ſo that he may eaſily penetrate into *Dauphine* on the leaſt Motion of the Enemy; but the Duke of *Berwick* takes all neceſſary Precautions to prevent ſuch an Enterprize. That General's Head Quarters are at *Francin*; and he hath diſpoſed his Army in ſeveral Parties, to preſerve a Communication with the *Maurienne* and *Briançon*. He hath no Proviſions for his Army but from *Savoy*; *Provence* and *Dauphine* being unable to ſupply him with Neceſſaries. He left two Regiments of Dragoons at *Annon*, who ſuffered very much in the late Action at *Toſtars*, where they loſt 1500, who were killed on the Spot, 4 Standards, and 300 Priſoners, among whom were 40 Officers. The laſt Letters from the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Camp at *Orchies* of the 19th Inſtant adviſe, That Monſieur *Revignan* being returned from the *French* Court with an Account, That the King of *France* refuſed to ratify the Capitulation for the Surrender of the Citadel of *Tournay*, the Approaches have been carried on with great Vigour and Succeſs: Our Miners have diſcovered ſeveral of the Enemy's Mines, who have ſprung divers others, which did little Execution; but for the better Security of the Troops, both Aſſaults are carried on by the cautious Way of Sapping.

On

On the 18th, the Confederate Army made a general Forage without any Loſs. Marſhal *Villars* continues in his former Camp, and applies himſelf with great Diligence in caſting up new Lines behind the old on the *Scarp*. The Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* deſigned to begin a general Review of the Army on the 20th.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

The Actions of Mankind are the Subject of my Collections.

N° 56. *Thurſday*, Auguſt 18, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 17.

THERE is a young Foreigner committed to my Care, who puzzles me extreamly in the Queſtions he aſks about the Perſons of Figure we meet in publick Places. He has but very little of our Language, and therefore I am mightily at a Loſs to expreſs to him Things, for which they have no Word in that Tongue to which he was born. It has been often my Anſwer, upon his aſking, Who ſuch a fine Gentleman is? That he is what we call a *Sharper*, and he wants my Explication. I thought it would be very unjuſt to tell him, he is the ſame the *French* call *Coquin*; the *Latins*, *Nebulo*; or the *Greeks*, Πόνηρος: For as Cuſtom is the moſt powerful of all Laws, and that the Order of Men, we call *Sharpers*, are received amongſt us, not only with Permiſſion, but Favour, I thought it unjuſt to uſe them like Perſons upon no Eſtabliſhment. Beſides that, it would be an unpardonable Diſhonour to our Country, to let him leave us with an Opinion, that our Nobility and Gentry keep Company with common Thieves and Cheats: I told him, they were a Sort of Tame Huſſars, that were allowed in our Cities, like the wild Ones in our Camp, who had all the Privileges belonging to us, but at the ſame Time were not tied to our Diſcipline or Laws. *Alitbus*, who is a Gentleman of too much Vir-

tue for the Age he lives in, would not let this Matter be thus palliated, but told my Pupil, That he was to underſtand, that Diſtinction, Quality, Merit, and Induſtry, were laid aſide among us by the Incurſions of theſe civil Huſſars, who had got ſo much Countenance, that the Breeding and Faſhion of the Age turned their Way to the Ruin of Order and OEconomy in all Places where they are admitted. But *Sophronius*, who never falls into Heat upon any Subject, but applies proper Language, Temper, and Skill, with which the Thing in Debate is to be treated, told the Youth, that Gentleman had ſpoken nothing but what was literally true, but fell upon it with too much Earneſtneſs, to give a true Idea of that Sort of People he was declaiming againſt, or to remedy the Evil which he bewail'd: For the Acceptance of theſe Men being an Ill which hath crept into the Converſation Part of our Lives, and not into our Conſtitution itſelf, it muſt be corrected where it began, and conſequently is to be amended only by bringing Raillery and Deriſion upon the Perſons who are guilty, or thoſe who converſe with them. For the *Sharpers* (continued he) at preſent are not as formerly, under the Acceptation of Pick pockets; but are by Cuſtom erected into a real and venerable Body of Men, and have ſubdued us to ſo very particular a Deference to them, that tho' they are known to be Men without Honour or Conſcience, no Demand is called a Debt of Honour ſo indiſputably as theirs. You may loſe your Honour to them, but they lay none againſt you: As the Prieſthood in Roman Catholick Countries can purchaſe what they pleaſe for the Church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this Toleration, that *Sharpers* are to be found among all Sorts of Aſſemblies and Companies, and every Talent amongſt Men is made uſe of by ſome one or other of the Society for the Good of their Common Cauſe: So that an unexperienced young Gentleman is as often enſnared by his Underſtanding as his Folly: For who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent *Decius* explain the Conſtitution, talk in the Key of *Cato*, with the Severity of one of the antient Sages, and debate the greateſt Queſtion of State in a common Chocolate or Coffee houſe? *Who could*, I ſay, hear this generous Declamator, without

out

out being fired at his noble Zeal, and becoming his profeſſed Follower, if he might be admitted? *Mamaluke*'s Gravity would be no leſs inviting to a Beginner in Converſation, and the Snare of his Eloquence would equally catch one who had never ſeen an old Gentleman ſo very wiſe, and yet ſo little ſevere. Many other Inſtances of extraordinary Men among the Brotherhood might be produced; but every Man who knows the Town, can ſupply himſelf with ſuch Examples without their being named. *Will. Trifler*, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous Side of a Thing, and placing it in a new and proper Light, (though he very ſeldom talks) thought fit to enter into this Subject. He has lately loſt certain looſe Sums, which Half the Income of his Eſtate will bring in within ſeven Years: Beſides which, he propoſes to marry, to ſet all right. He was therefore indolent enough to ſpeak of this Matter with great Impartiality. 'When I look around me, (ſaid this eaſy Gen'tleman) and conſider in a juſt Balance us Bubbles, El'der Brothers, whoſe ſupport our dull Fathers contrived 'to depend upon certain Acres, with the Rooks, whoſe 'Anceſtors left them the wide World; I cannot but ad'mire their Fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not '*Jack Heyday* much to be preferred to the Knight he 'has bubbled? *Jack* has his Equipage, his Wenches, 'and his Followers: The Knight ſo far from a Retinue, 'that he is almoſt one of *Jack*'s. However, he is gay, 'you ſee, ſtill; a florid Outſide —His Habit ſpeaks 'the Man—And ſince he muſt unbutton, he would 'not be reduced outwardly, but is ſtripped to his upper 'Coat. But though I have great Temptation to it, I 'will not at this Time give the Hiſtory of the looſing 'Side, but ſpeak the Effects of my Thoughts, ſince the 'Loſs of my Money, upon the gaining People. This 'ill Fortune makes moſt Men contemplative and given 'to Reading; at leaſt it has happened ſo to me; and the 'Riſe and Fall of the Family of Sharpers in all Ages has 'been my Contemplation.'

I FIND, all Times have had of this People: *Homer*, in his excellent Heroick Poem, calls them *Myrmidons*, who were *a Body* who kept among themſelves, *and had nothing to loſe*; therefore never ſpared either

Greek or *Trojan*, when they fell in their Way, upon a Party. But there is a memorable Verſe, which gives us an Account of what broke that whole Body, and made both *Grecks* and *Trojans* Maſters of the Secret of their Warfare and Plunder. There is nothing ſo pedantick as many Quotations; therefore I ſhall inform you only, that in this Battalion there were two Officers, called *Therſites* and *Pandarus*; they were both leſs renowned for their Beauty than their Wit; but each had this particular Happineſs, that they were plunged over Head and Ears in the ſame Water, which made *Achilles* invulnerable; and had ever after certain Gifts, which the reſt of the World were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the moſt dreadful to the Sight of all Mortals, never to be diffident of their own Abilities, never to bluſh, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though ſome Hiſtorians ſay, Gaming began among the *Lydians* to divert Hunger, I could cite many Authorities to prove it had its Riſe at the Siege of *Troy*; and that *Ulyſſes* won the ſevenfold Shield at Hazard. But be that as it may, the Ruin of the Corps of the *Myrmidons* proceeded from a Breach between *Therſites* and *Pandarus*. The firſt of theſe was Leader of a Squadron, wherein the latter was but a private Man; but having all the good Qualities neceſſary for a Partizan, he was the Favourite of his Officer. But the whole Hiſtory of the ſeveral Changes in the Order of Sharpers, from thoſe *Myrmidons*, to our modern Men of Addreſs and Plunder, will require that we conſult ſome antient Manuſcripts. As we make theſe Enquiries, we ſhall diurnally communicate them to the Publick, that the Knights of the Induſtry may be better underſtood by the good People of *England*. Theſe Sort of Men, in ſome Ages, were Sycophants and Flatterers only, and were indued with Arts of Life to capacitate them for the Converſation of the Rich and Great; but now the Bubble courts the Impoſtor, and pretends at the utmoſt to be but his Equal. To clear up the Reaſons and Cauſes in ſuch Revolutions, and the different Conduct between Fools and Cheats, ſhall be one of our *Labours for* the Good of this Kingdom. How therefore *Pimps*, Footmen, Fidlers, and Lacqueys, are elevated,

vated into Companions in this preſent Age, ſhall be accounted for from the Influence of the Planet *Mercury* on this Iſland; the Aſcendency of which Sharper over *Sol*, who is a Patron of the Muſes, and all honeſt Profeſſions, has been noted by the learned *Job Gadbury* to be the Cauſe, *that Cunning and Trick are more eſteemed than Art and Science.* It muſt be allowed alſo, to the Memory of Mr. *Partridge*, late of *Cecil ſtreet* in the *Strand*, that in his Anſwer to an Horary Queſtion, At what Hour of the Night to ſet a Fox-Trap in *June* 1705? he has largely diſcuſs'd, under the Character of *Reynard*, the Manner of ſurprizing all Sharpers as well as him. But of theſe great Points, after more mature Deliberation.

St. James's Coffee houſe, Auguſt 17.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

SIR,

WE *have nothing at preſent new, but that we underſtand by ſome Owlers, old People die in* France. *Letters from* Paris *of the* 10th *Inſtant*, N. S. *ſay, That Monſieur* d'Andre, *Marquiſs* d'Oraiſon, *died at* 85; *Monſieur* Brumare, *at* 102 *Years, died for Love of his Wife, who was* 92 *at her Death, after* 70 *Years Cohabitation.* Nicholas de Boutheiller, *Pariſh-Preacher of* Saſſeville, *being a Bachelor, held out to* 116. *Dame* Claude de Maſſy, *Relict of Monſieur* Peter de Monceaux, *Grand Auditeur of* France, *died on the 7th Inſtant, aged* 107. *Letters of the 17th ſay, Monſieur* Chreſtien de Lamoignon *died on the 7th Inſtant, a Perſon of great Piety and Virtue; but having died young, his Age is concealed for Reaſons of State. On the* 15th *his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, attended by the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *the Duke and Dutcheſs of* Berry, *aſſiſted at the Proceſſion which he yearly performs in Memory of a Vow made by* Lewis *the* XIIIth, 1638. *For which Act of Piety, his Majeſty received Abſolution of his Confeſſor, for the Breach of all inconvenient Vows made by himſelf.* I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Humphrey Kidney.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 17.

I AM to acknowledge ſeveral Letters which I have lately received; among others, one ſubſcribed *Philanthropes*, another *Emilia*, both which ſhall be honour'd. I have a Third from an Officer of the Army, wherein he deſires I would do Juſtice to the many gallant Actions which have been done by Men of private Characters, or Officers of lower Stations, during this long War; that their Families may have the Pleaſure of ſeeing we lived in an Age wherein Men of all Orders had their proper Share in Fame and Glory. There is nothing I ſhould undertake with greater Pleaſure than Matters of this Kind: If therefore they who are acquainted with ſuch Facts, would pleaſe to communicate them, by Letters directed to me at Mr. *Morphew*'s, no Pains ſhould be ſpared to put them in a proper and diſtinguiſhing Light.

THIS is to admoniſh Stentor, *That it was not Admiration of his Voice, but my Publication of it, which has lately increaſed the Number of his Hearers.*

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

The Actions of Mankind are the Subject of my Collections.

N° 57. *Saturday*, Auguſt 20, 1709.

Will's Coffee houſe, Auguſt 19.

I WAS this Evening repreſenting a Complaint ſent me out of the Country from *Emilia*. She ſays, her Neighbours there have ſo little Senſe of what a refined Lady of the Town is, that ſhe who was a celebrated Wit in *London*, is in that dull Part of the World in ſo little Eſteem, that they call her in their baſe

baſe Style a *Tongue Pad*. Old *True Penny* bid me adviſe her to keep her Wit till ſhe comes to Town again, and admoniſh her, that both Wit and Breeding are local; for a fine Court Lady is as awkward among Country Houſewives, as one of them would appear in a Drawing Room. 'Tis therefore the moſt uſeful Knowledge one can attain at, to underſtand among what Sort of Men we make the beſt Figure; for if there be a Place where the beauteous and accompliſh'd *Emilia* is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain Endeavour to Attempt pleaſing in all Converſations. Here is *Will. Ubi*, who is ſo thirſty after the Reputation of a Companion, that his Company is for any Body that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to chuſe for himſelf, is never choſen by others. There is a certain Chaſtity of Behaviour, which makes a Man deſirable, and which, if he tranſgreſſes, his Wit will have the ſame Fate with *Delia*'s Beauty, which no one regards, becauſe all know it is within their Power. The beſt Courſe *Emilia* can take, is, to have leſs Humility, for if ſhe could have as good an Opinion of herſelf for having every Quality, as ſome of her Neighbours have of themſelves with one, ſhe would inſpire even them with a Senſe of her Merit, and make that Carriage (which is now the Subject of their Deriſion) the ſole Object of their Imitation. Till ſhe has arrived at this Value of herſelf, ſhe muſt be contented with the Fate of that uncommon Creature, a Woman too humble.

White's Chocolate houſe, Auguſt 19.

SINCE my laſt, I have received a Letter from *Tom Trump*, to deſire that I would do the Fraternity of Gameſters the Juſtice to own, that there are notorious Sharpers, who are not of their Claſs. Among others, he preſented me with the Picture of *Harry Copperſmith*, in Little, who (he ſays) is at this Day worth Half a Plumb, by Means much more indirect than by falſe Dice. I muſt confeſs, there appeared ſome Reaſon in what he aſſerted; and he met me ſince, and accoſted me in the following Manner: 'It is wonderful 'to me, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, that you can pretend to 'be a *Man of Penetration*, and fall upon us Knights

of

' of the Induſtry as the wickedeſt of Mortals, when ' there are ſo many who live in the conſtant Prac- ' tice of baſer Methods unobſerved. You cannot (tho' ' you know the Story of myſelf and the *North Bri-* ' *ton*) but allow I am an honeſter Man than *Will. Cap-* ' *perſmith*, for all his great Credit among the *Lombards*. ' I get my Money by Mens Follies, and he gets his ' by their Diſtreſſes. The declining Merchant com- ' municates his Griefs to him, and he augments them ' by Extortion. If therefore Regard is to be had to ' the Merit of the Perſons we injure, who is the more ' blameable, he that oppreſſes an unhappy Man, or ' he that cheats a fooliſh one? All Mankind are in- ' differently liable to adverſe Strokes of Fortune; and ' he who adds to them, when he might relieve them, ' is certainly a worſe Subject, than he who unburdens a ' Man whoſe Proſperity is unwieldy to him. Beſides ' all which, he that borrows of *Capperſmith*, does it ' out of Neceſſity; he that plays with me, does it out of ' Choice.

I allow'd *Trump* there are Men as bad as himſelf, which is the Height of his Pretenſions; and muſt con- feſs, that *Capperſmith* is the moſt wicked and impudent of all Sharpers. A Creature that cheats with Credit, and is a Robber in the Habit of a Friend. The Contemplation of this worthy Perſon made me reflect on the wonderful Succeſſes I have obſerved Men of the meaneſt Capacities meet with in the World, and recollected an Obſervation I once heard a ſage Man make; which was, That he had obſerved, that in ſome Profeſſions, the lower the Under- ſtanding, the greater the Capacity. I remember, he in- ſtanced that of a Banker, and ſaid, That the fewer Ap- prehenſions, Paſſions, and Ideas a Man had, he was the bet- ter for his Buſineſs.

THERE is little Sir *Trifſram*, without Connexion in his Speech, or ſo much as common Senſe, has arri- ved by his own natural Parts at one of the greateſt Eſtates amongſt us. But honeſt Sir *Trifſram* knows himſelf to be but a Repoſitory for Caſh: He is juſt ſuch an Uteſil as his Iron Cheſt, and may rather be ſaid to hold Money, than poſſeſs it. There is nothing

so pleasant as to be in the Conversation of these wealthy Proficients. I had lately the Honour to drink Half a Pint with Sir *Tristram*, *Harry Cepperstmith*, and *Giles Tavashers*. These Wags give one another Credit in Discourse, according to their Purses; they jest by the Pound, and make Answers as they honour Bills. Without Vanity, I thought myself the prettiest Fellow of the Company; but I had no manner of Power over one Muscle in their Faces, though they sneer'd at every Word spoken by each other. Sir *Tristram* call'd for a Pipe of Tobacco; and telling us Tobacco was a *Pethick*, bid the Drawer bring him t'other Half Pint. *Tavashers* laughed at the Knight's Wit without Moderation. I took the Liberty to say, it was but a Pun. A Pun! says *Cepperstmith*; you would be a better Man by *Tobacco*, if you could pun like Sir *Tristram*. With that they all burst out together. The Queer Cure maintained this Style of Dialogue till we had drank our Quarts a piece by Half Pints. All I could bring away with me, is That *Tavashers* is not worth twenty thousand Pounds; for his Mirth, tho' he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more Effect upon the Company, than if he had been a Bankrupt.

From my cave Apartment, August 19.

I have heard, it has been advised by a Diocesan to his inferior Clergy, that instead of broaching Opinions of their own, and uttering Doctrines which may lead themselves and Hearers into Error, they would read some of the most celebrated Sermons, printed by others for the Instruction of their Congregations. In Imitation of such Preachers at Second hand, I shall transcribe from *Bouvier* one of the most elegant Pieces of Raillery and Satire which I have ever read. He describes the *French*, as if speaking of a People not yet discovered, in the Air and Stile of a Traveller.

"I have heard talk of a Country where the old Men "are Gallant, Polite and Civil. The young Men, on "the contrary, Stubborn, Wild, without either Manners "or Civility. *They are free from Passion for Women* "*at that Age when in other Countries they begin to feel*

it; and prefer Beasts, Victuals, and ridiculous Amours before them. Amongst these People, he is sober who is never drunk with any Thing but Wine; the too frequent Use of it has render'd it flat and insipid to them. They Endeavour by Brandy, and other strong Liquors, to quicken their Taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to compleat their Debauches, but to drink *Aqua Fortis*. The Women of that Country hasten the Decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to preserve it: They paint their Cheeks, Eyebrows and Shoulders, which they lay open, together with their Breasts, Arms and Ears, as if they were afraid to hide those Places which they think will please, and never think they shew enough of them. The Physiognomies of the People of that Country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrass'd with a Bundle of strange Hair, which they prefer before their natural: With this they weave something to cover their Heads, which descends down half way their Bodies, hides their Features, and hinders you from knowing Men by their Faces. This Nation has, besides this, their God and their King. The Grandees go every Day, at a certain Hour, to a Temple they call a Church. At the upper End of that Temple there stands an Altar consecrated to their God, where the Priest celebrates some Mysteries which they call holy, sacred, and tremendous. The great Men make a vast Circle at the Foot of the Altar, standing with their Backs to the Priests and the Holy Mysteries, and their Faces erected towards their King, who is seen on his Knees upon a Throne, and to whom they seem to direct the Desires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However, in this Custom there is to be remarked a Sort of Subordination; for the People appear adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Region call it. 'Tis from Forty eight Degrees of Latitude, and more than Eleven hundred Leagues by Sea, from the *Iroquois* and *Eurons*.

LETTERS from *Hampstead* say, 'There is a Coxcomb arrived there, of a Kind which is utterly new. *The Fellow* has Courage, which he takes himself to be obliged

obliged to give Proofs of every Hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the Men, and contradicting the Women. A Lady, who ſent him to me, ſuperſcribed him with this Deſcription out of *Suckling*:

I am a Man of War and Might,
And know that much that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' Wrong or Right,
Dreadfully.

No Woman under Heaven I fear,
Now Oaths I can exactly ſwear;
And forty Healths my Brain will bear,
Moſt ſtoutly.

N° 58. *Tueſday*, Auguſt 23, 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, Auguſt 22.

POOR *Cynthio* (who does me the Honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his moſt ſecret Thoughts, and tells me his moſt private Frailties) owned to me, that though he is in his very Prime of Life, Love had killed all his Deſires, and, he was now as much to be truſted with a fine Lady, as if he were eighty. That one Paſſion for *Clarinda* has taken up (ſaid he) my whole Soul, and all my idle Flames are extinguiſhed, as you may obſerve, ordinary Fires are often put out by the Sunſhine.

THIS was a Declaration not to be made but upon the higheſt Opinion of a Man's Sincerity; yet as much a Subject of Raillery as ſuch a Speech would be, it is certain, that Chaſtity is a nobler Quality, and as much to be valued *in Men as in Women*. The mighty *Scipio*, who (as *Waſhe* ſays in the Comedy) was a Pretty Fellow

in his Time, was of this Mind, and is celebrated for it by an Author of good Senſe. When he lived, Wit, an Humour, and Raillery, and publick Succeſs, were at as high a Pitch at *Rome*, as at preſent in *England*; yet, I believe, there was no Man in thoſe Days thought that General at all ridiculous in his Behaviour in the following Account of him.

SCIPIO, at Four and twenty Years of Age, had obtained a great Victory; and a Multitude of Priſoners of each Sex, and all Conditions, fell into his Poſſeſſion: Among others, an agreeable Virgin in her early Bloom and Beauty. He had too ſenſible a Spirit to ſee the moſt lovely of all Objects without being moved with Paſſion: Beſides which, there was no Obligation of Honour or Virtue to reſtrain his Deſires towards one who was his by the Fortune of War. But a noble Indignation, and a ſudden Sorrow, which appeared in her Countenance, when a Conqueror caſt his Eyes upon her, raiſed his Curioſity to know her Story. He was informed, That ſhe was a Lady of the higheſt Condition in that Country, and contracted to *Indibilis*, a Man of Merit and Quality. The generous *Roman* ſoon placed himſelf in the Condition of that unhappy Man, who was to loſe ſo charming a Bride; and though a Youth, a Bachelor, a Lover, and a Conqueror, immediately reſolved to reſign all the Invitations of his Paſſion, and the Rights of his Power, to reſtore her to her deſtined Huſband. With this Purpoſe he commanded her Parents and Relations, as well as her Huſband, to attend him at an appointed Time. When they met, and were waiting for the General, my Author frames to himſelf the different Concern of an unhappy Father, a deſpairing Lover, and a tender Mother, in the ſeveral Perſons who were ſo related to the Captive. But for fear of injuring the delicate Circumſtances with an old Tranſlation, I ſhall proceed to tell you, That *Scipio* appears to them, and leads in his Priſoner into their Preſence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) ſeemed to allow themſelves a little too much Triumph over the Conquered; therefore, as *Scipio* approached, they all threw themſelves on their *Knees*, except the Lover of the Lady: But *Scipio* obſerving in him a manly Sullenneſs, was the more inclined

inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these Words:

It is not the Manner of the Romans to use all the Power they justly may. We fight not to ravage Countries, or break through the Ties of Humanity; I am acquainted with your Worth, and your Interest in this Lady. Fortune has made me your Master; but I desire to be your Friend. This is your Wife; take her, and may the Gods bless you with her. But far be it from Scipio to purchase a lewd and momentary Pleasure at the Rate of making an honest Man unhappy.

INDIBILIS's Heart was too full to make him any Answer; but he threw himself at the Feet of the General, and wept aloud. The Captive Lady fell into the same Posture, and they both remained so, till the Father burst into the following Words: *Oh Divine Scipio! The Gods have given you more than human Virtue. Oh Glorious Leader! Oh wondrous Youth! Does not that obliged Virgin give you, while she prays to the Gods for your Prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, Raptures, above all the Transports which you could have reaped from the Possession of her injured Person?* The temperate *Scipio* answered him without much Emotion, and saying, *Father, be a Friend to Rome*, retired. An immense Sum was offered as her Ransom, but he sent it to her Husband, and smiling, said, 'This is a Trifle after what I have given him already; but let *Indibilis* know, that Chastity at my Age is a much more difficult Virtue to practise than Generosity.'

I observed, *Cynthio* was very much taken with my Narrative; but told me, this was a Virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable Figure in our Days. However, I took the Liberty to say, that we ought not to lose our Ideas of Things, though we had debauched our true Relish in our Practice. For after we have done laughing, solid Virtue will keep its Place in Mens Opinions: And though Custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent Women, and triumph in the Fallhood; such Actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true Gallantry, and rise higher in

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our Eſteem, the farther they are removed from our Imitation.

Will's Coffee houſe, Auguſt 22.

A Man would be apt to think in this laughing Town, that it were impoſſible a Thing ſo exploded as ſpeaking hard Words, ſhould be practiſed by any one that has ever been good Company; but as if there were a Standard in our Minds as well as Bodies, you ſee very many juſt where they were twenty Years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble *Martius* would not be the only Man in *England* whom no body can underſtand, though he talks more than any Man elſe.

WILL. DAGGER the Epigrammatiſt, *Jack Comma* the Grammarian, *Nick Caſſe grain* who writes Anagrams and myſelf, made a pretty Company at a Corner of this Room, and entered very peaceably upon a Subject fit enough for us; which was, the Examination of the Force of the Particle *For*, when *Martius* joined us. He being well known to us all, aſked what we were upon? For he had a Mind to conſummate the Happineſs of the Day, which had been ſpent among the Stars of the firſt Magnitude, among the Men of Letters; and therefore to put a Period to it, as he had commenced it, he ſhould be glad to be allowed to participate of the Pleaſure of our Society. I told him the Subject. Faith, Gentlemen, ſaid *Martius*, your Subject is humble; and if you would give me Leave to elevate the Converſation, I ſhould humbly offer, that you would inlarge your Inquiries to the Word *For as much*; for though I take it ſaid he, to be but one Word, yet the Particle *Much* implying Quantity, the Particle *As* Similitude, it will be greater, and more like ourſelves, to treat of *For as much*. *Jack Comma* is always ſerious, and anſwered; 'Martius 'I muſt take the Liberty to ſay, That you have falle 'into all this Error and profuſe Manner of Speech by 'certain Hurry in your Imagination, for want of bein 'more exact in the Knowledge of the Parts of Speech 'and it is ſo with all Men who have not well ſtudied th 'Particle *For*. You have ſpoken For without makin

any Inference, which is the great Uſe of that Particle. There is no Manner of Force in your Obſervation of Quantity and Similitude, in the Syllables *At* and *Mah*. But it is ever the Fault of Men of great Wit to be incorrect; which Evil they run into by an indiſcreet Uſe of the Word *For*. Conſider all the Books of Controverſy which have been written, and I'll engage you will obſerve, that all the Debate lies in this Point, Whether they brought in *For* in a juſt Manner, or forced it in for their own Uſe, rather than as underſtanding the Uſe of the Word itſelf? There is nothing like familiar Inſtances: You have heard the Story of the *Iriſhman*, who reading, *Money for Love Heir*, took a Lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that Houſe. If this Man had known *For* was in that Place of a quite different Signification from the Particle *To*, he could not have fallen into the Miſtake of taking *Live* for what the *Latins* call *Vivere*, or rather *Habitare*.'

MARTIUS ſeemed at a Loſs, and admiring his profound Learning, wiſhed he had been bred a Scholar, for he did not take the Scope of his Diſcourſe. This wiſe Debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the Difference of their Capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a Diverſity in Mens Genius for Nonſenſe; that one ſhould bluſter, while another crept in Abſurdities. *Martius* moves like a blind Man, lifting his Legs higher than the ordinary Way of Stepping; and *Comma*, like one who is only ſhort ſighted, picking his Way when he ſhould be marching on. Want of Learning makes *Martius* a briſk entertaining Fool, and gives himſelf a full Scope; but that which *Comma* has, and calls Learning, makes him diffident, and curbs his natural Miſunderſtanding to the great Loſs of the Men of Raillery. This Converſation confirmed me in the Opinion, that Learning uſually does but improve in us what Nature endowed us with. He that wants good Senſe, is unhappy in having it, for he has thereby only more Ways of expoſing himſelf; and he that has Senſe, knows that Learning is not Knowledge, but rather the Art of uſing it.

St. James's

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 22.

WE have undoubted Intelligence of the Defeat of th King of *Sweden*; and that Prince (who for ſome Yea had hovered like an approaching Tempeſt, and wa looked up at by all the Nations of *Europe*, which ſeem' to expect their Fate according to the Courſe he ſhoul take) is now, in all Probability, an unhappy Exile, with out the common Neceſſaries of Life. His Czariſh Ma jeſty treats his Priſoners with great Gallantry and Di ſtinction. Count *Rhenſfeildt* has had particular Marks o his Majeſty's Eſteem, for his Merit and Services to hi Maſter; but Count *Piper*, whom his Majeſty believe Author of the moſt violent Councils into which his Princ enter'd, is diſarm'd, and entertained accordingly. Thi deciſive Battle was ended at Nine in the Morning, and a the *Swediſh* Generals dined with the Czar that very Day and received Aſſurances, That they ſhould find *Muſcov* was not unacquainted with the Laws of Honour and Hu manity.

N° 59. *Thurſday*, Auguſt 25, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 24.

ÆSOP has gained to himſelf an immortal Re nown for figuring the Manners, Deſires, Pa ſions, and Intereſts of Men, by Fables of Beaſts an Birds. I ſhall, in my future Accounts of our moder Heroes and Wits, vulgarly called *Sharpers*, imitate th Method of that delightful Moraliſt; and think, I can not repreſent thoſe Worthies more naturally than unde the Shadow of a Pack of Dogs; for this Set of Me are like them, made up of Finders, Lurchers, and Set *ters*. Some ſearch for the Prey, others purſue, other *take it*; and if it be worth it, they all come in at th

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Death, and worry the Carcass. It would require a most exact Knowledge of the Field and the Harbours where the Deer lie, to recount all the Revolutions in the Chase.

BUT I am diverted from the Train of my Discourse of the Fraternity about this Town by Letters from *Hampstead*, which give me an Account, there is a late Institution there, under the Name of a *Raffling Shop*, which is, it seems, secretly supported by a Person who is a deep Practitioner in the Law, and out of Tenderness of Conscience has, under the Name of his Maid *Sisly*, set up this easier Way of Conveyancing and Alienating Estates from one Family to another. He is so far from having an Intelligence with the rest of the Fraternity, that all the humbler Cheats, who appear there, are faced by the Partners in the Bank, and driven off by the Reflection of superior Brass. This Notice is given to all the silly Faces that pass that Way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft Allurement of a fine Lady, who is the Sign to the Pageantry. And at the same Time Signior *Hawksly*, who is the Patron of the Houshold, is desired to leave off this interloping Trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their Share in the Spoil. But this little Matter is only by way of Digression. Therefore to return to our Worthies.

THE present Race of Terriers and Hounds would starve, were it not for the inchanted *Actæon*, who has kept the whole Pack for many Successions of Hunting-Seasons. *Actæon* has long Tracts of rich Soil; but had the Misfortune in his Youth to fall under the Power of Sorcery, and has been ever since, some Parts of the Year, a Deer, and in some Parts a Man. While he is a Man, (such is the Force of Magick) he no sooner grows to such a Bulk and Fatness, but he is again turned into a Deer, and hunted till he is lean; upon which he returns to his human Shape. Many Arts have been tried, and many Resolutions taken by *Actæon* himself, to follow such Methods as would break the Inchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by Midnight Watchings and much Care found out, that there is no Way to save him from the Jaws of his Hounds, but to destroy the Pack, which, by Astrolo-

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gical Preſcience, I find I am deſtined to perform. which find I have ſent out my Familiar, to bring a Liſt of all the Places where they are harboured, I may know where to ſound my Horn, and bring together, and take an Account of their Haunts and Marks, againſt another Opportunity.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 24.

THE Author of the enſuing Letter by his N and the Quotations he makes from the Antients, f a Sort of Spy from the old World, whom we Mo ought to be careful of offending; therefore I mu free, and own it a fair Hit where he takes me, r than diſoblige him.

SIR,

'HAVING a peculiar Humour of deſiring ſomewhat the better or wiſer for what I I am always uneaſy when, in any profound W (for I read no others) I happen to meet with I cannot underſtand. When this falls out, 'tis a Grievance to me that I am not able to conſult Author himſelf about his Meaning, for Comment are a Sect that has little Share in my Eſteem; elaborate Writings have, among many others, Advantage, that their Author is ſtill alive, and r (as his extenſive Charity makes us expect) to ex whatever may be found in them too ſublime for v Underſtandings. This, Sir, makes me preſum aſk you, How the *Hampſtead* Hero's Character be perfectly new when the laſt Letters came a and yet Sir *John Suckling* ſo well acquainted w ſixty Years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take amiſs: I can aſſure you, I have a profound Re for you, which makes me write this, with the Diſpoſition with which *Longinus* bids us read *H* and *Plato*. *When in reading* (ſays he) *any of the celebrated Authors, we meet with a Paſſage to w we cannot well reconcile our Reaſons, we ought, to believe, that were thoſe great Wits preſent t*

Sweet for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the Mistakes we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the Scruple that now torments me, 'twill be an Encouragement to me to settle a frequent Correspondence with you, several Things falling in my Way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your Purpose, and whereon your Thoughts would be very acceptable to

Your most Humble Servant,

Obadiah Greenhat.

I own this is clean, and Mr *Greenhat* has convinced me that I have writ Nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

THIS is the true Art of Raillery, when a Man turns another into ridicule, and shews at the same Time he is in good Humour, and not urged on by Malice against the Person he rallies. *Obadiah Greenhat* has hit this very well: For to make an Apology to *Isaac Bickerstaff*, an unknown Student and Horary Historian, as well as Astrologer, and with a grave Face to say, he speaks of him by the same Rules with which he would treat *Homer* or *Plato*, is to place him in Company where he cannot expect to make a Figure; and makes him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand Climacterick, being sixty four Years of Age, according to my Way of Life, or rather (if you will allow Punning in an old Gentleman) according to my Way of Fastime; I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the *Greenhats*. There is indeed one *Zedekiah Greenhat*, who is lucky also in his Way. He has a very agreeable Manner, for when he has a Mind thoroughly to correct a Man, he never takes from him any

Thing.

Thing, but he allows him ſomething for it; or elſe he blames him for Things wherein he is not defective, as well as for Matters wherein he is. This makes a weak Man believe he is in Jeſt in the whole. T'other Day he told Beau *Prim*, who is thought impotent, that his Miſtreſs had declared ſhe would not have him, becauſe he was a Sloven, and had committed a Rape. The Beau bit at the Banter, and ſaid very gravely, he thought to be clean was as much as was neceſſary; and that as to the Rape, he wondered by what Witchcraft that ſhould come to her Ears; but it had indeed coſt him an hundred Pounds to huſh the Affair.

THE *Greenbats* are a Family with ſmall Voices and ſhort Arms, therefore they have Power with none but their Friends: They never call after thoſe who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you reſiſt. But it has been remarkable, that all who have ſhunned their Company, or not liſtened to them, have fallen into the Hands of ſuch as have knocked out their Brains, or broken their Bones. I have look'd over our Pedigree upon the Receipt of this Epiſtle, and find the *Greenbats* are a-kin to the *Staffs*. They deſcend from *Maudlin*, the Left-handed Wife of *Nehemiah Bickerſtaff*, in the Reign of *Harry* II. And it is remarkable, that they are all Left-handed, and have always been very expert at Single Rapier. A Man muſt be very much uſed to their Play to know how to defend himſelf, for their Poſture is ſo different from that of the Right-handed, that you run upon their Swords if you puſh forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your Guard.

THERE have been alſo Letters lately ſent to me which relate to other People: Among the reſt, ſome whom I have heretofore declared to be ſo, are deceaſed. I muſt not therefore break through Rules ſo far, as to ſpeak ill of the Dead. This Maxim extends to all but the late *Partridge*, who ſtill denies his Death. I am informed indeed by ſeveral, that he walks; but I ſhall with all convenient Speed lay him.

St. James's

St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.

WE hear from *Tournay*, That on the Night between the 22d and 23d, they went on with their Works in the Enemy's Mines, and levelled the Earth which was taken out of them. The next Day, at 8 in the Morning, when the *French* observed we were relieving our Trenches, they sprung a larger Mine than any they had fired during the Siege, which killed only four private Centinels. The ensuing Night we had three Men and two Officers killed, as also seven Men wounded. Between the 24th and 25th, we repaired some Works which the Enemy had ruined. On the next Day, some of the Enemy's Magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on Purpose by some of their Men, who are impatient of the Hardships of the present Service. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three Days following. A Deserter, who came out of the Citadel on the 27th, says the Garrison is brought to the utmost Necessity; That their Bread and Water are both very bad: And that they were reduced to eat Horse-Flesh. The Manner of fighting in this Siege has discovered a Gallantry in our Men unknown to former Ages; their meeting with adverse Parties under Ground, where every Step is taken with Apprehensions of being blown up with Mines below them, or crushed by the Fall of the Earth above them, and all this acted in Darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other Part of a Soldier's Duty. However, this is performed with great Chearfulness. In other Parts of the War we have also good Prospects. Count *Tilly* has taken *Lintz*, and the Count *de Merci* march'd into *Franche Comté*, while his Electoral Highness is much superior in Number to Monsieur *d'Harcourt*; so that both on the Side of *Savoy* and *Germany*, we have Reason to expect very suddenly some great Event.

N° 60. *Saturday*, Auguſt 27, 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, Auguſt 26.

TO proceed regularly in the Hiſtory of my Wor thies, I ought to give an Account of what ha paſſed from Day to Day in this Place; but a young Fel low of my Acquaintance has ſo lately been reſcued out o the Hands of the Knights of the Induſtry, that I rathe chuſe to relate the Manner of his Eſcape from 'em, an the uncommon Way which was uſed to reclaim him, tha to go on in my intended Diary.

YOU are to know then, that *Tom. Wildair* is a Stu dent of the *Inner Temple*, and has ſpent his Time, ſinc he left the Univerſity for that Place, in the common Di verſions of Men of Faſhion; that is to ſay, in Whoring Drinking and Gaming. The two former Vices he ha from his Father; but was led into the laſt by the Con verſation of a Partizan of the *Myrmidons*, who had Cham bers near him. His Allowance from his Father was very plentiful one for a Man of Senſe, but as ſcanty fo a modern fine Gentleman. His frequent Loſſes had re duced him to ſo neceſſitous a Condition, that his Lodging were always haunted by impatient Creditors, and all hi Thoughts employed in contriving low Methods to ſuppor himſelf in a Way of Life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted Means to proceed There is never wanting ſome good natured Perſon to ſend a Man an Account of what he has no Mind to hear; therefore many Epiſtles were conveyed to the Father o this Extravagant, to inform him of the Company, the Pleaſures, the Diſtreſſes, and Entertainments, in which his Son paſſed his Time. The old Fellow received theſe Advices with all the Pain of a Parent, but frequently con ſulted his Pillow to know how to behave himſelf on ſuch important Occaſions, as the Welfare of his Son, and the Safety of his Fortune. After many Agitations of Mind,

he reflected, That Necessity was the usual Snare which made Men fall into Meanness, and that a Liberal Fortune generally made a liberal and honest Mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his Ruin, by giving him Opportunities of tasting what it is to be at Ease, and enclosed to him the following Order upon Sir *Trefram Cash*.

S. T. R.

Pray pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, *or Order, the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, and place it to the Account of*

Tenth, Humphry Wildair.

Tom was so astonished at the Receipt of this Order, that though he knew it to be his Father's Hand, and that he had always large Sums at Sir *Trefram's*; yet a Thousand Pounds was a Trust of which his Conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his Note by him, till he writ to his Father the following Letter.

Honoured Father,

I *HAVE received an Order under your Hand for a Thousand Pounds, in Words at Length, and I think I could swear it is your own Hand. I have looked it over and over Twenty Thousand Times. There is in plain Letters, T.H.O.U.S.A.N.D.; and after it, the Letters P.O.U.N.D.S. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you.*

THE old Gentleman took no Manner of Notice of the Receipt of his Letter; but sent him another Order for Three Thousand Pounds more. His Amazement on this second Letter was unspeakable. He immediately double lock'd his Door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his Orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked Six or Seven Turns in his Chamber, then opens his Door, then locks it again; and to examine throughly this Matter, he locks his Door again, puts his Table and Chairs against it; then goes into his Closet, and locking himself in, read his Notes over again about Fifteen Times, which did but *increase his Astonishment*. Soon after, he began to

recollect many Stories he had formerly heard of Perſons who had been poſſeſſed with Imaginations and Appearances which had no Foundation in Nature, but had been taken with ſudden Madneſs in the Midſt of a ſeeming clear and untainted Reaſon. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his Wits; and with a Deſign to compoſe himſelf, he immediately betakes him to his Night-Cap, with a Reſolution to ſleep himſelf into his former Poverty and Senſes. To Bed therefore he goes at Noon-Day, but ſoon roſe again, and reſolved to viſit Sir *Triſtram* upon this Occaſion. He did ſo, and dined with the Knight, expecting he would mention ſome Advice from his Father about paying him Money; but no ſuch Thing being ſaid, Look you, Sir *Triſtram* (ſaid he) you are to know, that an Affair has happened, which—Look you, (ſays *Triſtram*) I know Mr. *Wildair*, you are going to deſire me to advance; but the late Call of the *Bank*, where I have not yet made my laſt Payment, has obliged me——*Tom* interrupted him, by ſhewing him the Bill of a Thouſand Pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient Time, and as often ſurveyed *Tom*'s Looks and Countenance: Look you, Mr. *Wildair*, a Thouſand Pounds —Before he could proceed, he ſhews him the Order for Three Thouſand more—Sir *Triſtram* examined the Orders at the Light, and finding at the Writing the Name, there was a certain Stroke in one Letter, which the Father and he had agreed ſhould be to ſuch Directions as he deſired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the Money. The Poſſeſſion of Four Thouſand Pounds gave my young Gentleman a new Train of Thoughts: He began to reflect upon his Birth, the great Expectations he was born to, and the unſuitable Ways he had long purſued. Inſtead of that unthinking Creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and diſcreet. The Father and Son have an exact and regular Correſpondence, with mutual and unreſerved Confidence in each other. The Son looks upon his Father as the beſt Tenant he could have in the Country, and the Father finds the Son the moſt ſafe Banker he *could have in* the City.

Will's

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 26.

THERE is not any Thing in Nature ſo extravagant, but that you will find one Man or other that ſhall practiſe or maintain it; otherwiſe *Harry Spender* could not have made ſo long an Harangue as he did here this Evening, concerning the Force and Efficacy of well applied Nonſenſe. Among Ladies, he poſitively averr'd it was the moſt prevailing Part of Eloquence; and had ſo little Complaiſance as to ſay, a Woman is never taken by her Reaſon, but always by her Paſſion. He proceeded to aſſert, the Way to move that, was only to aſtoniſh her. I know (continued he) a very late Inſtance of this; for being by Accident in the Room next to *Strephon*, I could not help over hearing him as he made Love to a certain great Lady's Woman. The true Method in your Application to one of this ſecond Rank of Underſtanding, is not to elevate and ſurprize, but rather to elevate and amaze. *Strephon* is a perfect Maſter in this Kind of Perſuaſion: His Way is, to run over with a ſoft Air a Multitude of Words, without Meaning or Connexion, but ſuch as do each of 'em apart give a pleaſing Idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he aſſembles 'em. After the common Phraſes of Salutation, and making his Entry into the Room, I perceived he had taken the fair Nymph's Hand, and kiſſing it ſaid, Witneſs ye Groves! Be ſtill ye Rivulets! Oh! Woods, Caves, Fountains, Trees, Dales, Mountains, Hills, and Streams! Oh! Faireſt! could you love me? To which I overheard her Anſwer, with a very pretty Liſp. Oh! *Strephon*, You are a dangerous Creature: Why do you talk theſe tender Things to me? But you Men of Wit——Is it then poſſible, ſaid the enamour'd *Strephon*, that ſhe regards my Sorrows! Oh! Pity, thou balmy Cure to an Heart o'erloaded. If Rapture, Solicitation, ſoft Deſire, and pleaſing Anxiety——But ſtill I live in the moſt afflicting of all Circumſtances, Doubt—— Cannot my Charmer name the Place and Moment?

There all thoſe Joys infallibly to prove,
With which rich Beauty feeds the Glutton, Love.

FORGIVE me, Madam, it is not that my Heart is weary of its Chain, but——This incoherent Stuff was anſwered by a tender Sigh, Why do you put your Wit to a weak Woman? *Strephon* ſaw he had made ſome Progreſs in her Heart, and purſued it, by ſaying that he would certainly wait upon her at ſuch an Hour near *Roſamond*'s Pond: and then——The Sylvan Deities, and Rural Powers of the Place, ſacred and inviolable to *Love* and *Love*, The Mover of all noble Hearts, ſhould hear his Vows repeated by the Streams and Echoes. The Aſſignation was accordingly made. This Style he calls the unintelligible Method of ſpeaking his Mind; and I'll engage, had this Gallant ſpoken plain *Engliſh*, ſhe had never underſtood him half ſo readily: For we may take it for granted, That he'll be eſteemed as a very cold Lover, who diſcovers to his Miſtreſs that he is in his Senſes.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 26.

THE following Letter came to my Hand with a Requeſt to have the Subject recommended to our Readers, particularly the ſmart Fellows, who are deſired to repair to Major *Touch-hole*, who can help them to Firelocks that are only fit for Exerciſe.

Juſt ready for the Preſs.

'MARS *Triumphant*, or, *London's Glory*: Being the whole Art of Encampment, with the Method of embattelling Armies, marching them off, poſting the Officers, forming hollow Squares, and the various Ways of paying the Salute with the Half-pike; as it was performed by the Train'd Bands of *London* this Year, One Thouſand ſeven Hundred and Nine, in that Nurſery of *Bellona* the *Artillery Ground*. Wherein you have a new Method how to form a ſtrong Line of Foot, with large Intervals between each Platoon, very uſeful to prevent the Breaking in of Horſe. A Civil Way of performing the Military Ceremony; *wherein the Major* alights from his Horſe, and at the *Head of his* Company ſalutes the Lieutenant Colo-

nel,

nel; and the Lieutenant Colonel to return the Compliment, courteously dismounts, and after the same Manner salutes his Major. Exactly as it was performed, with Abundance of Applause on the 5th of *July* last. Likewise an Account of a new Invention made use of in the Red Regiment, to quell mutineering Captains; with several other Things alike useful for the Publick. To which is added, An Appendix by Major *Touch-hole*; proving the Method of Discipline now used in our Armies to be very defective: With an Essay towards an Amendment. Dedicated to the Lieutenant Colonel of the First Regiment.'

Mr. Bickerstaff *has now in the Press*, A Defence of Aukward Fellows against the Class of the Smarts: *With a Dissertation upon the Gravity which becomes weighty Persons. Illustrated by Way of Table, and a Discourse on the Nature of the Elephant, the Cow, the Dray-horse, and the Dromedary, which have Motions equally steady and grave. To this is added, A Treatise written by an Elephant (according to* Pliny*) against receiving Foreigners into the Forest. Adapted to some present Circumstances. Together with Allusions to such Beasts as declare against the poor* Palatines.

Nº 61. *Tuesday*, August 30, 1709.

White's Chocolate house, August 29.

AMONG many Phrases which have crept into Conversation, especially of such Company as frequent this Place, there is not one which misleads me more, than that of a *Fellow of a great deal of Fire*. This metaphorical Term, *Fire*, has done much Good in keeping Coxcombs in Awe of one another; but at the *same Time it has made* 'em troublesome to every Body

elſe. You ſee, in the very Air of a *Fellow of Fire*, ſome thing ſo expreſſive of what he would be at, that if it were not for Self Preſervation, a Man would laugh out.

I HAD laſt Night the Fate to drink a Bottle with Two of theſe *Firemen*, who are indeed diſperſed like the *Myrmidons* in all Quarters, and to be met with among thoſe of the moſt different Education. One of my Companions was a Scholar with *Fire*; and the other a Soldier of the ſame Complexion. My learned Man would fall into Diſputes, and argue without any Manner of Provocation or Contradiction: The other was deciſive without Words, and would give a Shrug or an Oath to expreſs his Opinion. My learned Man was a meer Scholar, and my Man of War as meer a Soldier. The Particularity of the firſt was ridiculous, that of the ſecond, terrible. They were Relations by Blood, which in ſome Meaſure moderated their Extravagancies toward each other: I gave myſelf up meerly as a Perſon of no Note in the Company, but as if brought to be convinced, that I was an inconſiderable Thing, any other wiſe than that they would ſhew each other to me, and make me Spectator of the Triumph they alternately enjoy'd. The Scholar has been very converſant with Books and the other with Men only; which makes 'em both ſuperficial: For the Taſte of Books is neceſſary to our Behaviour in the beſt Company, and the Knowledge of Men is required for a true Reliſh of Books: But they have both *Fire*, which makes one paſs for a Man of Senſe and the other for a fine Gentleman. I found I could eaſily enough paſs my Time with the Scholar; for if I ſeem'd not to do juſtice to his Parts and Sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the Warrior could not let it reſt there; I muſt know all that happened with in his ſhallow Obſervations of the Nature of the War. To all which he added an Air of Lazineſs, and Contempt of thoſe of his Companions who were eminent for delighting in the Exerciſe and Knowledge of their Duty. Thus it is, that all the young Fellows of much animal Life, and little Underſtanding, that repair to our Armies uſurp upon the Converſation of reaſonable Men, under the Notion of having *Fire*.

THU

THE Word has not been of greater Uſe to ſhallow Lovers, to ſupply them with Chat to their Miſtreſſes, than it has been to pretended Men of Pleaſure to ſupport them in being pert and dull, and ſaying of every Fool of their Order, *Such a one has Fire*. There is Colonel *Trumbeon* who marches with Diviſions ready on all Occaſions; an Hero who never doubted in his Life, but is ever poſitively fixed in the Wrong, not out of obſtinate Opinion, but invincible Stupidity.

IT is very unhappy for this Latitude of *London*, that it is poſſible for ſuch as can learn only Faſhion, Habit, and a Set of common Phraſes of Salutation, to paſs with no other Accompliſhments, in this Nation of Freedom, for Men of Converſation and Senſe. All theſe ought to pretend to, is, not to offend; but they carry it ſo far, as to be negligent, whether they offend or not; *For they have Fire*. But their Force differs from true Spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettleſome Horſe. A Man of Fire is a general Enemy to all the Waiters where you drink, is the only Man affronted at the Company's being neglected, and makes the Drawers abroad, his Valet de Chambre and Footman at home, know, he is not to be provoked without Danger.

THIS is not the Fire that animates the noble *Marius*, a Youth of Good nature, Affability, and Moderation. He commands his Ship as an Intelligence moves its Orb: He is the Vital Life, and his Officers the Limbs of the Machine. His Vivacity is ſeen in doing all the Offices of Life with Readineſs of Spirit, and Propriety in the Manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable Purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing Character of a Man of Merit; while the common Behaviour of every gay Coxcomb of *Fire* is to be confidently in the Wrong, and dare to perſiſt in it.

Will's Coffee houſe, Auguſt 29.

IT is a common Objection againſt Writings of a Satirical Mixture, that they hurt Men in their Reputations, and conſequently in their Fortunes and Poſſeſſions; but a Gentleman *who frequents* this Room declared, he *was of Opinion it ought* to be ſo, provided ſuch Performances

formances had their proper Reſtrictions. The gre
Evils in human Society are ſuch as no Law can c
at, as in the Caſe of Ingratitude, where the Manne
obliging very often leaves the Benefactor without M
of demanding Juſtice, though that very Circumſt
ſhould be more binding to the Perſon who has rece
the Benefit. On ſuch an Occaſion, ſhall it be po
for the Malefactor to eſcape? And is it not lawfu
ſet Marks upon Perſons who live within the Law,
do baſe Things? Shall not we uſe the ſame Pr
tion of thoſe Laws to puniſh them, which they hav
defend themſelves? We ſhall therefore take it f
very moral Action to find a good Appellation for
fenders, and to turn them into Ridicule under fei
Names.

I AM advertiſed by a Letter of *Auguſt* the
That the Name of *Copperſmith* has very much wa
Explanation in the City, and by that Means unj
given, by thoſe who are conſcious they deſerve it t
ſelves, to an honeſt and worthy Citizen belonging to
Copper-Office; but that Word is framed out of a n
Conſideration of Wealth amongſt Men, whereby he
has gotten any Part of it by Injuſtice and Extortio
to be thought in the Eye of virtuous Men ſo much
poorer for ſuch Gain. Thus all the Gold which is
from our Neighbours, by making Advantage of
Wants, is Copper; and I authorize the *Lombards* to
ſinguiſh themſelves accordingly. All the honeſt,
make a reaſonable Profit, both for the Advantage of t
ſelves and thoſe they deal with, are Goldſmiths;
thoſe who tear unjuſtly all they can, Copperſmiths.
the ſame Time I deſire him who is moſt guilty, t
down ſatisfied with Riches and Contempt, and be kn
by the Title of *The Copperſmith*; as being the Chi
that reſpected, contemptible Fraternity.

THIS is the Caſe of all others mentioned in
Lucubrations, particularly of *Stentor*, who goes o
his Vociferations at St. *Paul*'s with ſo much Obſtin
that he has received Admonition from St. *Peter*'s ſo
from a Perſon of eminent Wit and Piety; but who i
Old Age reduced to the Infirmity of ſleeping at a Ser
to which he has been Fifty Years attentive, and w

Y

Death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the Saints, well be called, Falling aſleep; for the Innocence of his Life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary Reſt. This gives him a Chearfulneſs of Spirit to rally on his own Weakneſs, and hath made him write to *Stentor* to hearken to my Admonitions. Brother *Stentor*, (ſaid he) for the Repoſe of the Church, hearken to *Bickerſtaff*, and conſider, that while you are ſo devout at St. *Paul*'s, we cannot ſleep for you at St. *Peter*'s.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 29.

THERE has been lately ſent me a much harder Queſtion than was ever yet put to me ſince I profeſſed Aſtrology; to wit, How far, and to what Age, Women ought to make their Beauty their chief Concern? The Regard and Care of their Faces and Perſons are as variouſly to be conſider'd, as their Complexions themſelves differ; but if one may tranſgreſs againſt the careful Practice of the Fair Sex ſo much as to give an Opinion againſt it, I humbly preſume, that leſs Care, better applied, would increaſe their Empire, and make it laſt as long as Life. Whereas now, from their own Example, we take our Eſteem of their Merit from it; for it is very juſt, that ſhe who values herſelf only on her Beauty, ſhould be regarded by others on no other Conſideration.

THERE is certainly a liberal and pedantick Education among Women, as well as Men, and the Merit laſts accordingly. She therefore that is bred with Freedom, and in good Company, conſiders Men according to their reſpective Characters and Diſtinctions; while ſhe that is lock'd up from ſuch Obſervations, will conſider her Father's Butler, not as a Butler, but as a Man. In like Manner, when Men converſe with Women, the Well-bred and Intelligent are look'd upon with an Obſervation ſuitable to their different Talents and Accompliſhments, without Reſpect to their Sex; while a meer Woman can be obſerved under no Conſideration but that of a Woman; *and there* can be but one Reaſon for *placing any Value upon her*, or loſing Time in her Company.

Company. Wherefore I am of Opinion, that the Rule for pleaſing long, is, to obtain ſuch Qualifications as would make them ſo, were they not Women.

LET the Beauteous *Cleomira* then ſhew us her real Face, and know, that every Stage of Life has its peculiar Charms, and that there is no Neceſſity for fifty to be Fifteen: That childiſh Colouring of her Cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that Shape would have been when her Face wore its real Countenance. She has Senſe, and ought to know, that if ſhe will not follow Nature, Nature will follow her. Time then has made that Perſon which had (when I viſited her Grandfather) an agreeable Bloom, ſprightly Air, and ſoft Utterance, now no leſs graceful in a lovely Aſpect, an awful Manner, and maternal Wiſdom. But her Heart was ſo ſet upon her firſt Character, that ſhe neglects and repines at her preſent; not that ſhe is againſt a more ſtay'd Conduct in others, for ſhe recommends Gravity, Circumſpection, and Severity of Countenance to her Daughter. Thus, againſt all Chronology, the Girl is the Sage, the Mother the fine Lady.

BUT theſe great Evils proceed from an unaccountable wild Method in the Education of the better half of the World, the Women. We have no ſuch Thing as a Standard for good Breeding. I was the other Day at my Lady *Wealthy's*, and aſked one of her Daughters, How ſhe did? She anſwer'd, She never convers'd with Men. The ſame Day I viſited at Lady *Plantwell's*, and aſk'd her Daughter the ſame Queſtion. She anſwers, What's that to you, you old Thief? And gives me a Slap on the Shoulders.

I DEFY any Man in *England*, except he knows the Family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he ſhall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either ſome odd old Woman, who is permitted to rule as long as ſhe lives, in Hopes of her Death, and to interrupt all Things; or ſome impertinent young Woman, who will talk ſillily upon the Strength of looking beautifully. I will not anſwer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old Fellows) *have a* Fondneſs for the Faſhions and Manners which *prevailed* when I was young and in Faſhion myſelf:

By

But certain it is, That the Taſte of Grace and Beauty is very much lower'd. The fine Women they ſhew me now a days, are at beſt but pretty Girls to me who have ſeen *Sachariſſa*, when all the World repeated the Poems ſhe inſpir'd; and *Villario*, when a youthful King, was her Subject. The Things you follow and make Songs on now, ſhould be ſent to knit, or ſit down to Bobbins or Bone Lace. They are indeed neat, and ſo are their Sempſtreſſes; they are pretty, and ſo are their Handmaids. But that graceful Motion, that awful Mien, and that winning Attraction, which grew upon 'em from the Thoughts and Converſations they met with in my Time, are now no more ſeen. They tell me I am old I am glad I am ſo; for I don't like your preſent young Ladies.

THOSE among us, who ſet up for any Thing of Decorum, do ſo miſtake the Matter, that they offend on the other Side. Five young Ladies who are of no ſmall Fame for their great Severity of Manners, and exemplary Behaviour, would lately go no where with their Lovers but to an Organ loft in a Church, where they had a cold Treat, and ſome few Opera Songs, to their great Refreſhment and Edification. Whether theſe prudent Perſons had not been as much ſo, if this had been done at a Tavern, is not very hard to determine. 'Tis ſuch ſilly Starts and Incoherences as theſe, which undervalue the beauteous Sex, and puzzle us in our Choice of Sweetneſs of Temper and Simplicity of Manners, which are the only laſting Charms of Woman. But I muſt leave this important Subject at preſent, for ſome Matters, which preſs for Publication; as you will obſerve in the following Letter:

Dear Sir,

'TIS natural for diſtant Relations to claim Kindred with a riſing Family; though at the Time, dear to my Country, not Intereſt, calls me out. The City Forces being ſhortly to take the Field, all good Patriots would be pleaſed that their Arms and Valour ſhould ſhine with equal Luſtre. A Council of War was lately held, the Honourable Colonel Mountjoy *being* Preſident. *After many Debates, 'twas unanimouſly reſolved,* That Major

Wunder-

Blunder, *a moſt expert Officer, ſhould be detached for* Bromingham *to buy Arms, and to prove his Fire-locks on the Spot, as well to prevent Expence, as Diſappointment in the Day of Battle. The Major being a Perſon of conſummate Experience, was inveſted with a Diſcretionary Power. He knew from antient Story, that ſecuring the Rear, and making a glorious Retreat, was the moſt celebrated Piece of Conduct. Accordingly ſuch Meaſures were taken to prevent Surprize in the Rear of his Arms, that even* Pallas *herſelf, in the Shape of Reſt, could not invade them. They were drawn into cloſe Order, firmly embodied, and arrived ſecurely without Touch-holes. Great and National Actions deſerve popular Applauſe; and as Praiſe is no Expence to the Publick, therefore, deareſt Kinſman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this Nurſery of Heroes, as to do Juſtice to my Native Country.* I am,

Your moſt

London, Aug. 26. Affectionate Kinſman,

Artillery-Ground. *Offspring Tavig.*

A War-Horſe, belonging to one of the Colonels of the Artillery, to be Let or Sold. He may be ſeen adorn'd with Ribbands, and ſet forth to the beſt Advantage, the next Training Day.

N° 61. *Thurſday*, September 1, 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, Auguſt 31.

THIS Place being frequented by Perſons of Condition, I am deſired to recommend a Dog kennel to any who ſhall want a Pack. It lies not far from *Suffolk Street*, and is kept by Two who were formerly Dragoons in the *French* Service; but left Plundering for the more orderly Life of keeping Dogs: Beſides that, according to their Expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the Safety of their *Skin*, to follow this Trade, than the Beat of Drum. *Their Reſidence* is very convenient for the Dogs to whelp in

in, and bring up a right Breed to follow the Scent. The moſt eminent of the Kennel are Blood hounds, which lead the Van, and are as follow:

A Liſt of the Dogs.

TOWLER, of a right *Iriſh* Breed, called Captain.
ROCKWOOD, of *French* Race, with long Hair, by the Courteſy of *England* called alſo Captain.
POMPEY, a tall Hound, kennelled in a *Convent* in *France*, and knows a rich Soul.

Theſe two laſt hunt in Couple, and are followed by

RINGWOOD, a *French* black Whelp of the ſame Breed, a fine open mouth'd Dog; and an old ſick Hound, always in Kennel, but of the true Blood, with a good Noſe. *French* Breed.

THERE is alſo an *Italian* Greyhound, with good Legs, and knows perfectly the Ground from *Calais* to *Paris*.

Ten Setting Dogs, right *Engliſh*.
Four Mongrels of the ſame Nation.
And Twenty Whelps, fit for any Game.

THESE Curs are ſo extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the Sport, and worry their Game before the Keepers can come in. The other Day a Wild Boar from the North ruſhed into the Kennel, and at firſt indeed defended himſelf againſt the whole Pack; but they proved at laſt too many for him, and tore off Pounds of Fleſh from off his Back, with which they filled their Bellies, and made ſo great a Noiſe in the Neighbourhood, that the Keepers are obliged to haſten the Sale. That Quarter of the Town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by Strangers, whoſe Blood the Hounds have often ſucked in ſuch a Manner, that many a *German* Count, and other *Virtuoſo*, who came from the Continent, have loſt the Intention of their Travels, and been unable to proceed on their Journey.

IF the Hounds are not very ſoon diſpoſed of to *ſome good Purchaſer*, as alſo that at the Kennels nearer

St.

St. *James's*, it is humbly propoſed, that they may be all together tranſported to *America*, where the Dogs are few, and the wild Beaſts many: Or, that during their Stay in theſe Parts, ſome eminent Juſtice of the Peace may have it in particular Direction to viſit their Harbours, and that the Sheriff of *Middleſex* may allow him the Aſſiſtance of the common Hangman to cut off their Ears, or Part of them, for Diſtinction ſake, that we may know the Blood-hounds from the Mongrels and Setters. 'Till theſe Things are regulated, you may enquire at an Houſe belonging to *Paris*, at the upper End of *Suffolk-ſtreet*, or an Houſe belonging to *Ghent*, oppoſite to the lower End of *Pall-Mall*, and know further.

I T were to be wiſhed that the Curs were diſpoſed of; for it is a very great Nuſance to have them tolerated in Cities. That of *London* takes Care, that the Common Hunt, aſſiſted by the Serjeants and Bailiffs, expel them wherever they are found within the Walls; though, 'tis ſaid, ſome private Families keep them, to the Deſtruction of their Neighbours: But it is deſired, that all who know of any of theſe Curs, or have been bit by them, would ſend me their Marks, and the Houſes where they are haboured, and I do not doubt but I ſhall alarm the People ſo well, as to have them uſed like mad Dogs wherever they appear. In the mean Time, I adviſe all ſuch as entertain this kind of Vermin, that if they give me timely Notice that their Dogs are diſmiſſed, I ſhall let them go unregarded, otherwiſe am obliged to admoniſh my Fellow Subjects in this Behalf, and inſtruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful Profeſſions and Callings. There was lately a young Gentleman bit to the Bone; who has now indeed recovered his Health, but is as lean as a Skeleton. It grieved my Heart to ſee a Gentleman's Son run among the Hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the beſt of the Pack.

Will's Coffee houſe, Auguſt 31.

THIS Evening was ſpent at our Table in Diſcourſe of Propriety of Words and Thoughts, which is Mr. *Dryden's Definition* of Wit; but a very odd Fellow, who

who would intrude upon us, and has a Briſkneſs of Imagination more like Madneſs than regular Thought, ſaid, that *Harry Jacks* was the firſt who told him of the taking of the Citadel of *Tournay*, and (ſays he) *Harry* deſerves a Statue more than the Boy who ran to the Senate with a Thorn in his Foot to tell of a Victory. We were aſtoniſhed at the Aſſertion, and *Sparkle* aſked him, What Affinity is there between that Boy and *Harry*, that you ſay their Merit reſembles ſo much as you juſt now told us? Why (ſays he) *Harry*, you know, is in the *French* Intereſt, and it was more Pain to him to tell the Story of *Tournay*, than to the Boy to run upon a Thorn to relate a Victory which he was glad of. The Gentleman, who was in the Chair upon the Subject of Propriety of Words and Thoughts, would by no Means allow, that there was Wit in this Compariſon; and urged, That to have any Thing gracefully ſaid, it muſt be natural; but that whatſoever was introduced in common Diſcourſe with ſo much Premeditation, was inſufferable. That Critick went on: Had Mr. *Jacks* (ſaid he) told him the Citadel was taken, and another had anſwered, He deſerves a Statue as well as the *Roman* Boy, for he told it, with as much Pain, it might have paſſed for a ſprightly Expreſſion; but there is a Wit for Diſcourſe, and a Wit for Writing. The Eaſineſs and Familiarity of the firſt, is not to favour in the leaſt of Study; but the Exactneſs of the other, is to admit of ſomething like the Freedom of Diſcourſe, eſpecially in Treatiſes of Humanity, and what regards the *Belles Lettres*. I do not in this allow, that *Bickerſtaff's Tatlers*, or Diſcourſe of Wit by Retail, and for the Penny, ſhould come within the Deſcription of *Writing*. I bowed at his Compliment, and——But he would not let me proceed.

YOU ſee in no Place of Converſation the Perfection of Speech ſo much as in an accompliſhed Woman. Whether it be, that there is a Partiality irreſiſtible when we judge of that Sex, or whatever it is, you may obſerve a wonderful Freedom in their Utterance, and an eaſy Flow of Words, without being diſtracted (as we often are who read much) in the Choice of Dictions and Phraſes. My Lady *Courtly* is an Inſtance of this: She was *talking the other Day* of Dreſs, and did it with ſo excellent

excellent an Air and Geſture, that you would have ſwor ſhe had learned her Action from our *Demoſthenes*. Be ſides which, her Words were ſo particularly well adapte to the Matter ſhe talked of, that though Dreſs was a nev Thing to us Men, ſhe avoided the Terms of Art in it and deſcribed an unaffected Garb and Manner in ſo pro per Terms, that ſhe came up to that of *Horace*'s *Simplex Munditiis*; which, whoever can tranſlate in two Word has as much Eloquence as Lady *Courtly*. I took the Li berty to tell her, That all ſhe had ſaid with ſo much goo Grace, was ſpoken in Two Words in *Horace*, but woul not undertake to tranſlate them; upon which ſhe ſmile and told me, She believed me a very great Scholar; an I took my Leave.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 31.

I HAVE been juſt now reading the Introduction t the Hiſtory of *Catiline* by *Salluſt*, an Author who very much in my Favour: but when I reflect upon h profeſſing himſelf wholly diſintereſted, and at the ſam Time ſee how induſtriouſly he has avoided ſaying an Thing to the Praiſe of *Cicero*, to whoſe Vigilance th Commonwealth owed its Safety, it very much leſſens m Eſteem for that Writer, and is one Argument amon others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of th Intereſts of the World, and profeſs purely to act for th Service of Mankind, without the leaſt Regard to them ſelves. I do not deny but that the Rewards are di ferent; ſome aim at Riches, others at Honour, by the publick Services. However, they are all purſuing ſom End to themſelves, though indeed thoſe Ends differ much as Right and Wrong. The moſt graceful Wa then, I ſhould think, would be to acknowledge, that yo aim at ſerving yourſelves; but at the ſame Time make appear, it is for the Service of others that you have the Opportunities.

OF all the diſintereſted Profeſſors I have ever hea of, I take the Boatſwain of *Dampier*'s Ship to be th moſt impudent, but the moſt excuſable. You are *know, that* in the wild Searches that Navigator w *making, they* happened to be out at Sea, for diſco

on any Shore, in want of all the Necessaries of Life: so much, that they began to look, not without Hunger, on each other. The Boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In such an extreme Necessity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aside: The Captain and Lieutenant were safe only as being Carrion, and the unhappy Boatswain in Danger only, by being worth eating. To be short, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatswain must be cut up. He knew their Intention, and desired he might speak a few Words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

Gentlemen Sailors,

For be it that I should speak it for any private Interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not die with a good Conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, Gentlemen, Justice, and the Preservation of a good Conscience, as well as Love of my Country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that Black Kate at Deptford *has made me very unfit to eat; and (I speak it with Shame) I am afraid, Gentlemen, I should infect you.*

THIS Speech had a good Effect in the Boatswain's Favour; but the Surgeon of the Ship protested, he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first Steak of him himself.

THE Boatswain replied, (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in Hopes to gain Time) That he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thanked the Surgeon for his Information. However, said he, I must inform you, for your own Good that I have ever since my Cure been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on with his Harangue, a fresh Gale arose, and gave the Crew Hopes of a better Repast at the nearest Shore, to which they arrived next Morning.

MOST *of the Self Denials we meet with, are of the same Sort; therefore I think he acts fairest who owns, he hopes*

hopes at leaſt to have Brother's Fare, without profeſſing that he gives himſelf up with Pleaſure to be devoured for the Preſervation of his Fellows.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 31.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 6th of *September*, *N. S.* ſay, That the Governor of the Citadel of *Tournay* having offered their Highneſſes the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince of *Savoy* to ſurrender that Place on the 31ſt of the laſt Month, on Terms which were not allowed them by thoſe Princes, Hoſtilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the 3d the Place was ſurrender'd, with a ſeeming Condition granted to the Beſieged above that of being Priſoners of War; for they were forthwith to be conducted to *Conde*, but were to be exchanged for Priſoners of the Allies, and particularly thoſe of *Warneton* were mentioned in the Demand. Both Armies having ſtretched towards *Mons* with the utmoſt Diligence, that of the Allies, though they paſſed the much more difficult Road, arrived firſt before that Town, which they have now actually inveſted; and the Quarter-maſter General was, at the Time of diſpatching theſe Letters, marking the Ground for the Encampment of the covering Army.

To the Bookſellers, or others, whom this Advertiſement may concern.

Mr. OMICRON, *the Unborn Poet, gives Notice, That he writes all Treatiſes, as well in Verſe as Proſe, being a ninth Son, and tranſlates out of all Languages, without Learning or Study.*

IF any Bookſeller will treat for his Paſtoral on the Siege and Surrender of the Citadel of Tournay, *he muſt find in his Propoſals before the News of a Capitulation for any other Town.*

THE Undertaker for either Play-houſe may have an Opera written by him; or, if it ſhall ſuit their Deſign, a Satire upon Opera's; both ready for next Winter.

THIS

THIS is to give Notice, That Richard Farloe, *M. A. well known for his Acuteness in Dissection of dead Bodies, and his great Skill in Osteology, has now laid by that Practice; and having, by great Study and much Labour, acquired the Knowledge of an Antidote for all the most common Maladies of the Stomach, is removed and may be applied to, at any Time of the Day, in the South Entrance from* Newgate street *into* Christ's *Hospital.*

N° 63. *Saturday*, September 3, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, September 2.

Of the Enjoyment of Life with Regard to others.

I HAVE ever thought it the greatest Diminution to the *Roman* Glory imaginable, that in their Institution of publick Triumphs, they led their Enemies in Chains when they were Prisoners. It is to be allowed, that doing all Honour to the Superiority of Heroes above the rest of Mankind, must needs conduce to the Glory and Advantage of a Nation; but what shocks the Imagination to reflect upon, is, that a polite People should think it reasonable, that an unhappy Man, who was no way inferior to the Victor but by the Chance of War, should be led like a Slave at the Wheels of his Chariot. Indeed, these other Circumstances of a Triumph, That it was not allowed in a Civil War, lest Part of it should be in Tears, while the other was making Acclamations; That it should not be granted, except such a Number were slain in Battle; That the General should be disgraced who made a false Muster of his Dead; These, I say, had great and politick Ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent Benefit of the Commonwealth. *But this Behaviour* to the Conquered had no

Foundation

Foundation in Nature or Policy, only to gratify th Insolence of an haughty People, who triumphed ove barbarous Nations, by acting what was fit only for thof very Barbarians to practife. It feems wonderful, tha they who were fo refined as to take Care that, to com pleat the Honour done to the victorious Officer, n Power fhould be known above him in the Empire o the Day of his Triumph, but that the Conſuls themſ felves fhould be but Cueſts at his Table that Even ing, could not take it into Thought to make th Man of chief Note among his Priſoners one of th Company. This would have improved the Gladneſs o the Occaſion, and the Victor had made a muc greater Figure, in that no other Man appeared unhap py on his Day, than becauſe no other Man appeare great.

BUT we will wave at preſent ſuch important In cidents, and turn our Thoughts rather to the familia Part of human Life, and we ſhall find, that the grea Buſineſs we contend for, is in a leſs Degree what thoſ *Romans* did on more ſolemn Occaſions, to triumph ove our Fellow Creatures; and there is hardly a Man to b found, who would not rather be in Pain to appear happy than be really happy and appear miſerable. This Mo attempt by ſumptuous Equipages, ſplendid Houſes, nu merous Servants, and all the Cares and Purſuits of a ambitious or faſhionable Life.

BROMIO and *Tabia* are particularly ill wiſhe to each other, and Rivals in Happineſs. There is n Way in Nature ſo good to procure the Eſteem of th one, as to give him little Notices of certain ſecre Points, wherein the other is weak. *Charlo* has th Skill of doing this, and never applauds the Improve ments *Bromio* has been many Years making, and eve will be making; but he adds, 'Now this very Thin 'was my Thought when *Tabia* was pulling up h 'Underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but no 'your Gardens are in this Poſture, he is ready to hav 'himſelf. Well, to be ſincere, that Situation of h 'can never make an agreeable Seat, he may mak 'his Houſe and Appurtenances what he pleaſes; but I 'cannot remove them to the ſame Ground whe

'Bro-

"*Bremus* stands; and of all Things under the Sun, a "Man that is happy at Second hand is the most mon-"strous." 'Tis a very strange Madness (answers *Bremus*) if a Man on these Occasions can think of any End but pleasing himself. As for my Part, if Things are convenient, I hate all Ostentation. There is no End of the Folly of adapting our Affairs to the Imagination of others. Upon which, the next Thing he does, is to enlarge whatever he has; his Rival has attempted to imitate him in; but there is a time is, that they are in their Time of Life, in their Estates, and in their Understandings equal; so that the Emulation may continue to the last Day of their Lives. As it stands now, *Tubis* has heard *Bremus* has lately purchased Two Hundred a Year in the Annuities since he last settled the Account of their Happiness, in which he thought himself to have the Balance. This may seem a very fantastical Way of thinking in these Men; but there is nothing so common, as a Man's endeavouring rather to go further than some other Person towards an easy Fortune, than to form any certain Standard that would make himself happy.

Will's Coffee-House, September [illegible].

Mr. *DACTILE* has been this Evening very profuse of his Eloquence upon the Talent of turning Things into Ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, That there was generally in it something too disingenuous for the Society of liberal Men, except it were governed by the Circumstances of Persons, Time, and Place. This Talent, continued he, is to be used as a Man does his Sword, not to be drawn but in his own Defence, or to bring Pretenders and Impostors in Society to a true Light. But we have seen this Faculty so mistaken, that the Burlesque of *Virgil* himself has passed, among Men of little Taste, for Wit; and the noblest Thoughts that can enter into the Heart of Man, levelled with Ribaldry and Baseness. Though by the Rules of Justice, no Man ought to be ridiculed for any Imperfection, who does not set up for eminent Sufficiency in that Way wherein he is defective. Thus Cowards, who would

would hide themselves by an affected Terror in their Mien and Dress; and Pedants, who would shew the Depth of their Knowledge by a supercilious Gravity, are equally the Objects of Laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous for their want of Courage, or Weakness of Understanding, but that they seem insensible of their own Place in Life, and unhappily rank themselves with those, whose Abilities, compared to their Defects, make them contemptible.

AT the same Time, it must be remarked, That Risibility being the Effect of Reason, a Man ought to be expelled from sober Company, who laughs without it. Ha! ha! says *Will. Trusty*, who sat by, Will any Man pretend to give me Laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at? Look ye, answered *Humphry Slyboots*, you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what Noise you will, and no Body can hinder an *English* Gentleman from putting his Face into what Posture he thinks fit; but, take my Word for it, that Motion which you now make with your Mouth open, and the Agitation of your Stomach, which you relieve by holding your Sides, is not Laughter: Laughter is a more weighty Thing than you imagine; and I'll tell you a Secret, You never did laugh in your Life; and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great Care to be cured of those Convulsive Fits. *Trusty* left us, and when he had got two Yards from us, well, (said he) you are strange Fellows, and was immediately taken with another Fit.

THE *Trusties* are a well natur'd Family, whose particular Make is such, that they have the same Pleasure out of Good will, which other People have in that Sense which is the Cause of Laughter. Therefore when bursting into the Figures of Men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general Benevolence they are born with; as the *Slyboots* smile only on the greatest Occasion of Mirth; which Difference is caused rather from a different Structure of their Organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know *Serverly* frets inwardly, when *Will Trusty* laughs at him; but *when I meet* him, and he bursts out, I know 'tis one of

of his abundant Joy to see me, which he expresses by that Vociferation which is in others Laughter. But I shall defer considering this Subject at large, till I come to my Treatise of Ocitation, Laughter, and Ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

THE following Letter being a Panegyrick upon me for a Quality which every Man may attain, an Acknowledgment of his Faults; I thought it for the Good of my Fellow-Writers to publish it.

SIR,

IT must be allowed, That Elquire Bickerstaff *is of all Authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a Mistake, tho' all the World for them to be in downright Nonsense. You'll be pleased, Sir, to pardon this Expression, for the same Reason for which you once desired us to excuse you when you seem'd any thing dull. Most Writers, like the Generality of* Paul Lorrain's *Saints, seem to place a peculiar Vanity in dying hard. But you, Sir, to shew a good Example to your Brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own Accord mended the Indictment. Nay, you have been so good natured as to discover Beauties in it, which, I'll assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And, to make your Civility the more Accomplished, you have honoured him with the Title of your Kinsman, which, though derived by the Left Hand, he is not a little proud of. My Brother (for such* Obadiah *is) being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere Thanks for all these Favours; and, as a small Token of his Gratitude, to communicate to you the following Piece of Intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern Historians.*

MADONELLA, *who, as I was thought, had long since taken her Flight towards the Ætherial Mansions, still walks, it seems, in the Regions of Mortality; where she has found, by deep Reflections on the Revolution exercised in yours of* June *the 2d, That where such Inquisitions have been wanting to imprint true Ideas of Things*

on the tender Souls of thoſe of her Sex, they are never aſ
able to arrive at ſuch a Pitch of Perfection, as to be abo
the Laws of Matter and Motion; Laws which are con
derably enforced by the Principles uſually imbibed in Nu
ſeries and Boarding Schools. To remedy this Evil, ſhe h
laid the Scheme of a College for young Damſels; wher
inſtead of Sciſſors, Needles, and Samplers; Pens, Co
paſſes, Quadrants, Books, Manuſcripts, Greek, Latin a
Hebrew, are to take up their whole Time. Only on Ho
days the Students will, for moderate Exerciſe, be allow
to divert themſelves with the Uſe of ſome of the lighte
and moſt voluble Weapons; and proper Care will be t
ken to give them at leaſt a ſuperficial Tincture of t
Antient and Modern Amazonian Tacticks. Of th
Military Performances, the Direction is undertaken
Epicene, *the Writer of* Memoirs from the Mediterr
nean, *who, by the Help of ſome artificial Poiſons convey*
by Smells, has within theſe few Weeks brought ma
Perſons of both Sexes to an untimely Fate; and, what
more ſurpriſing, has, contrary to her Profeſſion, with t
ſame Odors, revived others who had long ſince be
drowned in the Whirlpools of Lethe. *Another of the Pr*
feſſors is to be a certain Lady, who is now publiſhing Tr
of the choiceſt Saxon *Novels, which are ſaid to hav*
been in as great Repute with the Ladies of Queen Emma
Court, as the Memoirs from the New Atalantis *are wit*
thoſe of ours. I ſhall make it my Buſineſs to inquire in
the Progreſs of this learned Inſtitution, and give you t
firſt Notice of their Philoſophical Tranſactions, and Search
after Nature.

Yours, *&c.*

Tobiah Greenhat.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, September 2.

THIS Day we have received Advices by th
Way of *Oſtend*, which give an Account of an Engage
ment between the *French* and the Allies on the 11t
Inſtant, *N. S.* Marſhal *Bouffers* arrived in the Ene
my's Camp on the 5th, and acquainted Marſhal *Vil*
lars, That he did not come in any Character, bu

to receive his Commands for the King's Service, and communicate to him his Orders upon the present Posture of Affairs. On the 9th, both Armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the enduing Day till the Close of the Evening, and stood on their Arms all that Night. On the Day of Battle the Cannonading was renewed about Seven: The Duke of *Argyle* had Orders to attack the Wood *Sart* on the Right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable Post. The Prince of *Orange* had the same good Fortune in a Wood on the Left. After which the whole Body of the Confederates, join'd by the Forces from the Siege, marched up and engaged the Enemy, who were drawn up at some Distance from these Woods. The Dispute was very warm for some Time; but towards Noon the *French* began to give Ground from one Wing to the other; which Advantage being observed by our Generals, the whole Army was urged on with fresh Vigour, and in a few Hours the Day ended with the intire Defeat of the Enemy.

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

What Country is without our Blood?

Nº 64. *Thursday*, September 6, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 5.

WHEN I lately spoke of Triumphs, and the Behaviour of the *Romans* on those Occasions, I knew by my Skill in Astrology, that there was a great Event approaching to our Advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell Fortunes, I thought fit to defer the Mention of the Battle near *Mons* till it happened; which Moderation was no small Pain to me; *But I should wrong my Art*, if I concealed that

ſome of my Aerial Intelligencers had ſignified to me the News of it even from *Paris*, before the Arrival of Lieutenant Colonel *Graham* in *England*. All Nations, as well as Perſons, have their good and evil Genius attending them; but the Kingdom of *France* has three, the laſt of which is neither for it nor againſt it in Reality, but has for ſome Months paſt acted an ambiguous Part, and attempted to ſave its Ward from the Incurſion of its powerful Enemies, by little Subterfuges, and Tricks, which a Nation is more than undone when it is reduced to Practice. Thus, inſtead of giving exact Accounts and Repreſentations of Things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the ſame Time a Falſhood, when all the Circumſtances come to be related. *Pacolet* was at the Court of *France* on *Friday* Night laſt, when this Genius of that Kingdom came thither in the Shape of a Poſt Boy, and cried out, That *Mons* was relieved, and the Duke of *Marlborough* marched. *Pacolet* was much aſtoniſhed at this Account, and immediately changed his Form, and flew to the Neighbourhood of *Mons*, from whence he found the Allies had really marched, and began to inquire into the Reaſons of this ſudden Change, and half feared he had heard a Truth of the Poſture of the *French* Affairs, even in their own Country. But upon diligent Inquiry among the Aerials who attend theſe Regions, and Conſultation with the neighbouring Peaſants, he was able to bring me the following Account of the Motions of the Armies ſince they retired from about that Place, and the Action which followed thereupon.

ON *Saturday* the 7th of *September*, *N. S.* the Confederate Army was alarm'd in their Camp at *Havre*, by Intelligence, That the Enemy were marching to attack the Prince of *Heſſe*. Upon this Advice, the Duke of *Marlborough* commanded that the Troops ſhould immediately move, which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on *Sunday* the Eighth at Noon. On that Day in the Morning it appeared, that inſtead of being attacked, the advanced Guard of the Detachment commanded by the Prince of *Heſſe* had diſperſed and taken Priſoners a Party of the Enemy's Horſe, which was ſent out to obſerve the March of the Confederates. The French moved from *Quiver-*

n on *Sunday* in the Morning, and inclined to the ght from thence all that Day. The 9th the *Monday* lowing, they continued their March, till on *Tuesday* Tenth they poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Woods of *ur* and *Blangies*. As ſoon as they came into that ound, they threw up Intrenchments with all Expe ion. The Allies arrived within few Hours after the emy was poſted; but the Duke of *Marlborough* thought to wait for the Arrival of the Reinforcement which he pected from the Siege of *Tournay*. Upon Notice that ſe Troops were ſo far advanced, as to be depended on an Action the next Day, it was accordingly reſolved engage the Enemy.

IT will be neceſſary for underſtanding the Greatneſs the Action, and the ſeveral Motions made in the ime of the Engagement, that you have in your Mind Idea of the Place. The two Armies on the 11th ſtant were both drawn up before the Woods of *Dour*, *angies*, *Sart* and *Taniart*; the Army of the Prince *Savoy* on the Right before that of *Blangies*; the orces of *Great Britain* in the Center on his Left; thoſe the High Allies, with the Wood *Sart*, as well as a ge Interval of plain Ground, and *Taniart*, on the eft of the Whole. The Enemy were intrenched in the ths of the Woods, and drawn up behind two Intrench nts over againſt them, oppoſite to the Armies of the uke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*. There were ſo two Lines intrenched in the Plains over againſt the rmy of the States. This was the Poſture of the *French* d Confederate Forces when the Signal was given, and e whole Line moved on to the Charge.

THE *Dutch* Army, commanded by the Prince of *eſſe*, attacked with the moſt undaunted Bravery, and, ter a very obſtinate Reſiſtance, forced the firſt Intrenchment of the Enemy in the Plain between *Sart* d *Taniart*; but were repulſed in their Attack on the econd with great Slaughter on both Sides. The Duke *Marlborough*, while this was tranſacting on the Left, d with very much Difficulty marched through *Sart*, d beaten the Enemy from the ſeveral Intrenchments ey had thrown up *in it*. As ſoon as the Duke had

marched into the Plain, he obſerved the main Body of the Enemy drawn up and intrenched in the Front of his Army. This Situation of the Enemy, in the ordinary Courſe of War, is uſually thought an Advantage hardly to be ſurmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that Army which had juſt overcome greater Difficulties. The Duke commanded the Troops to form, but to forbear charging till further Order. In the mean time he viſited the Left of our Line, where the Troops of the States had been engaged. The Slaughter on this Side had been very great, and the *Dutch* incapable of making further Progreſs, except they were ſuddenly re inforced. The Right of our Line was attacked ſoon after their coming upon the Plain; but they drove back the Enemy with ſuch Bravery, that the Victory began to incline to the Allies by the precipitate Retreat of the *French* to their Works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The Duke, upon obſerving this Advantage on the Right, commanded the Earl of *Orkney* to march with a ſufficient Number of Battalions to force the Enemy from their Intrenchments on the Plain between the Woods of *Sart* and *Jauſart*; which being performed, the Horſe of the Allies marched into the Plains, covered by their own Foot, and forming themſelves in good Order, the Cavalry of the Enemy attempted no more, but to cover the Foot in their Retreat. The Allies made ſo good Uſe of the Beginning of the Victory, that all their Troops moved on with freſh Reſolution, till they ſaw the Enemy fly before them towards *Gosh* and *Maubeuge*; after whom proper Detachments were made, who made a terrible Slaughter in the Purſuit.

IN this Action it is ſaid Prince *Eugene* was wounded, as alſo the Duke of *Ahremberg*, and Lieutenant General *Webb*. The Count of *Oxenſtern*, Colonel *Lalo*, and Sir *Thomas Pendergraſs*, were kill'd.

THIS wonderful Succeſs, obtain'd under all the Difficulties that could be oppoſed in the Way of an Army, muſt be acknowledged as owing to the Genius, Courage and Conduct of the Duke of *Marlborough*, a conſummate Hero; who has lived not only beyond *the Time* in which *Cæſar* ſaid, He was arrived at a Satiety

Satiety of Life and Glory; but also been so long the Subject of Panegyrick, that it is as hard to say any Thing new in his Praise, as to add to the Merit which requires such Eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-house, September 5.

THE following Letter being very explanatory of the true Design of our Lucubrations, and at the same Time an excellent Model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding our Works, to publish it.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq.*

S I R,

'THO' I have not the Honour to be of the Family of the *Staffs*, nor related to any Branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome Project of making Wit useful.

'THIS is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best Comedies. But no Body (I think) before you thought of a Way to bring the Stage as it were into the Coffee-house, and there attack those Gentlemen who thought themselves out of the Reach of Raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief Walks and Districts. I smile when I see a solid Citizen of Threescore read the Article from *Will's Coffee-house*, and seem to be just beginning to learn his Alphabet of Wit in Spectacles; and to hear the attentive Table sometimes stop him with pertinent Queries, which he is puzzled to answer, and then join in commending it the sincerest Way, by freely owning he don't understand it.

'IN pursuing this Design, you will always have a large Scene before you, and can never be at a Loss for Characters to entertain a Town so plentifully stock'd with them. The Follies of the finest Minds, which a Philosophical Surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your Skill. And of this Sort, I take the Liberty to send you the following Sketch.

'CLEONTES is a Man of good Family, 'Learning, entertaining Converſation, and acute 'He talks well, is Maſter of Style, and writes ac 'temptibly in Verſe. Yet all this ſerves but to 'him politely ridiculous; and he is above the Ri 'common Characters, only to have the Privilege 'ing laughed at by the beſt. His Family make 'proud and fearful; his Learning, aſſuming and a 'and his Wit arrogant and ſatirical. He mixes ſi 'the beſt Qualities of the Head with the worſt 'Heart. Every Body is entertained by him, wh 'Body eſteems him. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate Monito

Joſiah C

LOST from the Tree in Pall Mall, *Two* Iriſh *belonging to the Pack of* London; *one a tall white Dog; the other a black nimble Greyhound (not very and ſuppoſed to be gone to the* Bath *by inſtinct for The Man of the Inn from whence they run being aver is deſired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up ſeveral others are loſt about* Tunbridge *and* Epſom; *whoever will maintain, may keep.*

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.
The Actions of Mankind are the Subject of my Collections.

N° 65. *Thurſday*, September 8, 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 7.

I CAME hither this Evening, and expected nothing elſe but mutual Congratulations in the Company on the late Victory; but found our Room, which one would have hoped to have been full of good Humour and Alacrity upon ſo glorious an Occaſion, full of ſower Animals, enquiring into the Action, in Doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the Succeſs of their Country-Men. It is natural to believe eaſily what we wiſh heartily; and a certain Rule, That they are not Friends to a glad Occaſion, who ſpeak all they can againſt the Truth of it; who end their Argument againſt our Happineſs, that they wiſh it otherwiſe. When I came into the Room, a Gentleman was declaiming; If (ſays he) we have ſo great and compleat a Victory, Why have we not the Names of the Priſoners? Why is not an exact Relation of the Conduct of our Generals laid before the World? Why do we not know when or whom to applaud? If we are victorious, Why do we not give an Account of our Captives and our Slain? But we are to be ſatisfied with general Hopes we are Conquerors, and to believe it ſo. Sure this is approving the deſpotick Way of treating the World, which we pretend to fight againſt, if we ſit down ſatisfied with ſuch contradictory Accounts, which have the Words of Triumph, but do not bear the Spirit of it. I whiſper'd Mr. *Greenhat*, Pray what can that diſſatisfied Man be? He is, anſwer'd he, a Character you have not yet perhaps obſerved. You have heard of Battle Painters have *mentioned a Battle Poet*; but this is a Battle Critick

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tick. He is a Fellow that lives in a Government ſo gentle, that tho' it ſees him an Enemy, ſuffers his Malice, becauſe they know his Impotence. He is to examine the Weight of an Advantage before the Company will allow it. *Greenhat* was going on in his Explanation, when Sir *George England* thought fit to take up the Diſcourſe in the following Manner:

GENTLEMEN, The Action you are in ſo great Doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any Age; and the Value of it I obſerve from your Diſſatisfaction: For Battle Criticks are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be, pleaſed. Had this Engagement happened in the Time of the Old *Romans*, and ſuch Things been acted in their Service, there would not be a Foot of the Wood which was pierced, but had been conſecrated to ſome Deity, or made memorable by the Death of him who expired in it for the Sake of his Country. It had been ſaid on ſome Monument at the Entrance; Here the Duke of *Argyle* drew his Sword, and ſaid, *March*. Here *Webb*, after having an accompliſh'd Fame for Gallantry, expoſed himſelf like a common Soldier. Here, *Rivett*, who was wounded at the Beginning of the Day, and carried off as dead, returned to the Field, and received his Death. Medals had been ſtruck for our General's Behaviour when he firſt came into the Plain. Here was the Fury of the Action, and here the Hero ſtood as fearleſs as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the Cares of that State for their own Honour, and in Gratitude to their Heroick Subjects. But the Wood intrenched, the Plain made more impaſſable than the Wood; and all the Difficulties oppoſed to the moſt gallant Army, and moſt intrepid Leaders that ever the Sun ſhone upon, are treated by the Talk of ſome in this Room as Objections to the Merit of our General and our Army. But (continued he) I leave all the Examination of this Matter, and a proper Diſcourſe on our Senſe of publick Actions, to my Friend Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, who may let Beaus and Gameſters reſt, till he has examined into the Reaſons of Men's being Malecontents, in *the only* Nation that ſuffers profeſs'd Enemies to breathe *a open Air.*

From

From my own Apartment, September 7.

THE following Letters are sent to me from Relations; and tho' I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ Nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good Action, if they alarm any heedless Men against the Fraternity of the Knights whom the *Greeks* call Ῥάσκαλος.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'IT is taken very ill by several Gentlemen here, 'that you are so little vigilant, as to let the Dogs 'run from their Kennels to this Place. Had you done 'your Duty, we should have had Notice of their Ar-'rival; but the *Sharpers* are now become so formidable 'here, that they have divided themselves into Nobles 'and Commons; Beau *Begg*, Beau *Pert*, *Rake*, and '*Talboy*, are of their Upper House; Broken Captains, 'Ignorant Attornies, and such other Bankrupts from 'industrious Professions, compose their Lower Order. 'Among these Two Sets of Men, there happened here 'lately some unhappy Differences; 'Squire *Humphry* 'came down among us with Four Hundred Guineas. 'His raw Appearance, and certain Signals in the good-'natured Muscles of *Humphry*'s Countenance, alarmed 'the Societies: For *Sharpers* are as skilful as Beg-'gars in Physiognomy, and know as well where to 'hope for Plunder, as the others to ask for Alms. *Pert* 'was the Man exactly fitted for taking with *Humphry* 'as a fine Gentleman; for a raw Fool is ever ena-'mour'd with his Contrary, a Coxcomb; and a Cox-'comb is what the Booby, who wants Experience, and 'is unus'd to Company, regards as the First of Men. 'He ever looks at him with Envy, and would cer-'tainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his Rusti-'city or Bashfulness. There arose an entire Friend-'ship by this Sympathy between *Pert* and *Humphry*, 'which ended in stripping the latter. We now could 'see this forlorn Youth for some Days moneyless, with-'out Sword, and one Day without his Hat, and with

'secret

'ſecret Melancholy pining for his Snuff box; the Jeſt 'of the whole Town, but moſt of thoſe who robbed 'him.

'AT laſt freſh Bills came down, when immediately 'their Countenances clear'd up, antient Kindneſſes and 'Familiarity renew'd, and to Dinner he was invited by 'the Fraternity. You are to know, that while he was 'in his Days of Solitude, a Commoner, who was ex-'cluded from his Share of the Prey, had whiſper'd the 'Squire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of ven-'turing again. However, Hopes of recovering his 'Snuff box, which was given him by his Aunt, made 'him fall to play after Dinner; yet mindful of what he 'was told, he ſaw ſomething that provoked him to tell 'them, they were a Company of *Sharpers*. Preſently '*Tallboy* fell on him, and being too hard at Fifty-'cuffs, drove him out of Doors. The valiant *Pert* 'followed, and kicked him in his Turn; which the 'Squire reſented, as being nearer his Match; ſo chal-'lenged him: But differing about Time and Place, 'Friends interpoſed, (for he had ſtill Money left) and 'perſwaded him to aſk Pardon for provoking 'em to 'beat him, and they aſked his for doing it. The 'Houſe conſulting whence *Humphry* could have his In-'formation, concluded it muſt be from ſome malicious 'Commoner; and to be revenged, Beau *Bogg* watched 'their Haunts, and in a Shop where ſome of them were 'at play with Ladies, ſhewed Dice which he found, 'or pretended to find, upon them; and declaring how 'falſe they were, warn'd the Company to take Care 'who they play'd with. By his ſeeming Candour, he 'clear'd his Reputation at leaſt to Fools, and ſome ſilly 'Women; but it was ſtill blatted by the 'Squire's Story 'with thinking Men: However, he gained a great Point 'by it; for the next Day he got the Company ſhut up 'with himſelf and Fellow-Members, and robbed 'em at 'Diſcretion.

'I cannot expreſs to you with what Indignation I 'behold the noble Spirit of Gentlemen degenerated to 'that of private Cut Purſes. 'Tis in vain to hope a 'Remedy, while ſo many of the Fraternity get and 'enjoy Eſtates of Twenty, Thirty, and Fifty Thouſand 'Pounds

'Pounds, with Impunity, creep into the beſt Converſations, and ſpread the infectious Villany through the 'Nation, while the leſſer Rogues, that rob for Hunger 'or Nakedneſs, are ſacrificed by the blind, and in this 'Reſpect, partial and defective, Law. Could you open 'Men's Eyes againſt the Occaſion of all this, the great 'Corruptor of our Manners and Morality, the Author 'of more Bankrupts than the War, and ſure Bane of 'all Induſtry, Frugality, and good Nature; in a Word, 'of all Virtues; I mean, publick or private Play at 'Cards or Dice; how willingly would I contribute my 'utmoſt, and poſſibly ſend you ſome Memoirs of the 'Lives and Politicks of ſome of the Fraternity of great 'Figure, that might be of Uſe to you in ſetting this in 'a clear Light againſt next Seſſion; that all who care 'for their Country or Poſterity, and ſee the pernicious 'Effects of ſuch a publick Vice, may endeavour its De'ſtruction by ſome effectual Laws. In Concurrence to 'this good Deſign, I remain,

Bath,
Aug. 30. *Your humble Servant*, &c.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *Friday*, Sept. 2.

'I HEARTILY join with you in your laudable De'ſign againſt the *Myrmidons*, as well as your late In'ſinuations againſt *Cocombs of Fire*; and I take this Op'portunity to congratulate you on the Succeſs of your 'Labours, which I obſerved Yeſterday in one of the 'hotteſt *Fire-men* in Town; who not only affects a ſoft 'Smile, but was ſeen to be thrice contradicted, without 'ſhewing any Sign of Impatience. Theſe, I ſay, ſo 'happy Beginnings promiſe fair, and on this Account I 'rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the Curs; a 'Work of ſuch Uſe, that I admire it ſo long eſcaped 'your Vigilance; and exhort you, by the Concern you 'have for the good People of *England*, to purſue your 'Deſign; and that theſe Vermin may not flatter them'ſelves that they paſs undiſcovered, I deſire you'd ac'quaint *Jack Haughty*, that the whole Secret of his 'bubbling *his Friend with* the *Swiſs* at the Dutch-

'Houſe

House is well known, as also his sweetning the Knight, and I shall acknowledge the Favour.

Your most humble Servant, &c.

N° 66. *Saturday*, September 10, 1709.

Will's Coffee house, September 9.

THE Subject of the Discourse this Evening was Eloquence and graceful Action. *Lysander*, who is something particular in his Way of Thinking and Speaking, told us, a Man could not be Eloquent without Action: For the Deportment of the Body, the Turn of the Eye, and an apt Sound to every Word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished Speaker. Action in one that speaks in publick, is the same Thing as a good Mien in ordinary Life. Thus, as a certain Insensibility in the Countenance recommends a Sentence of Humour and Jest, to it must be a very lively Consciousness that gives Grace to great Sentiments. The Jest is to be a Thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning Manner is a Beauty in Expressions of Mirth; but when you are to talk on a Set Subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

THERE is, said he, a remarkable Example of that Kind. *Æschines*, a famous Orator of Antiquity, had pleaded at *Athens* in a great Cause against *Demosthenes*; but having lost it, retired to *Rhodes*. Eloquence was then the Quality most admired among Men, and the Magistrates of that Place having heard he had a Copy of the Speech of *Demosthenes*, desired him to repeat both their Pleadings. After his own, he recited also the Oration of his Antagonist. The People expressed their Admiration of both, but more of that of *Demosthenes*. *If you are*, said he, thus touched with hearing only what

what that great Orator ſaid, how would you have been affected had you ſeen him ſpeak? For he who hears *Demoſthenes* only, loſes much the better Part of the Oration. Certain it is, that they, who ſpeak gracefully, are very lamely repreſented in having their Speeches read or repeated by unſkilful People; for there is ſomething native to each Man, ſo inherent to his Thoughts and Sentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for another to give a true Idea of. You may obſerve in common Talk, when a Sentence of any Man's is repeated, an Acquaintance of his ſhall immediately obſerve, *That is ſo like him, methinks I ſee how he looked when he ſaid it.*

BUT of all the People on the Earth, there are none who puzzle me ſo much as the Clergy of *Great Britain*, who are, I believe, the moſt learned Body of Men now in the World; and yet this Art of ſpeaking, with the proper Ornaments of Voice and Geſture, is wholly neglected among them; and I'll engage, were a deaf Man to behold the greater Part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the Contents only of ſome Diſcourſe they intended to make, than actually in the Body of an Oration, even when they are upon Matters of ſuch a Nature, as one would believe it were impoſſible to think of without Emotion.

I OWN there are Exceptions to this general Obſervation, and that the Dean we heard the other Day together, is an Orator. He has ſo much Regard to his Congregation, that he commits to his Memory what he is to ſay to them; and has ſo ſoft and graceful a Behaviour, that it muſt attract your Attention. His Perſon, it is to be confeſſed, is no ſmall Recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not loſing that Advantage, and adding to the Propriety of Speech (which might paſs the Criticiſm of *Longinus*) an Action which would have been approved by *Demoſthenes*. He has a peculiar Force in his Way, and has many of his Audience who could not be intelligent Hearers of his Diſcourſe, were there not Explanation as well as Grace in his Action. This Art of his is uſed with the moſt exact and honeſt Skill: He never attempts your Paſſions till *he has convinced your* Reaſon. All the Objections

jections which he can form, are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least Vehemence in his Sermons; but when he thinks he has your Head, he very soon wins your Heart: and never pretends to shew the Beauty of Holiness, till he hath convinced you of the Truth of it.

WOULD every one of our Clergymen be thus careful to recommend Truth and Virtue in their proper Figures, and shew so much Concern for them as to give them all the additional Force they were able, it is not possible that Nonsense should have so many Hearers as you find it has in Dissenting Congregations, for no Reason in the World, but because it is spoken *Extempore*: For ordinary Minds are wholly governed by their Eyes and Ears, and there is no Way to come at their Hearts, but by Power over their Imaginations.

THERE is my Friend and merry Companion *Daniel*: He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper Discourse as well as any Orthodox Neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, my Beloved; and the Words Grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! A new Light! The Day! The Day! Ay, my Beloved, the Day! or rather the Night! The Night is coming! And Judgment will come, when we least think of it! And so forth.——— He knows, to be vehement is the only Way to come at his Audience. *Daniel*, when he sees my Friend *Greenhat* come in, can give a good Hint, and cry out, This is only for the Saints! The Regenerated! By this Force of Action, though mixed with all the Incoherence and Ribaldry imaginable, *Daniel* can laugh at his Duncelan, and grow fat by voluntary Subscription, while the Parson of the Parish goes to Law for Half his Dues. *Daniel* will tell you, It is not the Shepherd, but the Sheep with the Bell, which the Flock follows.

ANOTHER Thing, very wonderful this learned Body should omit, is, Learning to read; which is a most necessary Part of Eloquence in one who is to serve at the Altar. For there is no Man but must be sensible, that the lazy Tone, and inarticulate Sound of *our common Readers*, depreciates the most proper Form

of

of Words that were ever extant in any Nation or Language, to speak their own Wants, or his Power from whom we ask Relief.

THERE cannot be a greater Instance of the Power of Action than in little Parson *Dapper*, who is the common Relief to all the lazy Pulpits in Town. This smart Youth has a very good Memory, a quick Eye, and a clean Handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his Text, shuts his Book fairly, shews he has no Notes in his Bible, opens both Palms, and shews all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive Air, my young Man goes on without Hesitation; and though from the Beginning to the End of his pretty Discourse he has not used one proper Gesture, yet at the Conclusion the Churchwarden pulls his Gloves from off his Head; *Pray, who is this extraordinary young Man?* Thus the Force of Action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the Reason and Argument in the World without it. This Gentleman concluded his Discourse by saying, I do not doubt but if our Preachers would learn to speak, and our Readers to read, within six Months Time, we should not have a Dissenter within a Mile of a Church in *Great Britain*.

From my own Apartment, September 9.

I HAVE a Letter from a young Fellow who complains to me that he was bred a Mercer, and is now just out of his Time, but unfortunately (for he has no Manner of Education suitable to his present Estate) an Uncle has left him 1000*l. per Annum*. The young Man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives, but applies himself to me, to know what Method to take to help his Air, and be a fine Gentleman.

He says, 'That several of those Ladies who were 'formerly his Customers, visit his Mother on Purpose to 'fall in his Way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry 'against his Will; for (says he) if any one of them 'should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am '(says he *further*) utterly at a Loss how to deal with 'them.

'them, for though I was the moſt pert Creature in the 'World when I was Foreman, and could hand a Woman 'of the firſt Quality to her Coach, as well as her own 'Gentleman Uſher, I am now quite out of my Way, 'and ſpeechleſs in their Company. They commend 'my Modeſty to my Face. No one ſcruples to ſay, I 'ſhould certainly make the beſt Huſband in the World, 'a Man of my ſober Education.——— Mrs. *Would-be* 'watches all Opportunities to be alone with me: There-'fore, good Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, here are my Writings in-'cloſed; if you can find any Flaw in my Title, ſo as 'it may go to the next Heir, who goes to St. *James's* 'Coffee-houſe, and *White's*, and could enjoy it, I ſhould 'be extremely well pleaſed with Two Thouſand Pounds 'to ſet up my Trade, and live in a Way I know I ſhould 'become, rather than be laughed at all my Life among 'too good Company. If you could ſend for my 'Couſin, and perſuade him to take the Eſtate on theſe 'Terms, and let no Body know it, you would extremely 'oblige me.'

UPON firſt Sight, I thought this a very whimſical Propoſal; however, upon more mature Conſideration I could not but admire the young Gentleman's Prudence and good Senſe: For there is nothing ſo irkſome, as living in a Way a Man knows he does not become. I conſulted Mr. *Obediah Greenhat* on this Occaſion, and he is ſo well pleaſed with the Man, that he has half a Mind to take the Eſtate himſelf; but upon ſecond Thoughts he propoſed this Expedient: I ſhould be very willing (ſaid he) to keep the Eſtate where it is, if we could make the young Man any Way eaſy; therefore I humbly propoſe, he ſhould take to Drinking for one Half Year, and make a Sloven of him, and from thence begin his Education anew: For it is a Maxim, that one who is ill taught, is in a worſe Condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a ſpruce Mercer is farther off the Air of a fine Gentleman, than a downright Clown. To make our Patient any Thing better, we muſt unmake him what he is. I indeed propoſed to ſtint him, but *Greenhat* anſwered, *That if he recovered*, he'd be as prim and ſeat as ever

he was: Therefore he would have it his Way, and our Friend is to drink till he is carbuncled and Tun bellied; after which we will send him down to smoke, and be buried with his Ancestors in *Derbyshire*. I am indeed desirous he should have his Life in the Estate, because he has such a just Sense of himself and his Abilities, to know that it is an Unhappiness to him to be a Man of Fortune.

THIS Youth seems to understand, that a Gentleman's Life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with Propriety of Behaviour; for though he has a Support without Art or Labour, yet his Manner of enjoying that Circumstance is a Thing to be considered; and you see among Men who are honoured with the common Appellation of Gentlemen, so many Contradictions to that Character, that it is the utmost ill Fortune to bear it: For which Reason I am obliged to change the Circumstances of several about this Town. *Harry Lucker* is so very exact in his Dress, that I shall give his Estate to his younger Brother, and make him a Dancing Master. *Nokes Light-foot* is so nimble, and values himself so much upon it, that I have Thoughts of making him Huntsman to a Pack of Beagles, and give his Land to somebody that will stay upon it.

NOW I am upon the Topick of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all Persons who are not of the first Quality, or who do not bear some important Office that requires so much Distinction, to go to *Hyde Park* with Six Horses; for I cannot but Esteem it the highest Insolence. Therefore hereafter no Man shall do it meerly because he is able, without any other Pretension. But what may serve all Purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think Riches the chief Distinction, to appear in the Ring with two Horses only, and a Rent Roll hanging out of each Side of their Coach. This is a Thought of Mr. *Greenhat*'s, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary Discourse upon the Subject of Equipage, wherein he will give us Rules on that Subject, and assign the proper Duties and Qualifications of Masters and Servants, as well as that of Husbands and Wives; with a Treatise of OEconomy without *Doors, or the compleat Art of* appearing in the World.

This

This will be very uſeful to all who are ſuddenly rich, or are aſhamed of being poor.

——Sunt certa Piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare Libello.

I have Notice of a new Pack of Dogs, of quite another Sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact Account of their Way of Hunting, the following Letter giving only a bare Notice of them.

SIR, September 7.

THERE are another Pack of Dogs to be diſpoſed of, who kennel about Charing Croſs, *at the old Fat Dog's at the Corner of* Buckingham Court, *near* Spring Garden: *Two of them are ſaid to be whelped in* Alſatia, *now in Ruins; but they, with the reſt of the Pack, are as pernicious, as if the old Kennel had never been broken down. The Antients diſtinguiſhed this Sort of Curs by the Name of* Hæredipetes, *the moſt pernicious of all Biters, for ſeizing young Heirs, eſpecially when their Eſtates are intailed, whom they reduce by one good Bite to ſuch a Condition, that they cannot ever after come to the Uſe of their Teeth, or get ſmelling of a Caſt. You are deſired to diſpoſe of theſe as ſoon as you can, that the Breed may not increaſe; and your Care in tying them up, will be acknowledged by,*

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Philanthropus.

St. James's Coffee houſe, September 9.

WE have received Letters from the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Camp, which bring us farther Particulars of the great and glorious Victory obtained over the Enemy *on the 11th Inſtant, N. S.* The Number of the Wounded

and Priſoners is much greater than was expected from our firſt Account. The Day was doubtful 'till after Twelve of the Clock; but the Enemy made little Reſiſtance after their firſt Line on the Left began to give Way. An exact Narration of the whole Affair is expected next Poſt. The *French* have had two Days allowed them to bury their Dead, and carry off their wounded Men, upon Parole. Thoſe Regiments of *Great Britain* which ſuffered moſt are ordered into Garriſon, and freſh Troops commanded to march into the Field. The States have alſo directed Troops to march out of the Towns, to relieve thoſe who loſt ſo many Men in attacking the ſecond Intrenchment of the *French* in the Plain between *Sart* and *Janſart*.

N° 67. *Tueſday*, September 13, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 12.

NO Man can conceive, 'till he comes to try it, how great a Pain it is to be a Publick ſpirited Perſon. I am ſure I am unable to expreſs to the World what great Anxiety I have ſuffered, to ſee of how little Benefit my Lucubrations have been to my Fellow-Subjects. Men will go on in their own Way, in Spight of all my Labour. I gave Mr. *Didapper* a private Reprimand for wearing red-heel'd Shoes, and at the ſame Time was ſo indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen Days, becauſe I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this, I am informed he appeared Yeſterday with a new Pair of the ſame Sort. I have no better Succeſs with Mr. *What d'ye call*, as to his Buttons: *Stentor* ſtill roars; and Box and Dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ againſt them. *Partridge* w[illegible] about at Noon day, and *Æſculapius* thinks of [illegible] *a new Lace* to his Livery. However,

I muſt ſtill go on in laying theſe Enormities before Me liyes, and let them anſwer for going on in their Practic

MY Province is much larger than at firſt Sight M would imagine, and I ſhall loſe no Part of my Juriſdi tion, which extends not only to Futurity, but alſo is r troſpect to Things paſt; and the Behaviour of Perſo who have long ago acted their Parts, is as much liable my Examination, as that of my own Contemporaries.

IN order to put the whole Race of Mankind in the proper Diſtinctions, according to the Opinion the Cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very mu Care, and Depth of Meditation, thought fit to erect Chamber of Fame, and eſtabliſhed certain Rules, whi are to be obſerved in admitting Members into this ill ſtrious Society.

IN this Chamber of Fame there are to be Three T bles, but of different Lengths; the Firſt is to contain e actly Twelve Perſons; the Second, Twenty; and t Third, an Hundred. This is reckoned to be the fi Number of thoſe who have any competent Share of Fam At the Firſt of theſe Tables are to be placed in their O der the Twelve moſt famous Perſons in the World, n with Regard to the Things they are famous for, but a cording to the Degree of their Fame, whether in Valo Wit, or Learning. Thus, if a Scholar be more famo than a Soldier, he is to ſit above him. Neither muſt a Preference be given to Virtue, if the Perſon be not equal famous.

WHEN the Firſt Table is filled, the next in Renov muſt be ſeated at the Second, and ſo on in like Manner the Number of Twenty; as alſo in the ſame Order the Third, which is to hold an Hundred. At theſe T bles, no Regard is to be had to Seniority: For if *Juli Cæſar* ſhall be judged more famous than *Romulus* and *Sc pio*, he muſt have the Precedence. No Perſon who h not been dead an Hundred Years, muſt be offered to Place at any of theſe Tables: And becauſe this is altog ther a Lay Society, and that ſacred Perſons move up greater Motives than that of Fame, no Perſons celebrat in Holy Writ, or any Eccleſiaſtical Men whatſoever, a to be introduced here.

AT the lower End of the Room is to be a Side-Table for Perſons of great Fame, but dubious Exiſtence; ſuch as *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Æneas*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, and others. But becauſe it is apprehended, that there may be great Contention about Precedence, the Propoſer humbly deſires the Opinion of the Learned towards his Aſſiſtance in placing every Perſon according to his Rank, that none may have juſt Occaſion of Offence.

THE Merits of the Cauſe ſhall be judged by Plurality of Voices.

FOR the more impartial Execution of this important Affair, it is deſired, That no Man will offer his Favourite Hero, Scholar, or Poet; and that the learned will be pleaſed to ſend to Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, at Mr. *Morphew*'s near *Stationers Hall*, their ſeveral Liſts for the Firſt Table only, and in the Order they would have them placed; after which the Compoſer will compare the ſeveral Liſts, and make another for the Publick, wherein every Name ſhall be ranked according to the Voices it has had. Under this Chamber is to be a dark Vault for the ſame Number of Perſons of evil Fame.

IT is humbly ſubmitted to Conſideration, Whether the Project would not be better if the Perſons of true Fame meet in a Middle Room, thoſe of dubious Exiſtence in an Upper Room, and thoſe of evil Fame in a lower dark Room.

IT is to be noted, That no Hiſtorians are to be admitted at any of theſe Tables, becauſe they are appointed to conduct the ſeveral Perſons to their Seats, and are to be made Uſe of as Uſhers to the Aſſemblies.

I CALL upon the learned World to ſend me their Aſſiſtance towards this Deſign, it being a Matter of too great Moment for any one Perſon to determine. But I do aſſure them, their Liſts ſhall be examined with great Fidelity, and thoſe that are expoſed to the Publick, made with all the Caution imaginable

IN the mean Time, while I wait for theſe Liſts, I am employed in keeping People in a right Way, to avoid the contrary to Fame and Applauſe, to wit, Blame and Deriſion. For this End, I work upon that uſeful Project of the Penny Poſt, by the Benefit of which it is propoſed, *that a Charitable Society* be eſtabliſhed: From

which

which Society there shall go every Day Circular Lett
to all Parts within the Bills of Mortality, to tell People
their Faults in a friendly and private Manner, wherel
they may know what the World thinks of them, befo
it is declared to the World that they are thus fault
This Method cannot fail of universal good Consequence
For it is further added, that they who will not be r
formed by it, must be contented to see the several Lette
printed, which were not regarded by them, that wh
they will not take private Reprehension, they may l
tured further by a publick one. I am very sorry I a
obliged to print the following Epistles of that kind
some Persons, and the more, because they are of the Fa
Sex. This went on *Friday* last to a very fine Lady.

MADAM,

"I AM highly sensible, that there is nothing of
" tender a Nature as the Reputation and Conduct
" Ladies; and that when there is the least Stain got in
" their Fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. Wh
" I have said this, you will believe I am extremely co
" cerned, to hear at every Visit I make, that your Ma
" ner of wearing your Hair is a mere Affectation
" Beauty, as well as that your Neglect of Powder h
" been a common Evil to your Sex. It is to you an A
" vantage to shew that Abundance of fine Tresses: B
" I beseech you to consider, that the Force of yo
" Beauty, and the Imitation of you, costs *Rhenana* gre
" Sums of Money to her Tire Woman for false Lock
" besides what is allowed to her Maid for keeping t
" Secret, that she is grey. I must take Leave to add
" this Admonition, that you are not to reign above Fo
" Months and odd Days longer. Therefore I must d
" fire you to raise and friz your Hair a little, for it
" downright Insolence to be thus handsome without Ar
" and you'll forgive me for intreating you to do now o
" of Compassion, what you must soon do out of Necessit
" I am,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient, and

Most humble Servan

'TIS

THIS Person dresses just as she did before I writ, As does also the Lady to whom I addressed the following Billet the same Day.

MADAM,

'LET me beg of you to take off the Patches at 'the Lower End of your Left Cheek, and I will 'allow Two more under your Left Eye, which will 'contribute more to the Symmetry of your Face; ex-'cept you would please to remove the Ten Black 'Atoms on your Ladyship's Chin, and wear one large 'Patch instead of them. If so, you may properly 'enough retain the Three Patches abovementioned. I 'am, &c.'

THIS, I thought, had all the Civility and Reason in the World in it; but whether my Letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the Lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable Society, as an Instruction in their Epistles, that they tell People of nothing but what is in their Power to mend. I shall give another Instance of this Way of Writing. Two Sisters in *Essex-Street* are eternally gaping out of the Window, as if they knew not the Value of Time, or would call in Companions. Upon which I writ the following Line:

Dear Creatures,

On the Receipt of this, shut your Casement.

BUT I went by Yesterday, and found them still at the Window. What can a Man do in this Case? but go on, and wrap himself up in his own Integrity, with Satisfaction only in this melancholy Truth, that Virtue is its own Reward; and that if no one is the better for his Admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those Advices.

St. James's Coffee house, September 1.

LETTERS of the 13th Instant from the Duke of *Marlborough's Camp at Hawne* advise, That the need

ſary Diſpoſitions were made for opening the Trench before *Mons*. The Direction of the Siege is to be committed to the Prince of *Orange*, who deſigned to take his Poſt accordingly with 30 Battalions and 30 Squadrons on the Day following. On the 17th Lieutenant-General *Cadogan* ſet out for *Bruſſels*, to haſten the Ammunition and Artillery which is to be employed in this Enterprize; and the Confederate Army was extended from the *Haiſne* to the *Trouille*, in order to cover the Siege. The Loſs of the Confederates in the late Battle is not exactly known; but it appears by a Liſt tranſmitted to the States General, that the Number of the Killed and Wounded in their Service amounts to above Eight Thouſand. It is computed, that the *Engliſh* have loſt 1500 Men, and the reſt of the Allies above Five Thouſand, including the Wounded. The States-General have taken the moſt ſpeedy and effectual Meaſures for reinforcing their Troops; and 'tis expected, that in eight or ten Days the Army will be as numerous as before the Battle. The Affairs in *Italy* afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped, the Difference between the Courts of *Vienna* and *Turin* will be ſpeedily accommodated. Letters from *Poland* preſent us with a near Proſpect of ſeeing King *Auguſtus* re-eſtabliſhed on the Throne, all Parties being very induſtrious to reconcile themſelves to his Intereſts.

Will's Coffee houſe, September 12.

OF all the pretty Arts in which our modern Writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the Imitation of Beginners, than the Skill of Tranſition from one Subject to another. I know not whether I make myſelf well underſtood; but it is certain, that the Way of ſtringing a Diſcourſe, uſed in the *Mercury Gallant*, the *Gentleman's Journal*, and other learned Writings, not to mention how naturally Things preſent themſelves to ſuch as harangue in Pulpits, and other Occaſions which occur to the Learned, are Methods worthy Commendation. I ſhall attempt this Style myſelf in a few Lines. Suppoſe I were diſcourſing upon the *King of Sweden*'s paſſing the *Boriſthenes*. The *Hero* then

benes is a great River, and puts me in mind of the *Danube* and the *Rhine*. The *Danube* I cannot think of without reflecting on that unhappy Prince who had such fair Territories on the Banks of it; I mean the Duke of *Bavaria*, who by our last Letters is retired from *Mons*. *Mons* is as strong a Fortification as any which has no Citadel: And Places which are not compleatly fortified, are, methinks, Lessons to Princes, that they are not Omnipotent, but liable to the Strokes of Fortune. But as all Princes are subject to such Calamities, it is the Part of Men of Letters to guard them from the Observations of all small Writers. For which Reason I shall conclude my present Remarks, by publishing the following Advertisement, to be taken Notice of by all who dwell in the Suburbs of Learning.

WHEREAS the King of Sweden *has been so unfortunate as to receive a Wound in his Heel; we do hereby prohibit all Epigrammatists in either Language, and [illegible] Universities, as well as all other Poets, of what Denomination soever, to make any Mention of* Achilles *having received his Death's Wound in the same Part.*

WE do likewise forbid all Comparisons in Coffee-houses between Alexander the Great *and the said King of* Sweden, *and from making any Parallels between the Deaths of* Patkul *and* Philotas; *we being very apprehensive of the Reflections that several Politicians have ready by them to produce on this Occasion, and being [illegible] as much as [illegible] us lies, to free the Town from all Importunities of the Nature.*

N° 68. *Thursday*, September 1[illegible], 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 1[illegible].

THE Progress of our Endeavours will of Necessity be very much interrupted, except the Learned World will please to send their Lasts to the Cham-

ber of Fame with all Expedition. There is n
can ſo much contribute to create a noble Emulati
our Youth, as the honourable Mention of ſuch
Actions have outlived the Injuries of Time, and r
mended themſelves ſo far to the World, that it i
come Learning to know the leaſt Circumſtance of
Affairs. It is a great Incentive to ſee, that ſome
have raiſed themſelves ſo highly above their Fe
Creatures; that the Lives of ordinary Men are ſp
Enquiries after the particular Actions of the moſt
ſtrious. True it is, that without this Impulſe to
and Reputation, our Induſtry would ſtagnate, and
lively Deſire of pleaſing each other die away. This
nion was ſo eſtabliſhed in the Heathen World, that
Senſe of Living appeared inſipid, except their Bein
enlivened with a Conſciouſneſs, that they were eſte
by the reſt of the World.

UPON examining the Proportion of Men's
for my Table of Twelve, I thought it no ill
ſince I had laid it down for a Rule, That they we
be ranked ſimply as they were famous, without R
to their Virtue, to aſk my Siſter *Jenny*'s Advice
particularly mentioned to her the Name of *Ar*
She immediately told me, he was a very great Sc
and that ſhe had read him at the Boarding School.
certainly means a Title ſold by the Hawkers,
Arſtotle's Problems. But this raiſed a great Scru
me, Whether a Name increaſed by Impoſition of
is to be added to his Account, or that theſe Exce
cies, which grow out of his real Reputation, and
Encouragement to others to paſs Things under th
vert of his Name, ſhould be conſidered in giving
his Seat in the Chamber? This Punctilio is referr
the Learned. In the mean Time, to ill nature
Mankind, that I believe I have Names already ſet
ſufficient to fill up my Lifts for the dark Room
every one is apt enough to ſend in their Accounts
Deſervers. This Malevolence does not proceed
a real Diſlike of Virtue, but a diabolical Fre
gainſt it, which makes Men willing to deſtroy
they care not to imitate. Thus you ſee the gr
Characters among your Acquaintance, and thoſe

live with, are traduced by all below them in Virtue, who never mention them but with an Exception. However, I believe I shall not give the World much Trouble about filling my Tables for those of evil Fame, for I have some Thoughts of clapping up the *Shop* where as fast as I can lay hold of them.

AT present, I am employed in reading over the several Notices which I have received of their Manner of Dexterity, and the Way at Dice of making all Rugg, as the Cant is. The whole Art of forming a Die, has lately been sent me by a Person who was of the Fraternity, but is disabled by the Loss of a Finger, by which Means he cannot practice that Trick as he used to do. But I am very much at a Loss how to call some of the Fair Sex, who are Accomplices with the *Knights of Industry*; for my Metaphorical Dogs are easily enough understood; but the Feminine Gender of Dogs has so harsh a Sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are Female Dogs as voracious as the Males, and make Advances to young Fellows, without any other Design but coming to a Familiarity with their Purses. I have also long Lists of Persons of Condition, who are certainly of the same Regimen with these *Banditi*, and instrumental to their Cheats upon undiscerning Men of their own Rank. These add their good Reputation to carry on the Imposture of others, whose very Names would else be Defence enough against falling into their Hands. But for the Honour of our Nation, these shall be unmentioned, provided we hear no more of such Practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the Society of such, as they know to be the common Enemies of Order, Discipline and Virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the several Rules of History, where all is to be laid before the World with Impartiality, and without Respect to Persons.

So let the stricken Deer go weep.

Will's Coffee house, September 14.

I FIND left here for me the following Epi

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Discourse about [illegible] *of* Trubies, *wherein you observe, th* [illegible] *who fall into Laughter out of a certain* [illegible] *in their Temper, and not out of the ordin* [illegible] *viz. Contempt and Triumph over the Imperfe* [illegible] *others: I have conceived a good Idea of your Know* [illegible] *Mankind. And as you have a Tragi-comick Genius* [illegible] *the Favour of you to give us your Thoughts of a qu* [illegible] *Effect which also is caused by other Motiv* [illegible] *what are commonly taken Notice of. What I wou* [illegible] *you treat of, is the Cause of shedding Tears. I* [illegible] *would discuss it a little, with Observations upon* [illegible] *Occasions which provoke us to that Expressi* [illegible] *Concern, &c.*

TO obey this complaisant Gentleman, I k Way so short as examining the various Touche own Bosom, on several Occurrences in a long the Evening of which I am arrived after as m rious Incidents as any Body has met with. I ha reflected, that there is a great Similitude in the of the Heart in Mirth and in Sorrow; and I th usual Occasion of the latter, as well as the so something which is sudden and unexpected. Th has not a sufficient Time to recollect its Force, mediately gushes into Tears before we can utter by Speech or Complaint. The most notorious C these Drops from our Eyes, are Pity, Sorrow, I Reconciliation.

THE Fair Sex, who are made of Man and Earth, have a more delicate Humanity than w and Pity is the most common Cause of their For as we are inwardly composed of an Ap every Circumstance of Life, and every Thing falls any one Person, might have happened to an *of human Race*; Self love, and a Sense of the

ourſelves ſhould ſuffer in the Circumſtances of any whom we pity, is the Cauſe of that Compaſſion. Such a Reflection in the Breaſt of a Woman, immediately inclines her to Tears; but in a Man, it makes him think how ſuch a one ought to act on that Occaſion, ſuitably to the Dignity of his Nature. Thus a Woman is ever moved for thoſe whom ſhe hears lament, and a Man for thoſe whom he obſerves to ſuffer in Silence. It is a Man's own Behaviour in the Circumſtances he is under, which procures him the Eſteem of others, and not merely the Affliction itſelf which demands our Pity; for we never give a Man that Paſſion which he falls into for himſelf. He that commends himſelf, never purchaſes our Applauſe; nor he who bewails himſelf, our Pity.

GOING through an Alley the other Day, I obſerved a noiſy impudent Beggar bawl out, That he was wounded in a Merchant Man; That he had loſt his poor Limbs, and ſhewed a Leg clouted up. All that paſſed by, made what Haſte they could out of his Sight and Hearing; but a poor Fellow at the End of the Paſſage, with a ruſty Coat, a melancholy Air, and a ſoft Voice, deſired them to look upon a Man not uſed to beg. The latter received the Charity of almoſt every one that went by. The Strings of the Heart, which are to be touched to give us Compaſſion, are not ſo play'd on but by the ſkilful Hand. We ſee in Tragical Repreſentations, it is not the Pomp of Language, nor the Magnificence of Dreſs, in which the Paſſion is wrought that touches ſenſible Spirits, but ſomething of a plain and ſimple Nature which breaks in upon our Souls, by that Sympathy which is given us for our mutual Good will and Service.

IN the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, where *Wilks* acts the Part of a Man whoſe Family has been murder'd in his Abſence, the Wildneſs of his Paſſion, which is run over in a Torrent of calamitous Circumſtances, does but raiſe my Spirits, and give me the Alarm; but when he ſkilfully ſeems to be out of Breath, and is brought too low to ſay more; and upon a ſecond Reflection cries, only wiping his Eyes, *What, both Children? Both, both my Children gone?—There is* no telling a Sorrow which

seems to have cast about for all the Reasons poss for its Consolation, but has no Recourse. *There is one left, but both, both are murder'd!* Such sudden St from the Thread of the Discourse, and a plain Se ment expressed in an artless Way, are the irresist Strokes of Eloquence and Poetry. The same great f ster, *Shakespear*, can afford us Instances of all the Fl where our Souls are accessible, and ever commands Tears. But it is to be observed, that he draws th from some unexpected Source, which seems not wh of a Piece with the Discourse. Thus, when *Brutus* *Cassius* had a Debate in the Tragedy of *Cæsar*, rose to warm Language against each other, insou that it had almost come to something that might be tal, till they recollected themselves. *Brutus* does n than make an Apology for the Heat he had been in, saying, *Portia is dead.* Here *Cassius* is all Ten ness, and ready to dissolve, when he considers, that Mind of his Friend had been employed on the gre Affliction imaginable, when he had been adding t by a Debate on Trifles; which makes him in the guish of his Heart cry out, *How scaped I killing w I thus provoked you?* This is an Incident which m the Soul in all its Sentiments; and *Cassius*'s Heart at once touched with all the soft Pangs of Pity, Reme and Reconciliation. It is said indeed by *Horace*, *It would have me weep, you must first weep yourself.* is not literally true, for it would have been as rightly f if we observe Nature, That I shall certainly weep, if do not: But what is intended by that Expression, is, 'I it is not possible to give Passion, except you shew you suffer yourself. Therefore the true Art seems to that when you would have the Person you represent pi you must shew him at once in the highest Grief, struggling to bear it with Decency and Patience. In Case, we sigh for him, and give him every Groan he presses.

I REMEMBER, when I was young enough to low the Sports of the Field, I have more than once off at the Death of a Deer, when I have seen the An in an Affliction which appeared human, without the *Noble*, let fall Tears when he was reduced to Extrem

and I have thought of the Sorrow I saw him in when his Hartuch came to the Table. But our Tears are not given only to objects of Pity, but the Mind has Recourse to that Relief in all Occasions which give us much Emotion. Thus to be apt to shed Tears, is a Sign of a great as well as little Spirit. I have heard say, the present Pope never passes through the People, who always kneel in Crowds, and ask his Benediction, but the Tears are seen to flow from his Eyes. This must proceed from an Imagination, that he is the Father of all those People, and that he is touched with so extensive a Benevolence, that it breaks out into a Passion of Tears. You see, Friends, who have been long absent, transported in the [illegible] Tenner. A Thousand little Images crowd upon them at their Meeting, as all the Joys and Griefs they have known during their Separation; and in one Hurry of Thought they conceive how they should have participated in those Occasions; and weep, because their Mind are too full to wait the slow Expression of Words.

His Lacrymis Vitam damus, [illegible]

THERE is lately broke loose from the London Rock, a very tall dangerous Rise. [illegible] and it is feared [illegible] the Game. [illegible] the Top. [illegible] The other is fixed, by the [illegible] by an Spotheary, [illegible] puts upon his [illegible] at his Devotion. [illegible] Waves but [illegible] Cheating [illegible] imposed upon.

THERE [illegible] published a Book entitled, An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy; [illegible] large, That all [illegible] of Persons [illegible] the Negligence of [illegible] this Trouble [illegible]

Priesthood from Time to Time, that the Church was Danger, is only a Trick to make the Laity passionate that of which they themselves have been negligent. T whole concludes with an Exhortation to the Clergy, to Study of Eloquence, and Practice of Piety, as the only M thod to support the highest of all Honours, that of a Pri who lives and acts according to his Character.

——— *Quid oportet*
Nos facere, à vulgo longè latèque remotos?

What ought we to do, who are so many Removes from t Vulgar?

Nº 60 *Saturday*, September 17, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our present Being, t great End of Education to raise ourselves above t Vulgar; but what is intended by the Vulgar, is n methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that Wo raises a quite different Idea from what it usually does others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being ol and beginning to want the Relish of such Satisfactio as are the ordinary Entertainment of Men. Howeve such as my Opinion is in this Case, I will speak it; b cause it is possible that Turn of Thought may be receiv by others, who may reap as much Satisfaction from it I do myself.

IT is to me a very great Meanness, and somethi much below a Philosopher, which is what I mean by Gentleman, to rank a Man among the Vulgar for t Condition of Life he is in, and not according his Behaviour, his Thoughts and Sentiments, in th Condition. For if a Man be loaded with Riches a *Honours*, and in that State of Life has Thoughts a

Inclinatio

Inclinations below the meaneſt Artificer; is not ſuch an Artificer, who within his Power is good to his Friends, moderate in his Demands for his Labour, and chearful in his Occupation, very much ſuperior to him who lives for no other End but to ſerve himſelf, and aſſumes a Preference in all his Words and Actions to thoſe, who act their Part with much more Grace than himſelf? *Epictetus* has made uſe of the Similitude of a Stage Play to human Life with much Spirit. It is not, ſays he, to be conſidered among the Actors, who is Prince, or who is Beggar, but who acts Prince or Beggar beſt. The Circumſtance of Life ſhould not be that which gives us Place, but our Behaviour in that Circumſtance is what ſhould be our ſolid Diſtinction. Thus, a wiſe Man ſhould think no Man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward Order or Diſcipline of the World: For if we take too great an Idea of the Eminence of our Superiors, or Subordination of our Inferiors, it will have an ill Effect upon our Behaviour to both. He who thinks no Man above him but for his Virtue, none below him but for his Vice, can never be obſequious or aſſuming in a wrong Place, but will frequently emulate Men in Rank below him, and pity thoſe above him.

THIS Senſe of Mankind is ſo far from a levelling Principle, that it only ſets us upon a true Baſis of Diſtinction, and doubles the Merit of ſuch as become their Condition. A Man in Power, who can, without the ordinary Prepoſſeſſions which ſtop the Way to the true Knowledge and Service of Mankind, over look the little Diſtinctions of Fortune, raiſe obſcure Merit, and diſcountenance ſucceſsful Indeſert, has, in the Minds of knowing Men, the Figure of an Angel rather than a Man, and is above the reſt of Men in the higheſt Character he can be, even that of their Benefactor.

TURNING my Thoughts as I was taking my Pipe this Evening after this Manner, it was no ſmall Delight to me to receive Advice from *Felicia*, That *Rhoracencis* was appointed a Governor of one of their Plantations. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, I took Part in the Happineſs of that People who were to be governed by one of ſo great Humanity, Juſtice

and

and Honour. *Eboracensis* has read all the Schemes which Writers have formed of Government and Order, and been long conversant with Men who have the Reins in their Hands; so that he can very well distinguish between Chimerical and Practical Politicks. It is a great Blessing (when Men have to deal with such different Characters in the same Species as those of Freemen and Slaves) that they who command have a just Sense of human Nature itself, by which they can temper the Haughtiness of the Master, and soften the Servitude of the Slave. *Hæc tibi erunt Artes.* This is the Notion with which those of the Plantation receive *Eboracensis*: And as I have cast his Nativity, I find it will be a Record made of this Person's Administration; and on that Part of the Shore from whence he embarks to return from his Government, there will be a Monument with these Words: *Here the People wept, and took Leave of* Eboracensis, *the first Governour our Mother* Felicia *sent, who, during his Command here, believed himself her Subject.*

White's Chocolate house, September 16.

THE following Letter wants such sudden Dispatch, that all Things else must wait for this Time.

S. I. E. Sept. 13. *Equal Day and Night.*

'THERE are two Ladies, who having a good Opinion of your Taste and Judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following Particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two Ladies before mentioned have a considerable Time since contracted a more sincere and constant Friendship than their Adversaries the Men will allow consistent with the Frailty of Female Nature; and being from a long Acquaintance convinced of the perfect Agreement of their Tempers, have thought upon an Expedient to prevent their Separation, and cannot think any so effectual (since 'tis common for Love to destroy Friendship) as to give up both their Liberties to the same Person in Marriage. The Gentleman *they have pitch'd* upon is neither well bred nor agree-

'able

" able, his Understanding moderate, and his Person never
" designed to charm Women; but having so much Self
" Interest in his Nature, as to be satisfied with making
" double Contracts, upon Condition of receiving double
" Fortunes; and most Men being so far sensible of the
" Uneasiness that one Woman occasions, they think him
" for these Reasons the most likely Person of their Ac-
" quaintance to receive these Proposals. Upon all other
" Accounts, he is the last Man either of them would
" chuse, yet for this preferable to all the rest. They de-
" sire to know your Opinion the next Post, resolving to
" defer farther Proceeding, till they have received it.
" I am,

S I R,

Your Unknown,

Unthought of,

Humble Servant,

Bridget Eitherside.

THIS is very extraordinary, and much might be objected by me, who am something of a Civilian, to the Case of two marrying the same Man; but these Ladies are, I perceive, Free Thinkers; and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential Part of this Design, merely as a Philosopher, without entering into the Merit of it in the Ecclesiastical or Civil Law. These constant Friends, *Pilades* and *Orestes*, are at a Loss to preserve their Friendship from the Encroachments of Love, for which End they have resolved upon a Fellow who cannot be the Object of Affection or Esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the Place each has in her Friend's Heart. But in all my Reading, (and I have read all that the Sages of Love have writ) I have found the greatest Danger in Jealousy. The Ladies indeed, to avoid this Fashion, chuse a sad Fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each their worthless Man; otherwise, he that was despicable while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one *to the other*.

I remember in the Hiſtory of Don *Quixot* of the *Mancha*, there is a memorable Paſſage which opens to u the Weakneſs of our Nature in ſuch Particulars. Th Don falls into Diſcourſe with a Gentleman whom h calls the Knight of the *Green Caſſock*, and is invited t his Houſe. When he comes there, he runs into Diſ courſe and Panegyrick upon the Oeconomy, the Go vernment and Order of his Family, the Education o his Children; and laſtly, on the ſingular Wiſdom of hin who diſpoſes Things with that Exactneſs. The Gentle man makes a Soliloquy to himſelf, O irreſiſtible Powe of Flattery! Though I know this is a Madman, I can not help being taken with his Applauſe. The Ladie will find this much more true in the Caſe of their Lover and the Woman he moſt likes, will certainly be more pleaſed; ſhe whom he ſlights, more offended, than ſhe can imagine before ſhe has tried. Now I humbly pro poſe, that they both marry Coxcombs whom they are ſure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty ſe cure againſt the Change of Affection, which they fear; and by that Means, preſerving the Temperature under which they now write, enjoy during Life, *Equal Day and Night*.

St. James's Caffee-houſe, September 16.

THERE is no Manner of News; but People now ſpend their Time in Coffee houſes in Reflections upon the Particulars of the late glorious Day, and collecting the ſeveral Parts of the Action, as they are produced in Letters from private Hands, or Notices given to us by Accounts in publick Papers. A pleaſant Gentleman, alluding to the great Fences through which we pierced, ſaid this Evening, The *French* thought themſelves on the right Side of the Hedge, but it proved otherwiſe. Mr. *Kidney*, who has long converſed with, and filled Tea for the moſt conſummate Politicians, was pleaſed to give me an Account of this Piece of Ribaldry, and deſired me on that Occaſion to write a whole Paper on the Subject of Valour, and explain how that Quality, which muſt be poſſeſſed by whole Armies, is ſo highly *preferable in one* Man rather than another, and how the

ſame

ſame Actions are but meer Acts of Duty in ſome, and Inſtances of the moſt Heroick Virtue in others. He adviſed me not to fail in this Diſcourſe to mention the Gallantry of the Prince of *Naſſau* in this laſt Engagement, who (when a Battalion made an Halt in the Face of the Enemy) ſnatched the Colours out of the Hands of the Enſign, and planted them juſt before the Line of the Enemy, calling to that Battalion to take Care of their Colours, if they had no Regard to him. Mr. *Kidney* has my Promiſe to obey him in this Particular on the firſt Occaſion that offers.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *is now compiling exact Accounts of the Pay of the* Militia *and the Commiſſion Officers under the reſpective Lieutenancies of* Great Britain: *In the firſt Place, of thoſe of* London *and* Weſtminſter; *and in Regard that there are no common Soldiers, but all Houſe keepers, or Repreſentatives of Houſe keepers in theſe Bodies, the Sums raiſed by the Officers ſhall be looked into, and their Fellow Soldiers, or rather Fellow Travellers from one Part of the Town to the other, not defrauded of the Ten Pounds allowed for the Subſiſtence of the Troops.*

WHEREAS not very long ſince, at a Tavern between Fleet Bridge *and* Charing Croſs, *ſome certain polite Gentlemen thought fit to perform the* Bacchanalian *Exerciſes of Devotion, by dancing without Clothes on, after the Manner of the* Pre Adamites: *This is to certify their Perſons, That there is no Manner of Wit or Humour in the ſaid Practice, and that the Reader of the Parish are to be at their next Meeting, where it is to be examined, Whether they are arrived at Want of Feeling, as well as Want of Shame?*

WHEREAS a Chapel Clerk was lately taken in a Garret on a Flock Bed with two of the Fair Sex, who are uſually employed in ſitting Cinders: This is to let him know, That if he perſiſts in being a Scandal both to Laity and Clergy, (for being as it were both and neither) the Names of the Nymphs who were with him ſhall be printed; therefore he is adviſed, as he tenders the Reputation of his Ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received Information, That an eminent and noble Preacher in the Lord* Congregation of Great Britain,

Britain, *for Fear of being thought guilty of Presbyter Fervency and Extemporary Prayer, lately read his, by Sermon; but the same Advices acknowledging that he r the Congregation large Amends by the Shortness of Discourse, it is thought fit to make no further Observa upon it.*

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

The Actions of Mankind are the Subject of my Collecti

N° 70. *Tuesday*, September 20, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 19.

THE following Letter, in Prosecution of wh have lately asserted, has urged that Matter much better than I had, that I insert it as I received These Testimonials are customary with us learned M and sometimes are suspected to be written by the Aut but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

S I R. *London*, Sept 15, 17

'HAVING read your Lucubrations of the 1 'Instant, I cannot but entirely agree with 'in your Notion of the Scarcity of Men who can ei 'read or speak. For my Part I have lived these th 'Years in the World, and yet have observed b 'very few who could do either in any tolerable M 'ner; among which few, you must understand th 'reckon myself. How far Eloquence, set off with 'proper Ornaments of Voice and Gesture, will 'vail over the Passions, and how cold and unaffec 'the best Oration in the World would be without th 'there are two remarkable Instances in the Case 'Lagarius, and that of Mr. Cæsar had conden

'Lag

Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but thinking himself his own Master, resolved not to be biassed by any Thing *Cicero* could say in his Behalf. But in this he was mistaken, for when the Orator began to speak, the Hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the Criminal absolv'd. It must be observ'd, that this famous Orator was less renowned for his Courage than his Eloquence, for that he came at another Time, prepared to defend Ms. with one of the best Orations that Antiquity has produced, yet being seized with a sudden Fear by seeing some armed Men surrounding the *Forum*, he stuck in his Speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible Force and Beauty of Action which would have saved his Client, and for want of which he was condemned to Banishment. As the Success the former of these Orations met with, appears chiefly owing to the Life and graceful Manner with which it was recited, (for some there are who think it may be read without Transport) so the latter seems to have failed of Success for no other Reason, but because the Orator was not in a Condition to set it off with those Ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful Sound will with the Crowd prevail even more than Sense, but those who are Masters of both, will ever gain the Admiration of all their Hearers. And there is, I think, a very natural Account to be given of this Matter; for the Sensation of the Head and Heart are caused in each of these Parts by the outward Organs of the Eye and Ear: That therefore which is conveyed to the Understanding and Passions by only one of these Organs, will not affect us so much as that which is transmitted through both. I can't but think your Charge is just against a great Part of the learned Clergy of *Great Britain*, who deliver the most excellent Discourses with such Coldness and Indifference, that 'tis no great Wonder the unintelligent Many of their Congregations fall asleep. Thus it happens that their Orations meet with a quite contrary Fate to that of *Demosthenes* you mentioned; for as that lost much of its Beauty and Force by being repeated to the Magistrates of Rhodes without the winning Action of that great Orator;

to

' so the Performances of these Gentlemen never appe
' with so little Grace, and to so much Disadvantag
' as when delivered by themselves from the Pulpi
' *Hippocrates* being sent for to a Patient in this Cit
' and having felt his Pulse, enquired into the Sympton
' of his Distemper, and finding that it proceeded in gre
' Measure for want of Sleep, advises his Patient with
' Air of Gravity to be carried to Church to hear a Se
' mon, not doubting but that it would dispose him for t
' Rest he wanted. If some of the Rules *Horace* gives f
' the Theatre were (not improperly) applied to our Pu
' pits, we should not hear a Sermon prescribed as a goo
' Opiate.

——— Si vis me fiere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi ———

' A MAN must himself express some Concern a
' Affection in delivering his Discourse, if he expects h
' Auditory should interest themselves in what he propose
' For otherwise, notwithstanding the Dignity and Impo
' tance of the Subject he treats of; notwithstanding t
' Weight and Argument of the Discourse itself; yet t
' many will say,

——— Male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut videbo ———

' IF there be a Deficiency in the Speaker, the
' will not be a sufficient Attention and Regard paid
' the Thing spoken: But Mr *Bickerstaff*, you know
' that as too little Action is cold, so too much is fu
' some. Some indeed may think themselves accom
' plished Speakers, for no other Reason than becau
' they can be loud and noisy; (for surely *Stentor* mu
' have some Design in his Vociferations.) But, de
' Mr *Bickerstaff*, convince them, that as harsh and i
' regular Sound is not Harmony; so neither is bangi
' a Cushion, Oratory: And therefore, in my humb
' Opinion, a certain Divine of the first Order, whom
' allow otherwise to be a great Man, would do well
' *leave this off*; for I think his Sermons would
' mu

more perſuaſive, if he gave his Auditory leſs Diſtur bance. Though I cannot ſay, that this Action would be wholly improper to a prophane Oration; yet, I think, in a Religious Aſſembly, it gives a Man too Warlike, or perhaps too Theatrical a Figure, to be ſuitable to a Chriſtian Congregation. I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

THE moſt learned and ingenious Mr. *Roſibat* is alſo pleaſed to write to me on this Subject.

SIR,

I READ with great Pleaſure in the *Tatler* of *Saturday* laſt the Converſation upon Eloquence. Permit me to hint to you one Thing, the great *Roman* Orator obſerves upon this Subject; *Caput enim arbitrabatur Oratoris*, (he quotes *Menedemus* an *Athenian*) *ut ipſe apud quos ageret talis qualem ipſe optaret videretur, id fieri vitæ dignitate.* It is the firſt Rule in Oratory, That a Man muſt appear ſuch as he would perſuade others to be, and that can be accompliſhed only by the Force of his Life. I believe it might be of great Service to let our publick Orators know, that an unnatural Gravity, or an unbecoming Levity in their Behaviour out of the Pulpit, will take very much from the Force of their Eloquence in it. Excuſe another Scrap of *Latin*; 'tis from one of the Fathers: I think it will appear a juſt Obſervation to all, as it may have Authority with ſome: *Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt, ipſi præceptis ſuis detrahunt pondus: Quis enim obtemperet, cum ipſi Præceptores dicunt non obtemperare?* I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Jonathan Roſibat.

P. S. YOU were complaining in that Paper, That the Clergy *of Great Britain* had not yet learned to ſpeak:

ſpeak: A very great Defect indeed! And there ſhall think myſelf a Well Deſerver of the Church, commending all the dumb Clergy to the famous ſ Doctor at *Kenſington*. This ingenious Gentleman, Compaſſion to thoſe of a bad Utterance, has pla whole Study in the new modelling the Organs of which Art he has ſo far advanced, as to be able make a good Orator of a Pair of Bellows. He exhibited a Specimen of his Skill in this Way, of I was informed by the worthy Gentlemen then who were at once delighted and amazed to hear ſtrument of ſo ſimple an Organization uſe an exa culation of Words, a juſt Cadency in its Sentence wonderful *Pathos* in its Pronunciation; not that he to expatiate in this Practice, becauſe he cannot ſays) apprehend what Uſe it may be of to M. whoſe Benefit he aims at in a more particular M And for the ſame Reaſon, he will never more inſt Feather'd Kind, the Parrot having been his laſt Sc that Way. He has a wonderful Faculty in maki mending Echoes; and this he will perform at an for the Uſe of the Solitary in the Country, being born for univerſal Good, and for that Reaſon mended to your Patronage by,

Sir, *Yours*,

ANOTHER learned Gentleman gives me Encomium.

SIR, *Septem*

'YOU are now got into a uſeful and nob 'ject; take Care to handle it with Ju 'and Delicacy. I wiſh every young Divine 'give yours of *Saturday* laſt a ſerious Perusal: 'now you are entered upon the Action of an 'if you would proceed to favour the World wit 'Remarks on the mythical Enchantments of E 'ciation, what a ſecret Force there is in the Acc 'a tunable Voice, and wherefore the Works 'very great Men of the Profeſſion could never '*ſo well when read* as heard, I ſhall trouble yo

more Scribble. You are now in the Method of ng truly profitable and delightful. If you can ip up to ſuch great and ſublime Subjects, and pur- 'em with a ſuitable Genius, go on and proſper. *rewell.*'

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 19.

HIS was left for me here for the Uſe of the Com- of the Houſe.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

I R, *September* 15.

THE Account you gave lately of a certain Dog- Kennel in or near *Suffolk ſtreet*, was not ſo nctual as to the Liſt of the Dogs, as might have en expected from a Perſon of Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s In- ligence; for if you'll diſpatch *Pacolet* thither ſome ening, 'tis Ten to One but he finds, beſides thoſe u mentioned,

TOWZER, a large *French* Mongrel, that was t long ago in a tatter'd Condition, but has now got w Hair; is not fleet, but when he grapples, bites en to the Marrow.

SPRING, a little *French* Greyhound, that lately ide a falſe Trip to *Tunbridge*.

SLY, an old batter'd Fox hound, that began the ime in *France*.

LIGHTFOOT, a fine ſkinn'd *Flanders* Dog, that longed to a Pack at *Ghent*; but having loſt Fleſh, come to *Paris* for the Benefit of the Air.

WITH ſeveral others, that in Time may be worth otice.

YOUR Familiar will ſee alſo, how anxious the epers are about the Prey, and indeed not without ry good Reaſon, for they have their Share of every hing; nay, not ſo much as a poor Rabbit can be n down, but theſe carnivorous Curs ſwallow a Quar- r of it. Some Mechanicks in the Neighbourhood, at have entered into this civil Society, (and who fur- ſh Part *of the Carrion* and Oatmeal for the Dogs) have

' have the Skin; and the Bones are pick'd clean by ' little *French* Shock that belongs to the Family, &c ' I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c

' I HAD almoſt forgot to tell you, That *Ringwo* ' bites at *Hampſtead* with falſe Teeth.

N° 71. *Thurſday*, September 22, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I HAVE long been againſt my Inclination employe in Satire, and that in Proſecution of ſuch Perſo who are below the Dignity of the true Spirit of it ſuch who I fear are not to be reclaimed by making the only ridiculous. The *Sharpers* ſhall therefore have Month's Time to themſelves free from the Obſervatio of this Paper; but I muſt not make a Truce witho letting them know, that at the ſame Time I am pr paring for a more vigorous War; for a Friend of min has promiſed me, he will employ his Time in compilin ſuch a Tract before the Seſſion of the enſuing Parliamen as ſhall lay Gaming home to the Boſoms of all who lov their Country or their Families; and he doubts not b it will create an Act, that ſhall make theſe Rogues a ſcandalous, as thoſe leſs miſchievous ones on the Hig Road.

I HAVE received private Intimations to take Ca of my Walks, and remember there are ſuch Things a Stabs and Blows: But as there never was any Thin in this Deſign which ought to diſpleaſe a Man of Ho nour, or which was not deſigned to offend the Raſcal *I ſhall give myſelf* very little Concern for findin wh

what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at these Lucubrations. But though I utterly despise the Pack, I must confess I am at a Stand at the Receipt of the following Letter, which seems to be written by a Man of Sense and Worth, who has mistaken some Passage that I am sure was not levelled at him. This Gentleman's Complaints give me Compunction, when I neglect the Threats of the Rascals. I can't be in Jest with the Rogues any longer, since they pretend to threaten. I don't know whether I shall allow them the Favour of Transportation.

Mr. Bickerstaff, *Sept.* 13.

OBSERVING you are not content with laying the many Vices of the Age without illustrating each with particular Characters, it's thought nothing would more contribute to the Impression you design by such, than always having Regard to Truth. In your Tatler of this Day, I observe you allow, That nothing is so tender as a Lady's Reputation; that a Stain once got in their Fame, is hardly ever to be washed out. This you grant even when you give yourself Leave to trifle. If so, What Caution is necessary in handling the Reputation of a Man, whose Well being in this Life perhaps entirely depends on preserving it from any Wound, which once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppose some villanous Hand, through personal Prejudice, transmits Materials for this Purpose, which you publish to the World, and afterwards become fully convinced you were imposed on; (as by this Time you may be of a Character you have sent into the World) I say, supposing this, I would be glad to know, what Reparation you think ought to be made the Person so injured, admitting you stood in his Place. It has always been held, that a generous Reparation is the surest Mark of a generous Mind. The former is indeed conspicuous in all your Papers; and I am persuaded, though you affect often to shew the latter, yet you would not keep any Measures (even of Christianity) with those who should handle you in the Manner you do others. The Application of all this is from your having very lately glanced at a Man, under a Character, that were he conscious to deserve, he would be the first to rid

the

the World of himself; and would be more justifie to all Sorts of Men, than you in your committin Violence on his Reputation, which perhaps you concerned of in another Manner than you defer him.

A MAN of your Capacity, Mr. Bickerſtaff, *fix more noble Views, and purſue the true Spirit of Sat I will conclude, leſt I grow out of Temper, and a beg for your own Preſervation, to remember the of the Pitcher.*

I am;

THE Proverb of the Pitcher I have no Re but it would be an Inſenſibility not to be paid a Man could be untouch'd at ſo warm an Ac and that laid with ſo much ſeeming Temper. I ſay to it, is, That if the Writer, by the ſame whereby he conveyed this Letter, ſhall give me ſtance wherein I have injured any good Man, o ed at any Thing which is not the true Object lery, I ſhall acknowledge the Offence in as open ner as the Preſs can do it, and lay down this P ever.

THERE is ſomething very terrible in inju tacking Men in a Way that may prejudice them or Fortune; but when Men of too modeſt a S themſelves will think they are touch'd, it is n to prevent ill Conſequences from the moſt inno general Diſcourſes. Thus I have known happen cumſtances the moſt foreign to theirs who hav Offence at them. An Advertiſement lately pu relating to *Omicron*, alarm'd a Gentleman of goo Integrity, Honour and Induſtry, which is, in Particular, different from the trifling Pretenders at in that Advertiſement. When the Modeſty is as exceſſive, as the Vanity of others, What e there againſt Miſinterpretation? However, giv ſturbance, though not intended, to Men of virtu racters, has ſo ſincerely troubled me, that I wi from this Satirical Vein; and to ſhew I very hat *myſelf upon it*, ſhall for this Month entirely le

Sharper, the *Fop*, the *Pedant*, the *Proud Man*, the *Ignorant*; in a Word, all the Train of *Knaves* and *Fools*, to their own Devices, and touch on nothing but Panegyrick. This Way is suitable to the true Genius of the *Scots*, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If therefore the Author of the abovementioned Letter does not command my Silence wholly, as he shall if I do not give him Satisfaction, I shall for the above mentioned Space turn my Thoughts to railing Merit from its Obscurity, celebrating Virtue in its Difficult, and attacking Vice by no other Method, but setting Innocence in a proper Light.

Will's Coffee-house, September 20.

I FIND here for me the following Letter.

"*Squire* Nickerstaff,

FINDING your Advice and Censure to have a good Effect, I depre your Admonition to our Vicar and Schoolmaster, who in his Preaching to his Auditors, frights his Voice so with, that instead of instructing them, it rather frightens them: Likewise in reading Prayers, he has such a careless Gait, that People are justly offended at his irreverent Posture; besides the extraordinary Charge they are put to in leading their Children to dance, to bring them off of their ill Postures. Another evil Fault he has, in making the Bowling Green his daily Resort, instead of his Church, where his Curate reads Prayers every Day. If the Weather is fair, his Time is spent in Fighting; if cold or wet, in Bed, or at least at home, though within 100 Yards of the Church. These, out of many such irregular Practices, I write for his Reformation. But two or three Things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his Curate preaches in the Afternoon, he keeps setting in the Desk on a Hassock. With all this he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the Sacrament, except they return his Visit.

I WAS going on in reading my Letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. *Greenhat*, who has been this Evening at the Play of *Hamlet*. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said he, had you *been to Night* at the Playhouse, you had

from the Force of Action in Perfection: Your
Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, that, t
above Seventy, he acted Youth; and by the
Power of proper Musick, Gesture and Voice,
through the whole Drama a young Man of grea
vision, Vivacity and Enterprize. The Soliloqu
he began the celebrated Sentence of, *To be, or n*
the Determination where he explains with his M
dear Child, the noble Ardour, after seeing his
Child, and his generous Dislike for the Death of
are such of those Circumstances which dwell
upon the Mind of the Audience, and would
affect their Behaviour on any parallel Occasions
with Love. Pray, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, let us have
this represented on the Stage with its proper Or
or let these Ornaments be added to her in Pla
thereof. As for my Part, said he, I carried my
Boys, this little Boy, with me, and shall always
Child for his Partiality in all that concerned the
of *Hamlet*. This is entring Youth into the Affec
Passions of Manhood beforehand, and as it were a
the Effects we hope from a long and liberal E

I CANNOT, in the Midst of m
which yields, like the Comfort that
Ingenious Kinsman gives me.

To my Honoured Kinsman,

Dear Cuffe,

I AM sorry, though
have ruffled the
Amber-headed Cav
Pockets are
full a Beav
Heels of
you, that
Seat of L
Gentlem
very
joy

'would as soon have the Heels of his Shoes red as his 'Stockings. When a Witling stands at a Coffee house 'Door, and sneers at those who pass by, to the great 'Improvement of his hopeful Audience, he is no longer 'Surnamed a *Sleer*, but a Man of Fire is the Word. A 'Beauty, whose Health is drank from *Heddington* to '*Henkley*, who has been the Theme of the Muses, (her 'Cheeks painted with Roses, and her Bosom planted with 'Orange Boughs) has no more the Title of *Lady*, but 'reigns an undisputed *Toast*. When to the plain Garb of 'Gown and Band a Spark adds an inconsistent long Wig, 'we do not say now he *Bosses*, but there goes a *Smart* '*Fellow*. If a Virgin blushes, we no longer cry, she '*Blues*. He that drinks till he flares, is no more *Tow* '*Row*, but *Honest*. A *Youngster* in a *Scrape*, is a Word 'out of Date; and what bright Man says, I was *Joab'd* 'by the Dean? *Bamboozling* is exploded; a *Shot* is a 'Tatler; and if the Muscular Motion of a Man's Face 'be violent, no Mortal says, he *raises a Horse*, but he's a '*Merry Fellow*.

'I CONGRATULATE you, my dear Kinsman, upon these Conquests, such as *Roman* Emperors 'lamented they could not gain; and in which you Rival your Correspondent *Louis le Grand*, and his dictating Academy.

'BE yours the Glory to perform, mine to record (as 'Mr. *Dryden* has said before me to *his* Kinsman;) and 'while you enter Triumphant into the Temple of the '*Muses*, I, as my Office requires, will, with my Staff on 'my Shoulder, attend and conduct you. I am,'

Dear Cousin,

Your most affectionate Kinsman,

Benjamin Beadlestaff.

UPON the humble Application of certain Persons who have made Heroick Figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's Narrations, Notice is hereby given, That no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent Menaces, and not submitted to Admonition.

N° 72. *Saturday*, September 24, 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, Sept. 23.

I HAVE taken upon me no very eaſy Taſk in turning all my Thoughts on Panegyrick, when moſt of the Advices I receive tend to the quite contrary Purpoſe; and I have few Notices but ſuch as regard Follies and Vices. But the propereſt Way for me to treat, is, to keep in general upon the Paſſions and Affections of Men, with as little Regard to Particulars, as the Nature of the Thing will admit. However, I think there is ſomething ſo paſſionate in the Circumſtances of the Lovers mentioned in the following Letter, that I am willing to go out of my Way to obey what is commanded in it.

SIR, London, Sept. 17.

YOUR Deſign of entertaining the Town with the Characters of the ancient Heroes, as Perſons ſhall ſend an Account to Mr. Morphew's, *encourages me and others to beg of you, that in the mean Time (if it is not contrary to the Method you have propoſed) you would give us one Paper upon the Subject of* Pætus *and his Wife's Death, when* Nero *ſent him an Order to kill himſelf: His Wife ſitting him the Example, dy'd with theſe Words,* Pætus, it is not painful. *You muſt know the Story, and your Obſervations upon it will oblige,*

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

WHEN the worſt Man that ever lived in the World had the higheſt Station in it, Human Life was the Object of his Diverſion; and he ſent Orders frequently out *of meer Wantonneſs*, to take off ſuch and ſuch, without *ſo much as being* angry with 'em. Nay, ſ quently his Tyranny

Tyranny was ſo humourous, that he put Men to Death becauſe he could not but approve of them. It came one Day to his Ear, that a certain married Couple, *Paetus* and *Arria*, lived in a more happy Tranquillity and mutual Love than any other Perſons who were then in Being. He liſtened with great Attention to the Account of their Manner of ſpending their Time together, of the conſtant Pleaſure they were to each other in all their Words and Actions; and found by exact Information, that they were ſo treaſonable, as to be much more happy than his Imperial Majeſty himſelf. Upon which he writ *Paetus* the following Billet:

PAETUS, *you are hereby deſired to diſpatch yourſelf. I have heard a very good Character of you; and therefore leave it to your ſelf, whether you will die by Dagger, Sword, or Poiſon. If you outlive this Order above an Hour, I have given Directions to put you to Death by Torture.*

NERO.

THIS familiar Epiſtle was delivered to his Wife *Arria*, who opened it.

ONE muſt have a Soul very well turned for Love, Pity, and Indignation, to comprehend the Tumult this unhappy Lady was thrown into upon this Occaſion. The Paſſion of Love is no more to be underſtood by ſome Tempers, than a Problem in a Science by an ignorant Man: But he that knows what Affection is, will have, upon conſidering the Condition of *Arria*, ten thouſand Thoughts flowing upon him, which the Tongue was not formed to expreſs. But the charming Statue is now before my Eyes, and *Arria*, in her unutterable Sorrow, has more Beauty than ever appeared in Youth, in Mirth, or in Triumph. Theſe are the great and noble Incidents which ſpeak the Dignity of our Nature, in our Sufferings and Diſtreſſes. Behold her tender Affection for her Huſband links her Features into a Countenance, which appears more helpleſs than that of an Infant: But again, her Indignation ſhews in her Viſage and her Boſom a Reſentment as ſtrong as that of the braveſt *Man*. *Long the* ſtood in this Agony of alter-

nate Rage and Love; but at laſt compoſed herſelf for her Diſſolution, rather than ſurvive her beloved *Paetus*. When he came into her Preſence, he found her with the Tyrant's Letter in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other. Upon his Approach to her ſhe gave him the Order; and at the ſame Time ſtabbing herſelf, *Paetus* (ſaid ſhe) *it is not painful*, and expired. *Paetus* immediately followed her Example. The Paſſion of theſe memorable Lovers was ſuch, that it illuded the Rigor of their Fortune, and baffled the Force of a Blow, which neither felt, becauſe each received it for the Sake of the other. The Woman's Part in this Story is by much the more Heroic, and has occaſioned one of the beſt Epigrams tranſmitted to us from Antiquity.

When Arria *pull'd the Dagger from her Side,*
Thus to her Conſort ſpoke the illuſtrious Bride:
The Wound I gave myſelf I do not grieve,
I die by that which Paetus *muſt receive.*

From my own Apartment, September 23.

THE Boy ſays, one in a black Hat left the following Letter.

Friend, *19th of the 7th Month.*

'BEING of that Part of Chriſtians whom Men 'call *Quakers*, and being a Seeker of the right 'Way, I was perſwaded Yeſterday to hear one of your 'moſt noted Teachers; the Matter he treated, was 'Neceſſity of Well living grounded upon a future State. 'I was attentive; but the Man did not appear in earneſt. He read his Diſcourſe (notwithſtanding thy 'Rebukes) ſo heavily, and with ſo little Air of being 'convinced himſelf, that I thought he would have ſlept 'as I obſerved many of his Hearers did. I came 'home unedified, and troubled in Mind. I dipt into 'the *Lamentations*, and from thence turning to the '34th Chapter of *Ezekiel*, I found theſe Words; *Woe 'be to the Shepherds of* Iſrael, *that do feed themſelves. 'Should not the Shepherds feed the Flock? Ye eat the 'Fat, and ye cloath you with the* Wool: ye kill them that

'a

'are fed; but ye feed not the Flock. The Diseased have 'ye not strengthened; neither have ye healed that which 'was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was 'broken; neither have ye brought again that which was 'driven away; neither have ye sought that which 'was lost; but with Force and with Cruelty have ye 'ruled them, &c. Now, I pray thee, Friend, as thou 'art a Man skilled in many Things, tell me, who is 'meant by the *Diseased*, the *Sick*, the *Broken*, the *Driven away*, and the *Lost*? And whether the Prophecy in this Chapter be accomplished, or yet to come to pass? And thou wilt oblige thy Friend, though unknown.'

THIS Matter is too sacred for this Paper; but I cannot see what Injury it would do to any Clergyman to have it in his Eye, and believe all that are taken from him by his Want of Industry, are to be demanded of him. I dare say, *Eusebius* has very few of these Losses. *Eusebius*, in the Midst of a Thousand impertinent Assailants of the Divine Truths, is an undisturbed Defender of them. He protects all under his Care, by the Clearness of his Understanding, and the Example of his Life: He visits dying Men with the Air of a Man who hoped for his own Dissolution, and enforces in others a Contempt of this Life, by his own Expectation of the next. His Voice and Behaviour are the lively Images of a composed and well governed Zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous Jargon uttered by the ordinary Teachers among the Dissenters, but such who cannot distinguish Vociferation from Eloquence, and Argument from Railing. He is so great a Judge of Mankind, and touches our Passions with so superiour a Command, that he who deserts his Congregation must be a Stranger to the Dictates of Nature, as well as those of Grace.

BUT I must proceed to other Matters, and resolve the Questions of other Enquirers; as in the following:

SIR, Heddington, Sept. 19.

UPON reading that Part of the Tatler, *Number* 69, *where Mention is made of a certain Chapel Clerk, there arose a Diſpute, and that produced a Wager, whether by the Words Chapel Clerk, was meant a Clergyman or Layman? By a Clergyman, I mean one in holy Orders. It was not that any Body in the Company pretended to gueſs who the Perſon was; but ſome aſſerted, that by Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Words muſt be meant a Clergyman only: Others ſaid, that thoſe Words might have been ſaid of any Clerk of a Pariſh; and ſome of 'em more properly of a Layman. The Wager is Half a Dozen Bottles of Wine; in which (if you pleaſe to determine it) your Health, and all the Family of the* Stuffs *ſhall certainly be drunk; and you will ſingularly oblige another very conſiderable Family; I mean that of*

Your humble Servants,

The Trencher Caps.

IT is very cuſtomary with us learned Men, to find Perpleſities where no one elſe can ſee any. The honeſt Gentlemen who writ me this, are much at a Loſs to underſtand what I thought very plain; and in Return, their Epiſtle is ſo plain, that I can't underſtand it. This, perhaps, is at firſt a little like Nonſenſe; but I deſire all Perſons to examine theſe Writings with an Eye to my being far gone in the occult Sciences; and remember, that it is the Privilege of the Learned and the Great to be underſtood when they pleaſe: For as a Man of much Buſineſs may be allowed to leave Company when he pleaſes; ſo one of high Learning may be above your Capacity when he thinks fit. But without further Speeches or Fooling, I muſt inform my Friends the *Trencher Caps* in plain Words, that I meant in the Place they ſpeak of, a drunken Clerk of a Church: And I will return their Civility among my Relations, and drink their Healths as they do ours.

N° 73. *Tuesday*, September 27, 1709.

White's Chocolate house, September 26.

I CANNOT expect the Confusion the following Letter gave me, which I received by Sir *Thomas* this Morning. There cannot be a greater Surprize, than to meet with sudden Enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly Correspondence; which is my Case in Relation to this Epistle: And I have no way to purge myself to the World, but publishing both it and my Answer.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'YOU are a very impudent Fellow to put me into 'the *Tatler*. Rot you, Sir, I have more Wit 'than you; and rot me, I have more Money than most 'Fools I have bubbled. All Persons of Quality admire 'me, tho', rot me, if I value a Blue Garter any more 'than I do a Blue Apron. Every Body knows I am 'brave; therefore have a Care how you provoke

Monoculus.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

'DID I not very well know your Hand, as well 'by the Spelling as the Character, I should not 'have believed yours of to day had come from you 'But when all Men are acquainted, that I have had all 'my Intelligence from you relating to your Fraternity, 'let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I 'confess I have had a peculiar Tenderness for you, by 'Reason of that luxuriant Eloquence of which you are 'Master, and have treated you accordingly; for which 'you have turned your florid Violence against your an'cient Friend and School fellow. You know in your 'own Conscience, you gave me Leave to touch upon

your Vein of Speaking, provided I hid your other Talents; in which I believed you sincere, because, like the antient *Simon*, you have before now, suffered yourself to be defaced to carry on a Plot. Besides, Sir, Rome, Language for a Person of your present Station Lie, sic, I am really ashamed for you, and shall no more depend upon your Intelligence. Keep your Temper wash your Face, and go to Bed.

Isaac Bickerstaff

FOR ought I know, this Fellow may have confused the Description of the Pack, on Purpose to ensnare the Game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself. But because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let 'em see that I will not throw away the Whip, till they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not at the same Time omit the Praises of their Oeconomy expressed in the following Advice.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*. Sept. 17.

THOUGH your Thoughts are at present employed upon the Tables of *Fame*, and marshalling your illustrious Dead, 'tis hoped the Living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just Honours; And since you have begun to publish to the World the great Sagacity and Vigilance of the Knights of the Industry, it will be expected you shall proceed to do Justice to all the Societies of them you can be informed of, especially since their own great Industry covers their Actions as much as possible from that publick Notice which is their Due.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

Hidden Vice, and conceal'd Virtue, are much alike.

BE pleased therefore to let the following Memoirs have a Place in their History.

IN a certain Part of the Town, famous for the *freshest Oysters* and the plainest *English*, there is a House

House, or rather a College, sacred to Hospitality, and the industrious Arts. At the Entrance is hieroglyphically drawn, a Cavalier contending with a Monster, with Jaws expanded, just ready to devour him.

HITHER the Brethren of the Industry resort, but to avoid Ostentation, they wear no Habits of Distinction, and perform their Exercises with as little Noise and Shew as possible. Here are no Under Graduates, but each is a Master of his Art. They are distributed according to their various Talents, and detached abroad in Parties, to divide the Labours of the Day. They have Dogs as well nos'd and as fleet as any, and no Sportsmen shew greater Activity. Some beat for the Game, some hunt it, others come in at the Death; and my honest Landlord makes very good Venison Sauce, and eats his Share of the Dinner.

I WOULD fain pursue my Metaphors, but a venerable Person who stands by me, and waits to bring you this Letter, and whom, by a certain Benevolence in his Look, I suspect to be *Parolet*, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer Terms. That the Society had fixed their Eyes on a gay young Gentleman, who has lately succeeded to a Title and an Estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several Attempts to get into his Acquaintance, my Landlord finds an Opportunity to make his Court to a Friend of the young Spark's, in the following Manner.

SIR, As I take you to be a Lover of Ingenuity and Plain Dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few Words then, you are acquainted with Sir *Liberal Brisk*. Providence has for our Emolument sent him a fair Estate, for Men are not born for themselves. Therefore if you'll bring him to my House, we will *take Care of him*, and you shall have Half the Profits. There's *Ace* and *Cutter* will do his Business to a Hair. You'll tell me, perhaps, he's your Friend. I grant it, and 'tis for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill Hands.

We'll carve him like a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him like a Carcase fit for Hounds.

'IN ſhort, there are to my certain Knowledge a 'Hundred Mouths open for him. Now if we can ſe-'cure him to ourſelves, we ſhall diſappoint all thoſe Raſ-'cals that don't deſerve him. Nay, you need not ſtart 'at it. Sir, 'tis for your own Advantage. Beſides, *Par-'tridge* has caſt me his Nativity, and I find by certain 'Deſtiny, *his Oaks muſt be fell'd.*

'THE Gentleman, to whom this honeſt Propoſal 'was made, made little Anſwer; but ſaid he would 'conſider of it, and immediately took Coach to find out 'the young Baronet, and told him all that had paſs'd, 'together with the new Salvo to ſatisfy a Man's Con-'ſcience in ſacrificing his Friend. Sir *Briſk* was fired, 'ſwore a Dozen Oaths, drew his Sword, put it up again, 'call'd for his Man, beat him, and bid him fetch a 'Coach. His Friend aſked him, What he deſigned, and 'whither he was going? He anſwered, To find out the 'Villains and fight 'em. To which his Friend agreed, 'and promiſed to be his Second, on Condition he would 'firſt divide his Eſtate to 'em, and reſerve only a Propor-'tion to himſelf, that ſo he might have the Juſtice of 'fighting his Equals. His next Reſolution was to play 'with 'em, and let 'em ſee he was not the Bubble they 'took him for. But he ſoon quitted that, and reſolved 'at laſt to tell *Bickerſtaff* of 'em, and get 'em inrolled 'in the Order of the *Induſtry*; with this Caution to all 'young landed Knights and 'Squires, That whenever they 'are drawn to play, they would conſider it as calling 'em 'down to a Sentence already pronounced upon 'em, and 'think of the Sound of theſe Words, *His Oaks muſt be 'fell'd.* I am,

SIR,

Your faithful, humble Servant,

Will. Truſty.

From my own Apartment, September 26.

IT is wonderful to conſider what a Pitch of Confi-dence this World is arrived at. Do People believe I am made up of Patience? I have long told them, that I will ſuffer no Enormity to paſs, without I have an *Underſtanding* with the Offenders by Way of Huſh-*Money*; *and* yet the Candidates at Queen-Hithe ſend

Coals

Coals to all the Town but me. All the publick Papers have had this Advertisement.

London, September 22, 1709.

To the Electors of an Alderman for the Ward of Queen Hithe.

'WHEREAS an evil and pernicious Custom has of late very much prevailed at the Election of Aldermen for this City, by treating at Taverns and Alehouses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their Votes: Which Practice appearing to Sir *Arthur de Brady* to be of dangerous Consequence to the Freedom of Elections, he hath avoided the Excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an Acknowledgment to this Ward for their intended Favour, he hath deposited in the Hands of Mr——, one of the present Common Council, Four hundred and Fifty Pounds, to be disposed of as follows, provided the said Sir *Arthur de Brady* be the Alderman, *viz.*

'*ALL such that shall poll for Sir* Arthur de Brady *shall have one Chaldron of good Coals* gratis.

'*AND Half a Chaldron to every one that shall not poll against him.*

'*AND the Remainder to be laid out in a Clock, Dial, or otherwise, as the Common Council Men of the said Ward shall think fit.*

'AND if any Person shall refuse to take the said Coals to himself, he may assign the same to any poor Electors in the Ward.

'*I do acknowledge to have received the said Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds, for the Purpose above mentioned, for which I have given a Receipt.*

Witness, J——n H——t,
J——y G——h,
E——d D——s.

J—n M—y.

'*N. B.* WHEREAS several Persons have already engaged to poll for Sir *Humphry Gresham*, it is hereby

'further

farther declared, That every ſuch Perſon as doth poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*, and doth alſo poll for Sir *Arthur de Bradly*, ſhall each of them receive a Chaldron of Coals *gratis*, on the Proviſo above mentioned.

THIS is certainly the moſt plain Dealing that ever was uſed, except that the juſt Quantity which an Elector may drink without Exceſs, and the Difference between an Acknowledgment and a Bribe, wants Explanation. Another Difficulty with me is, How a Man who is bargain'd with for a Chaldron of Coals for his Vote, ſhall be ſaid to have that Chaldron *gratis*? If my Kinſman *Greenhat* had given me the leaſt Intimation of his Deſign, I ſhould have prevented his Publiſhing Nonſenſe; nor ſhould any Knight in *England* have put my Relation at the Bottom of the Leaf as a Poſtſcript, when after all it appears *Greenhat* has been the more popular Man. There is here ſuch open Contradiction, and clumſy Art to palliate the Matter, and prove to the People, that the Freedom of Election is ſafer when laid out in Coals than ſtrong Drink, that I can turn this only to a Religious Uſe, and admire the Diſpenſation of Things; for if theſe Fellows were as wiſe as they are rich, Where would be our Liberty? This reminds me of a memorable Speech made to a City almoſt in the ſame Latitude with *Weſtminſter*: *When I think of your Wiſdom, I admire your Wealth; when I think of your Wealth, I admire your Wiſdom.*

N° 74. *Thurſday*, September 29, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 28.

THE Writer of the following Letter has made an Uſe of me, which I did not foreſee I ſhould fall into. But the Gentleman having aſſured me that he has

has a moſt tender Paſſion for the Fair One, and ſpeaking his Intention with ſo much Sincerity, I am willing to let 'em contrive an Interview by my Means.

SIR,

I EARNESTLY intreat you to publiſh the incloſed; for I have no other Way to come at her, or return to myſelf.

A. L.

P. S. *Mr.* Bickerſtaff,

YOU can't imagine how handſome ſhe is: The Superſcription of my Letter will make her recollect the Man that gaz'd at her. Pray put it in.

I CAN aſſure the young Lady, the Gentleman is in the true Trammels of Love: How elſe would he make his Superſcription ſo very much longer than his Billet? He ſuperſcribes;

To the younger of the two Ladies in Mourning (who ſat in the hindmoſt Seat of the middle Box at Mr. Winſtanley's *Water-Works on* Tueſday *was Fortnight, and had with them a Brother, or ſome Acquaintance that was as careleſs of that pretty Creature as a Brother; which ſeeming Brother uſher'd 'em to their Coach) with great Reſpect. Preſent.*

MADAM,

I HAVE a very good Eſtate, and wiſh myſelf your Huſband: Let me know by this Way where you live; for I ſhall be miſerable till we live together.

Alexander Landlord.

THIS is the modern Way of Bargain and Sale; a certain Short-hand Writing, in which Laconick Elder Brothers are very ſucceſsful. All my Fear is, that the Nymph's elder Siſter is unmarried; if ſhe is, we are undone: But perhaps the careleſs Fellow was her Huſband, and then ſhe will *let us* go on.

From

From my own Apartment, September 28.

THE following Letter has given me a new S of the Nature of my Writings. I have the deepeſt gard to Conviction, and ſhall never act againſt it. H ever, I do not yet underſtand what good Man he th I have injured: But his Epiſtle has ſuch Weight in that I ſhall always have Reſpect for his Admoniti and deſire the Continuance of it. I am not conſc that I have ſpoke any Faults a Man may not mend if pleaſes.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, Sept.

'WHEN I read your Paper of *Thurſday*, I ſurprized to find mine of the 13th inſerte large; I never intended myſelf or you a ſecond T ble of this Kind, believing I had ſufficiently poi out the Man you had injured, and that by this T you were convinced that Silence would be the Anſwer; but finding your Reflections are ſuch as turally call for a Reply, I take this Way of doing and, in the firſt Place, return you Thanks for the C pliment made me of my ſeeming Senſe and Wo I do aſſure you, I ſhall always endeavour to conv Mankind of the latter, though I have no Pretence the former. But to come a little nearer, I obſ you put yourſelf under a very ſevere Reſtriction, e the laying down the *Tatler* for ever, if I can give an Inſtance, *wherein you have injured any good M or pointed at any Thing which is not the true Objec Raillery.*

'I MUST confeſs, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, if the mal a Man guilty of Vice that would ſhame the Gall be the beſt Method to *point at the true Object Raillery*, I have till this Time been very ignora but if it be ſo, I will venture to aſſert one Th and lay it down as a Maxim, even to the *Sa* Race, *viz.* That that Method of Pointing ought more to be purſued, than thoſe People ought to your Throat who ſuffer by it, becauſe I take bot *be Murder*, and the Law is not in every private M

'W

' Hands to execute: But indeed, Sir, were you the
' only Person would suffer by the Author's Discontinuance.
' I have Malice enough to punish you in the Manner
' you prescribe; but I am not so great an Enemy to the
' Town or my own Pleasures, as to wish it; nor that
' you would lay aside Jesting; the reigning Vices, so
' long as you keep to the true Spirit of Satire, with-
' out descending to take into Characters below its Dig-
' nity; for as you well observe, *There is something very*
' *terrible in unjustly attacking Men in a Way that may*
' *prejudice their Honour or Interest*; and indeed, where
' Crimes are enormous, the Delinquent deserves little
' Pity, yet the Reporter may deserve less. And here
' I am naturally led to that celebrated Author of *The*
' *whole Duty of Man*, who hath set this Matter in a
' true Light in his Treatise of *the Government of the*
' *Tongue*: where, speaking of uncharitable Truths, he
' says, a Discovery of this Kind *is not to reclaim,*
' *but enrage the Offender, and precipitate him into further*
' *Degrees of Ill. Modesty and Fear of Shame is one of*
' *their natural Restraints, which the Wisdom of Heaven*
' *has put upon Mankind; and he that once stumbles, may*
' *yet by a Check of that Bridle recover again: But when*
' *by a Publick Detection he is fallen under that Infamy he*
' *feared, he will then be apt to discard all Caution, and to*
' *think he owes himself the utmost Pleasure of Vice, as*
' *the Price of his Reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances*
' *further, and sets up for a reversed Sort of Fame, by being*
' *eminently wicked, and he who before was but a slum-*
' *bering Disciple, becomes a Doctor of Impiety. &c.* This
' Sort of Reasoning, Sir, must certainly induced our
' wise Legislators very lately to repeal that Law which
' put the Stamp of Infamy in the Face of Felons;
' therefore you had better give an Act of Oblivion to
' your Delinquents, at least for Transportation, than
' continue to mark them in so notorious a Manner. I
' can't but applaud your designed Attempt of *Raising*
' *Merit from Obscurity, celebrating Virtue in Distress, and*
' *attacking Vice in another Method, by setting Innocence*
' *in a proper Light.* Your pursuing these noble Themes
' will make a greater Advance to the Reformation you
' *seem to aim at, than* the Method you have hitherto
' taken.

'taken, by putting Mankind beyond the Power of re-
'trieving themselves, or indeed to think it possible. But
'if after all your Endeavours in this new Way, there
'should then remain any hardened Impenitents, you must
'e'en give 'em up to the Rigour of the Law, as Delin-
'quents not within the Benefit of their Clergy. Pardon
'me, good Mr. *Bickerstaff*, for the Tediousness of this
'Epistle, and believe 'tis not from any Self Conviction I
'have taken up so much of your Time, or my own; but
'supposing you mean as your Lucubrations should tend
'to the Good of Mankind, I may the easier hope your
'Pardon, being,

S I R, yours, &c.

Grecian Coffee house, September 29.

THIS Evening I thought fit to notify to the *Literati* of this House, and by that Means to all the World, That on *Saturday* the 15th of *October* next ensuing, I design to fix my first Table of *Fame*; and desire that such as are acquainted with the Characters of the Twelve most famous Men that have ever appeared in the World, would send in their Lists, or name any one Man for that Table, assigning also his Place at it before that Time, upon Pain of having such his Man of Fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any Application whatever, alter the Place which upon that Day I shall give to any of those Worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this Hero, or that Author, upon Second hand, I expect each Subscriber should underwrite his Reason for the Place he allots his Candidate.

THE Thing is of the last Consequence; for we are about settling the greatest Point that ever has been debated in any Age; and I shall take Precautions accordingly. Let every Man who votes, consider, That he is now going to give away that, for which the Soldier gave up his Rest, his Pleasure, and his Life; the Scholar resigned his whole Series of Thought, his Midnight Repose, and his Morning Slumbers. In a Word, he *is (as I may say)* to be Judge of that After Life, which

noble

noble Spirits prefer to their very real Beings. I hope I shall be forgiven therefore, if I make some Objections against their Jury, as they shall occur to me. The Whole of the Number by whom they are to be tried, are to be Scholars. I am persuaded also, that *Sophistic* will be put up by all of that Class of Men. However, in Behalf of others, such as wear the Livery of *Apollo*, the two famous Universities are called upon on this Occasion; but I except the Men of *Queen's*, *Brasen*, and *Jesus* Colleges, in *Oxford*, who are not to be Electors, because he shall not be crown'd from an implicit Faith in his Writings, but receive his Honour from such Judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this Election (as I was just now going to say) I banish all who think and speak after others to concern themselves in it. For which Reason all illiterate distant Admirers are forbidden to corrupt the Voices, by sending, according to the new Mode, any poor Students Coals and Candles for their Votes in Behalf of such Worthies as they pretend to esteem. All News Writers are also excluded, because they consider Fame as it is a Report which gives Foundation to the filling up their Rhapsodies, and not as it is the Emanation or Consequence of good and evil Actions. These are excepted against as justly as Butchers in case of Life and Death. Their Familiarity with the greatest Names takes off the Delicacy of their Regard, as dealing in Blood makes the *Lauti* less tender of spilling it.

St. James's Coffee-house, September 28.

LETTERS from *Lyon* of the 25th Instant, *N. S.* speak of a Battle which has been fought near the River *Cinca*, in which General *Stromberg* had overthrown the Army of the Duke of *Anjou*. The Persons who send this, excuse their not giving Particulars, because they believed an Account must have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had Advices from different Parts, which concurred in the Circumstances of the Action; after which the Army of his Catholick Majesty advanced as far as *Lenga*, and the Enemy retired to *Saragossa*. There are Reports, That the Duke of *Anjou* was in the Engagement; but Letters of good

Authority

Authority say, That Prince was on the Road towards Camp when he received the News of the Defeat of Troops. We promise ourselves great Consequences f such an Advantage obtained by so accomplished a G ral as *Starembergh*; who, among the Men of this pre Age, is esteemed the Third in Military Fame and R tation.

N° 75. *Saturday*, October 1, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I AM called off from publick Dissertations by a mestick Affair of great Importance, which is no than the Disposal of my Sister *Jenny* for Life. The is a Girl of great Merit, and pleasing Conversation; I being born of my Father's First Wife, and she of Third, she converses with me rather like a Daughter a Sister. I have indeed told her, That if she kept Honour, and behaved herself in such a Manner as bec the *Bickerstaffs*, I would get her an agreeable Man her Husband; which was a Promise I made her reading a Passage in *Pliny's Epistles*. That polite Au had been employed to find out a Consort for his Frie Daughter, and gives the following Character of the he had pitched upon.

ACILIANO plurimum Vigoris & Industriae q quam in maxima Verecundia: Est illi Facies liberalis, to Sanguine, multo Rubore, suffusa: Est ingenua totius poris Pulchritudo, & quidam senatorius Decor, quae eg quaquam arbitror negligenda: Debet enim hoc Castitati ellarum quasi Praemium dari.

'*ACILIANUS* (for that was the Gentlem 'Name) is a Man of extraordinary Vigour and '*dustry*, accompanied with the greatest Modesty:

'has very much of the Gentleman, with a lively Colour, 'and Flush of Health in his Aspect. His whole Person 'is finely turned, and speaks him a Man of Quality: 'Which are Qualifications that, I think, ought by no 'Means to be over looked, and should be bestowed on a 'Daughter as the Reward of her Chastity.'

A WOMAN that will give herself Liberties, need not put her Parents to so much Trouble; for if she does not possess these Ornaments in a Husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the Case of my Sister *Jenny*, who, I may say without Vanity, is as unspotted a Spinster as any in *Great Britain*. I shall take this Occasion to recommend the Conduct of our own Family in this Particular.

WE have in the Genealogy of our House, the Descriptions and Pictures of our Ancestors from the Time of King *Arthur*; in whose Days there was one of my own Name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the Name of Sir *Isaac Bickerstaff*. He was low of Stature, and of a very swarthy Complexion, not unlike a *Portuguese* Jew. But he was more prudent than Men of that Height usually are, and would often communicate to his Friends his Design of lengthening and whitening his Posterity. His eldest Son *Ralph*, for that was his Name, was for this Reason married to a Lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The Issue of this Match, with the Help of high Shoes, made a tolerable Figure in the next Age; tho' the Complexion of the Family was obscure till the Fourth Generation from that Marriage. From which Time, till the Reign of *William the Conqueror*, the Females of our House were famous for their Needlework and fine Skins. In the Male Line, there happened an unlucky Accident in the Reign of *Richard* the Third; the eldest Son of *Philip*, then Chief of the Family, being born with an Hump-back and very high Nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his Forefathers ever had such a Blemish; nor indeed was there any in the Neighbourhood of that Make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders, and a *Roman* Nose: What made the Nose the less excusable was the remarkable Smallness of his Eyes.

THESE

THESE ſeveral Defects were mended by ſucceeding Matches; the Eyes were opened in the next Generation, and the Hump fell in a Century and Half; but the greateſt Difficulty was, how to reduce the Noſe; which I do not find was accompliſhed till about the Middle of *Henry* the Seventh's Reign, or rather the Beginning of that of *Henry* the Eighth.

BUT while our Anceſtors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Noſe, the Face of the *Bickerſtaffs* fell down inſenſibly into Chin; which was not taken Notice of (their Thoughts being ſo much employed upon the more noble Features) till it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

BUT Length of Time, and ſucceſſive Care in our Alliances, have cured this alſo, and reduced our Faces into that tolerable Oval, which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this Diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our Race ſuffered very much about Three Hundred Years ago, by the Marriage of one of our Heireſſes with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-Shanks, and Cramps in our Bones, inſomuch that we did not recover our Health and Legs till Sir *Walter Bickerſtaff* married *Maud* the Milk-Maid, of whom the then *Garter* King at Arms (a facetious Perſon) ſaid pleaſantly enough, That ſhe had ſpoiled our Blood, but mended our Conſtitutions.

AFTER this Account of the Effect our prudent Choice of Matches has had upon our Perſons and Features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily Inſtances of as great Changes made by Marriage upon Men's Minds and Humours. One might wear any Paſſion out of a Family by Culture, as ſkilful Gardeners blot a Colour out of a Tulip that hurts its Beauty. One might produce an affable Temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the Mild upon the Cholerick; or raiſe a Jack-pudding from a Prude, by inoculating Mirth and Melancholy. It is for want of Care in the diſpoſing of our Children, with regard to our Bodies and Minds, that we go into an Houſe and ſee ſuch different Complexions and Humours in the ſame Race and Family. But to me it is as plain as a Pike ſtaff, from what Mixture it is, that this *Daughter ſilently* lours, the other ſmiles a kind Look at

you.

you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenatick, and a fifth a Coquet.

IN this Diſpoſal of my Siſter, I have choſen with an Eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bride groom be a Man of a ſound and excellent Judgment, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harangue: For *Jenny*'s only Imperfection is an Admiration of her Parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, ſtuttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into Obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in ourſelves, or moſt capable of Improvement. Thus my Siſter, inſtead of conſulting her Glaſs, and her Toilet for an Hour and an Half after her private Devotions, ſits with her Noſe full of Snuff, and a Man's Night Cap on her Head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit ſhe thinks her Diſtinction; therefore knows nothing of the Skill of Dreſs, or making her Perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh to ſee me often with my Spectacles on, lacing her Stays; for ſhe is ſo very a Wit, that the underſtands no ordinary Thing in the World.

FOR this Reaſon I have diſpoſed of her to a Man of Buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well dreſs'd, in good Humour, and chearful in the Command of her Family, are the Arts and Sciences of Female Life. I could have bellowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her Wit, and would have given her a Coach and Six. But I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the Strain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in Diſcourſe, and in continual Contention for the Superiority of Underſtanding, and brought forth Criticks, Pedants, or pretty good Poets. As it is, I expect an Offſpring fit for the Habitation of the City, Town, or Country; Creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

TO convince Men of the Neceſſity of taking this Method, let any one, even below the Skill of an Aſtrologer, behold the Turn of Faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes *Charing-Croſs-Gate*, and you ſee a deep Attention and a certain unthinking Sharpneſs in every Countenance. They look attentive, but their Thoughts are engaged on mean *Purpoſes*. 'Tis *me* it is very apparent, when I ſee

a Citizen paſs by, whether his Head is upon \ Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now th of Thought appears or lies hid in the Race for Three Generations.

I KNOW at this Time a Perſon of a vaſ who is the immediate Deſcendant of a fine Ge but the Great Grandſon of a Broker, in whom ceſtor is now revived. He is a very honeſt Gentl his Principles, but can't for his Blood talk fairly heartily ſorry for it; but he cheats by Conſtituti over reaches by Inſtinct.

THE Happineſs of the Man who marries a will be, that he has no Faults to correct in her own, a little Bias of Fancy, or Particularity of M which grow in herſelf, and can be amended by her ſuch an untainted Couple, we can hope to have mily riſe to its antient Splendor of Face, Air, nance, Manner and Shape, without diſcovering duct of ten Nations in one Houſe. *Obadiah* ſays, he never comes into any Company in *Engl* he diſtinguiſhes the different Nations of which compoſed: There is ſcarce ſuch a living Creatu true *Briton*. We ſit down indeed all Friends, A tance, and Neighbours; but after two Bottles, y *Dane* ſtart up and ſwear, The Kingdom is his o *Saxon* drinks up the whole Quart, and ſwears, H pute that with him. A *Norman* tells them boul aſſert his Liberty: And a *Welchman* cries, They Foreigners and Intruders of Yeſterday, and bea out of the Room. Such Accidents happen fre among Neighbours Children, and Couſin Germans which Reaſon I ſay, ſtudy your Race, or the Soil Family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run Wits or Madmen.

76. Tuesday, October 4, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 4.

IT is a Thing very much to be lamented, that a Man must use a certain Cunning to caution People against that it is their Interest to avoid. All Men will allow, that it is a great and heroick Work to correct Men's Errors, and at the Price of being called a C[illegible]mon Enemy, to go on in being a Common Friend [illegible] Fellow Subjects and Citizens. But I am forced [illegible] Work to resolve the same Thing in ten thousand Nights, and cast them in as many Forms, to come at Mens Mind and Affections, in order to lead the Innocent in Safety, as well as disappoint the Artifices of Betrayers. Since therefore I can make no Impression upon the offending Side, I shall turn my Observations upon the Offended; That is to say, I must whip my Children for going in a bad Company, instead of railing at bad Company for infuring my Children.

THE greatest Misfortunes Men fall into, arise from themselves; and that Temper, which is called very often, though with great Injustice, Good Nature, is the Source of a numberless Train of Evils. For which Reason we are to take this as a Rule, that no Action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a Maxim, *That Man who is commonly called Good Natured, is hardly to be thanked for any Thing he does, because Half that is acted about him, is done rather by his Sufferance than Approbation.* It is generally Laziness of Disposition, which chuses rather to let Things pass the worst Way, than to go through the Pain of Examination. It must be confessed, such a one has to great a Benevolence in him, that he bears a thousand Uneasinesses, rather than he will incommode others; say often, when he has just Reason to be offended, chuses *rather to sit down* with a small Injury, than being

bring it into Reprehension, out of pure Compassion to Offender. Such a Person has it usually said of him, is no Man's Enemy but his own; which is in Effect ing, He is a Friend to every Man but himself and Friends. For by a natural Consequence of his neglec himself, he either incapacitates himself to be anoth Friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take Care of my own Affairs, no Man that is my Friend, take it ill if I am negligent also of his. This soft Di sition, if it continues uncorrected, throws Men into a of Difficulties.

THERE is *Euphrates*, with all the good Qual in the World, deserves well of no Body: That univ Good will which is so strong in him, exposes him to Assault of e[illegible] Invader upon his Time, his Conve tion, and hi[illegible]. His Diet is Butchers Meat, Wenches are [illegible] Pinners and *Norwich* Crapes, Dress like other People, his Income great, and yet ha seldom a Guinea at Command. From these easy Ge men, are collected Estates by Servants or Gamesh which latter Fraternity are excusable, when we thin this Clan, who seem born to be their Prey. All th fore of the Family of *Ottoon* are to take Notice, I they are hereby given up to the Brethren of the *Indus* with this Reserve only, That they are to be marke stricken Deer, not for their own Sakes, but to pres the Herd from following them, and coming within Scent.

I AM obliged to leave this important Subject, w out telling where Quarters are sever'd, who has the H bles, who the Haunch, and who the Legs, of the last that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in H my Deer will make their Escape without more Admi tions or Examples, of which they have had (in mine the Town's Opinion) too great a Plenty. I must, I at present go to other Matters of Moment.

[illegible], October 1

THE Lady has answer'd the Letter of Mr. *[illegible]* *[illegible]*, which was published on *[illegible]* last, *in such a Manner* as I do not think fit to proceed in

Affair; for she has plainly told him, That Love is her Design, but Marriage her Aversion. Ills me! What is his Age come to, that People can think to make a Pump of an Astronomer.

I SHALL not promote such Designs, but shall leave her to find out her Admirer, while I speak to another Cafe sent to me by a Letter of September 40, subscribed, *Leonwell Barebones*, where the Author desires me to suspend my Cure of the Dead, till I have done something for the Dying. His Cafe is, That the Lady he loves, is ever accompanied by a Kinswoman, one of those gay cunning Women, who prevent all the Love which is not addressed to themselves. This Creature takes upon her in his Mistress's Presence to ask him, Whether Mrs. *Florimel* (that is the [illegible]'s Name) is not very handsome? Upon which [illegible] fully, then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, That Mrs. *Florimel* had an equal Passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first Time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at Liberty before her only, who was her Friend, to speak his Mind, and that his Mistress expected it. Upon which *Florimel* acts a Virgin Confusion, and with some Disorder waits his Speech. Here ever follows a deep Silence; after which a loud Laugh. Mr. *Barebones* applies himself to me on this Occasion. All the Advice I can give him, is to find a Lover for the Confident, for there is no other Bribe will prevail; and I see by her Carriage, that it is no hard Matter, for she is too gay to have a particular Passion, or to want a general one.

SOME Days ago the Town had a full Charge laid against my Essays, and printed at large. I altered not one Word of what he of the contrary Opinion said, but have blotted out some warm Things said for more therefore please to hear the Counsel for the Defendant, tho' I shall be for no otherwise than to take a middle Way, and (if possible) keep Commendations from being unpaid to Mens Taste, or Raillery pernicious to their Characters.

Mr. Bickerstaff, Sept. 30.

*AS I always looked upon Satire as the best Friend to Reformation, whilst its Lashes were general; so that Gentleman * must excuse me, if I do not see the Inconvenience of a Method he is so much concerned at. The Errors he assigns in it, I think, are comprised* in the Desperation Men are generally driven to, when by a publick Detection they fall under the Infamy they feared, who otherwise, by checking their Bridle, might have recover'd their Stumble, and through a Self Conviction become their own Reformers: So he that was before but a clandestine Disciple *(to use his own Quotation)* is now become a Doctor in Impiety. *The little Success that is to be expected by those Methods from a harden'd Offender, is too evident to insist on; yet it is true, there is a great deal of Charity in this Sort of Reasoning, whilst the Effects of those Crimes extend not beyond themselves. But what Relation has this to your Proceedings? It is not a circumstantial Guessing will serve Turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your Characters; but there must at least be something that must amount to a nominal Description, before even common Fame can separate me from the rest of Mankind to dart at. A general Representation of an Action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those winch who find too much Similitude in the Character with themselves to plead Not Guilty; but none but a Witness to the Crime can charge them with the Guilt, whilst the Indictment is general, and the Offender has the Exclusion of the whole World to protect him. Here can then be no Injustice, where no one is injur'd; for it is themselves must appropriate the Saddle, before Scandal can ride them.*

YOUR Method then, in my Opinion, is no Way subject to the Charge brought against it; but on the contrary, I believe this Advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilst we laugh at, or detest, the uncertain Subject of the Satire, we often find something in the Error a Parallel to ourselves, and being insensibly drawn to the

* See Tatler Nº 74. Sept. 29.

the Comparison we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the Mire, and Shame produces that which Advice has been too weak for; and you, Sir, get Converts you never thought of.

AS for descending to Characters below the Dignity of Satire; what Men think are not beneath Commission, I must assure him, I think are not beneath Reproof: For as there is as much Folly in a ridiculous Deportment, as there is Enormity in a Criminal one, so neither the one nor the other ought to plead Exemption. The Kennel of Cars are as much Enemies to the State, as Greg *for his Confederacy; for as this betray'd our Government, so the other does our Property, and one without the other is equally useless. As for the Act of Oblivion he so strenuously insists on,* Le Roy s'avisera *is a fashionable Answer; and for his Modus of Panegyrick, the Hint was unnecessary, where Virtue need never ask twice for her Laurel. But as for his Reformation by Opposites, I again must ask his Pardon, if I think the Effects of these Sort of Reasonings (by the Paucity of Converts) are too great an Argument, both of their Imbecillity and Unsuccessfulness, to believe it will be any better than mispending of Time, by suspending a Method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other Danger of losing Ground, but by Discontinuance. And as I am certain (of what he supposes) that your Lucubrations are intended for the publick Benefit; so I hope you will not give them so great an Interruption, by laying aside the only Method that can render you beneficial to Mankind, and (among others) agreeable to,*

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

St. James's Coffee house, October 3

LETTERS from the Camp at *Havre* of the 7th Instant, *N. S.* advise, that the Trenches were opened before *Mons* on the 27th of the last Month, and the Approaches were carried on at two Attacks with great Application and Success, notwithstanding the Rains which had fallen; That the Besiegers had made them

ſelves Maſters of ſeveral Redoubts, and other Outworks, and had advanced the Approaches within ten Paces of the Counterſcarps of the Hornwork. Lieutenant-General *Cadogan* received a ſlight Wound in the Neck ſoon after opening the Trenches.

THE Enemy were throwing up Intrenchments between *Quesnoy* and *Valenciennes*, and the Chevalier *de Luxemburg* was encamp'd near *Chartres* with a Body of 10,000 Men. Advices from *Catalonia* by the Way of *Genoa* import, That Count *Staremberg* having paſs'd the *Segra*, advanced towards *Balaguier*, which Place he took after a few Hours Reſiſtance, and made the Garriſon, conſiſting of three *Spaniſh* Battalions, Priſoners of War. Letters from *Bern* ſay, That the Army under the Command of Count *Thaun* had began to repaſs the Mountains, and would ſhortly evacuate *Savoy*.

WHEREAS Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received Intelligence, That a young Gentleman, who has taken my Diſcourſes upon* John Partridge *and others in too literal a Senſe, and is going an elder Brother to an Ejectment; the aforeſaid young Gentleman is hereby adviſed to drop his Action, no Man being Eſteemed dead in Law, who eats and drinks, and receives his Rents.*

N° 77. *Thurſday*, October 6, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 5.

AS bad as the World is, I find by very ſtrict Obſervation upon Virtue and Vice, that if Men appeared no worſe than they really are, I ſhould have leſs Work than at preſent I am obliged to undertake for their Reformation. They have generally taken up a Kind of inverted Ambition, and affect even Faults and Imperfections *of which* they are innocent. The other Day in a Coffee-

Coffee-house I found by a young Heir, with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy Look, who entertained us with an Account of his Claps and his Diet-Drinks; though, to my Knowledge, he is as sound as any of his Tenants.

THIS worthy Youth put me into Reflections upon that Subject; and I observed the Spanish Humour to be so general, that there is hardly a Man who is not more or less tainted with it. The bulk of this Order of Men are the *Valetudinarians*, who are never in Health, but complain of want of Stomach or Rest every Day till Noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady *Paisley* is convinced, that it is necessary for a Gentlewoman to be out of Order; and to preserve that Character, she dines every Day in her Closet at Twelve, that she may become her Table at Two, and be unable to eat in publick. About two Years ago, I remember it was the Fashion to be short-sighted. A Man would not own an Acquaintance till he had full examin'd him with his Glass. At a Lady's Entrance into the Play-house, you might see Tubes immediately levelled at her from every Quarter of the Pit and Side-Boxes. However, that Mode of Infirmity is out, and the Age has recover'd its Sight: But the Blind seem to be succeeded by the Lame, and a jaunty Limp is the present Beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a Cane is part of the Dress of a Prig, and always worn upon a Button, for fear he should be thought to have an Occasion for it, or be esteem'd really, and not genteely a Cripple. I have confidered, but could never find out the Bottom of this Vanity. I indeed have heard of a *Gallus* General, who by the lucky Grazing of a Bullet on the Poll of his Stocking, took Occasion to halt all his Life after. But as for our peaceable Cripple, I know no Foundation for their Behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this warlike Age, some third Cane the next Honour to a wooden Leg. This Sort of Affectation I have known run from one Limb or Member to another. Before the *Limpers* came in, I remember a Race of *Lispers*, fine Persons, who took an Aversion to particular Letters in our Language. Some never utter'd the Letter *R*; and others had as mortal an Aversion to *S*. Others have had their fashionable Defect in their Eyes, and would make

make you repeat all you ſaid twice over. I know an antient Friend of mine, whoſe Table is every Day ſurrounded with Flatterers, that makes uſe of this, ſometimes as a Piece of Grandeur, and at others as an Art, to make them repeat their Commendations. Such Affectations have been indeed in the World in antient Times; but they fell into them out of politick Ends. *Alexander the Great* had a wry Neck, which made it the Fathion in his Court to carry their Heads on one Side when they came into the Preſence. One who thought to outſhine the whole Court, carried his Head ſo over complaiſantly, that this Martial Prince gave him ſo great a Box on the Ear, as ſet all the Heads of the Court upright.

THIS Humour takes Place in our Minds as well as Bodies. I know at this Time a young Gentleman, who talks Atheiſtically all Day in Coffee houſes, and in his Degrees of Underſtanding ſets up for a *Free-thinker*; though it can be proved upon him, he ſays his Prayers every Morning and Evening. But this Claſs of modern Wits I ſhall reſerve for a Chapter by itſelf.

OF the like Turn are all your *Marriage haters*, who rail at the Noote, at the Words, *For ever and Aye*, and at the ſame Time are ſecretly pining for ſome young Thing or other that makes their Hearts ake by her Refuſal. The next to theſe, are ſuch as pretend to go vern their Wives, and boaſt how ill they uſe them; when at the ſame Time, go to their Houſes, and you ſhall ſee them ſtep as if they feared making a Noiſe, and are as fond as an Alderman I don't know, but ſome times theſe Pretences may ariſe from a Deſire to conceal a contrary Defect than that they ſet up for. I remember, when I was a young Fellow, we had a Companion of a very fearful Complexion, who, when we ſat long to drink, would deſire us to take his Sword from him when he grew fuddled, for 'twas his Misfortune to be quarrelſome.

THERE are many, many of theſe Evils, which demand my Obſervation; but becauſe I have of late been thought ſomewhat too Satirical, I ſhall give 'em Warning, and declare to the whole World, that they are not true, but falſe Hypocrites; and make it out *that they are* good Men in their Hearts. The Motive

of this monstrous Affectation in the above-mentioned, and the like Particulars, I take to proceed from that noble Thirst of Fame and Reputation which is planted in the Hearts of all Men. As this produces elegant Writings and gallant Actions in Men of great Abilities, it also brings forth spurious Productions in Men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by Things which are really Praise worthy. As the Desire of Fame in Men of true Wit and Gallantry shews itself in proper Instances, the same Desire in Men who have the Ambition without proper Faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a Thousand Extravagancies, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of Admirers. When I was a middle-aged Man, there were many Societies of ambitious young Men in *England*, who, in their Pursuits after Fame, were every Night employed in roasting Lovers, smoaking Cobbers, knocking down Watchmen, overturning Constables, breaking Windows, blackening Sign-Posts, and the like immortal Enterprizes, that dispersed their Reputation throughout the whole Kingdom. One could hardly find a Knocker at a Door in a whole Street after a Midnight Expedition of these *Beaux Esprits*. I was lately very much surprized by an Account of my Maid, who entered my Bed-Chamber this Morning in a very great Fright, and told me, She was afraid my Parlour was haunted; for that she had found several Pains of my Windows broken, and the Floor strowed with Half-pence. I have not yet a full Light into this new Way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous Piece of Wit that some of my Contemporaries make Use of, to break Windows, and leave Money to pay for them.

St. James's Coffee-Ball, October 5.

I HAVE no Manner of News more than what the whole Town had Other Day; except that I have the Original Letter of the Marechal *Boufflers* to the *French* King, after the late Battle in the Woods, which I translate for the Benefit of the *English* Reader.

SIR,

'THIS is to let your Majesty understand, That to your immortal Honour, and the Destruction of the Confederates, your Troops have lost another Battle. *Artagnan* did Wonders, *Rohan* performed Miracles, *Guiche* did Wonders, *Gattier* performed Miracles, the whole Army distinguished themselves, and every Body did Wonders. And to conclude the Wonders of the Day, I can assure your Majesty, That though you have lost the Field of Battle, you have not lost an Inch of Ground. The Enemy marched behind us with Respect, and we ran away from 'em as bold as Lions.

LETTERS have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, *relating to the present State of the Town of* Bath, *wherein the People of that Place have desired him to call Home the Physicians. All Gentlemen therefore of that Profession are hereby directed to return forthwith to their Places of Practice; and the Stage Coaches are required to take them in before other Passengers, till there shall be a Certificate signed by the Mayor or Mr.* Powel, *that there are but Two Doctors to One Patient left in Town.*

N° 78. *Saturday*, October 8, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 7.

AS your Painters who deal in History Pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken Sketches, and smaller Flourishes of the Pencil; so I find some Relief in striking out Miscellaneous Hints, and sudden Starts of Fancy, without any Order or Connexion, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate Dissertations. I am at present in this easy State of Mind sat down

down to my Scrutore; where, for the better Disposition of my Correspondence, I have writ upon every Drawer the proper Title of its Contents; as Hypocrisy, Dice, Patches, Politicks, Love, Duels, and so forth. My various Advices are ranged under such several Heads, saving only that I have a particular Box for *Pacolet*, and another for *Monoculus*. I cannot but observe, that my Duel-Box, which is fill'd by the Letter'd Men of Honour, is so very ill spelt, that it is hard to decypher their Writings. My Love Box, though on a quite contrary Subject, fill'd with the Works of the fairest Hands in *Great Britain*, is almost as unintelligible. The private Drawer, which is sacred to Politicks, has in it some of the most refined Panegyricks and Satires that any Age has produc'd.

I HAVE now before me several Recommendations for Places at my Table of *Fame*: Three of them are of an extraordinary Nature, in which I find I am misunderstood, and shall therefore beg Leave to produce them. They are from a Quaker, a Courtier, and a Citizen.

ISAAC,

'THY Lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, 'have been perused by several of our Friends, 'who have taken Offence: Forasmuch as thou excludest out of the Brotherhood all Persons who are Praiseworthy for Religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill 'thy Table with none but Heathens, and cannot hope 'to spy a Brother there; for there are none of us who 'can be placed among murdering Heroes, or ungodly 'Wits; since we do not assail our Enemies with the 'Arm of Flesh, nor our Gainsayers with the Vanity of 'Human Wisdom. If therefore thou wilt demean thy 'self on this Occasion with a right Judgment, according 'to the Gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place '*James Naylor* at the upper End of thy Table.

Ezekiel Stiffrump.

IN answer to my good Friend *Ezekiel*, I must stand to it, that I cannot break my Rule for the Sake of *James Naylor*; not knowing, whether *Alexander* the Great, who is

is a Cholerick Hero, won't reſent his ſitting at the upper End of the Table with his Hat on.

But to my Courtier:

SIR,

'I AM ſurpriſed, that you loſe your Time in compli-
'menting the Dead, when you may make your Court
'to the Living. Let me only tell you in the Ear, *Alex-*
'*ander* and *Cæſar* (as generous as they were formerly)
'have not now a Groat to diſpoſe of. Fill your Table
'with good Company: I know a Perſon of Quality that
'ſhall give you 100*l.* for a Place at it. Be ſecret, and
'be rich.

Yours,

You know my Hand.

THIS Gentleman ſeems to have the true Spirit, without the Formality of an Under Courtier; therefore I ſhall be plain with him, and let him leave the Name of his Courtier, and 100*l.* in *Morphew*'s Hands: If I can take it, I will.

My Citizen writes the following:

Mr. *Iſaac Bickerſtaff,*

SIR,

'YOUR *Tatler* of *September* 13, I am now read-
'ing, and in your Liſt of famous Men, deſire you
'not to forget Alderman *Whittington*, who began the
'World with a Cat, and died worth Three Hundred and
'Fifty Thouſand Pounds Sterling, which he left to an
'only Daughter Three Years after his Mayoralty. If
'you want any further Particulars of *Ditto* Alderman,
'Daughter, or Cat, let me know, and *per* firſt will ad-
'viſe the Needful: Which concludes,

Your loving Friend,

Lemuel Leger.

I SHALL have all due Regard to this Gentleman's Recommendation; but cannot forbear obſerving how *wonderfully* this Sort of Style is adapted for the *Diſpatch of Buſineſs*, by leaving out inſignificant Particles:

Beſides

Beſides that, the dropping of the firſt Perſon is an artful Way to diſengage a Man from the Guilt of raſh Words or Promiſes. But I am to conſider, that a Citizen's Reputation is Credit, not Fame; and am to leave theſe lofty Subjects for a Matter of private Concern in the next Letter before me.

SIR,

'I AM juſt recovered out of a languiſhing Sickneſs 'by the Care of *Hippocrates*, who viſited me thro'out 'my whole Illneſs, and was ſo far from taking any Fee, 'that he enquired into my Circumſtances, and would 'have relieved me alſo that Way, but I did not want it. 'I know no Method of Thanking him, but recommend-'ing it to you to celebrate ſo great Humanity in the Man-'ner you think fit, and to do it with the Spirit and Sen-'timents of a Man juſt relieved from Grief, Miſery, and 'Pain, to Joy, Satisfaction, and Eaſe: In which you 'will repreſent the grateful Senſe of

Your obedient Servant,

T. B.

I THINK the Writer of this Letter has put the Matter in as good a Dreſs as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my Applauſe to what this diſtreſſed Man has ſaid. There is not a more uſeful Man in a Commonwealth than a good Phyſician; and by Conſequence no worthier a Perſon than he that uſes his Skill with Generoſity, even to Perſons of Condition, and Compaſſion to thoſe who are in Want: Which is the Behaviour of *Hippocrates*, who ſhews as much Liberality in his Practice, as he does Wit in his Converſation, and Skill in his Profeſſion. A wealthy Doctor, who can help a poor Man, and will not without a Fee, has leſs Senſe of Humanity than a poor Ruffian, who kills a rich Man to ſupply his Neceſſities. It is ſomething monſtrous, to conſider a Man of a liberal Education tearing out the Bowels of a poor Family, by taking for a Viſit what would keep 'em a Week. *Hippocrates* needs not the Compaſſion of ſuch Extortion to let off his Generoſity; but I mention his *Generoſity to add Shame* to ſuch Extortion.

THIS

THIS is to give Notice to all ingenious Gentlemen in and about the Cities of London *and* Westminster, *who have a Mind to be instructed in the noble Sciences of Musick, Poetry, and Politicks, That they repair to the* Smyrna *Coffee-house in* Pall Mall, *betwixt the Hours of Eight and Ten at Night, where they may be instructed* gratis, *with elaborate Essays by Word of Mouth on all or any of the above-mentioned Arts. The Disciples are to prepare their Bodies with three Dishes of Bohea, and purge their Brains with two Pinches of Snuff. If any young Student gives Indication of Parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent Question, one of the Professors shall distinguish him, by taking Snuff out of his Box in the Presence of the whole Audience.*

N. B. *THE Seat of Learning is now removed from the Corner of the Chimney on the Left-Hand towards the Window, to the Round Table in the Middle of the Floor over-against the Fire; a Revolution much lamented by the Porters and Chairmen, who were much edified through a Pane of Glass that remained broken all the last Summer.*

I CANNOT forbear advertising my Correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a Manner, and in Phrases that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one returns me an Answer to a Letter, he will not tell me he has received the Favour of my Letter; *but if he does not think fit to say, he has received the* Honour *of it, that he tell me in plain* English, *he has received my Letter of such a Date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with,* I am with great Respect, *or plainly,* I am, *without farther Addition; and not insult me, by an Assurance of his being with* great Truth *and* Esteem *my humble Servant. There is likewise another Mark of Superiority which I cannot bear, and therefore must inform my Correspondents, that I discard all* faithful *humble Servants, and am resolved to read no Letters that are not subscribed,* Your most obedient *or* most humble Servant, *or both. This may appear Niceties to vulgar Minds, but they are such as Men of Honour and Distinction must have Regard to. And I were*

well

ill remember a famous Duel in France, where four are killed of one Side, and three of the other, occaſioned a Gentleman's ſubſcribing himſelf a moſt affectionate *friend.*

One in the Morning of the 8th of *Octob.* 1709.

I WAS this Night looking on the Moon, and find by rtain Signs in that Luminary, that a certain Perſon under r Dominion, who has been for many Years diſtemper'd, ill within few Hours publiſh a Pamphlet, wherein he ill pretend to give my Lucubrations to a wrong Perſon; d I require all ſober diſpoſed Perſons to avoid meeting the id Lunatick, or giving him any Credence any farther than ity demands; and to lock up the ſaid Perſon wherever they id him, keeping him from Pen, Ink, and Paper. And I reby prohibit any Perſon to take upon him my Writings, on ain of being ſent by me into Lethe with the ſaid Lunaich and all his Works.

Felices ter, & amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet Copula; nec malis
Divulſus Querimoniis
Supremâ citius ſolvet Amor Die. Hor.

Thrice happy they, whom the ſtrong Chain of Wedlock binds together in Love, undiſturbed by jarring Complaints, of equal Duration with their Life.

№ 79. *Tueſday*, October 11, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

MY Siſter *Jenny*'s Lover, the honeſt *Tranquillus*, (for that ſhall be his Name) has been impatient with me to diſpatch the neceſſary Directions for his Marriage;

Marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary Schemes (as he calls them) he might not burn with real Deſire, and the Torture of Expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the Ardor wherein he expreſſed himſelf, which I thought had not enough of that Veneration with which the Marriage Bed is to be aſcended, I told him, the Day of his Nuptials ſhould be on the *Saturday* following, which was the 8th Inſtant. On the 7th in the Evening, poor *Jenny* came into my Chamber, and having her Heart full of the great Change of Life from a Virgin Condition to that of a Wife, ſhe long ſat ſilent. I ſaw ſhe expected me to entertain her on this important Subject, which was too delicate a Circumſtance for herſelf to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her Modeſty in the following Manner: Siſter, (ſaid I) you are now going from me: And be contented, that you leave the Company of a talkative old Man, for that of a ſober young one: But take this along with you, That there is no Mean in the State you are entering into, but you are to be exquiſitely happy or miſerable, and your Fortune in this Way of Life will be wholly of your own making. In all the Marriages I have ever ſeen (moſt of which have been unhappy ones) the great Cauſe of Evil has proceeded from ſlight Occaſions; and I take it to be the firſt Maxim in a married Condition, That you are to be above Trifles. When two Perſons have ſo good an Opinion of each other as to come together for Life, they will not differ in Matters of Importance, becauſe they think of each other with Reſpect, in regard to all Things of Conſideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual Aſſiſtance and Relief in ſuch Occurrences; but for leſs Occaſions, they have formed no Reſolutions, but leave their Minds unprepared.

THIS, dear *Jenny*, is the Reaſon that the Quarrel between Sir *Harry Wildair* and his Lady, which began about her Squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir *Harry* was reading a grave Author, ſhe runs into his Study, and in a playing Humour, claps the Squirrel upon the Folio: He threw the Animal in a Rage on the Floor; ſhe ſnatches it up again, calls Sir *Harry* a ſower Pedant, *without good* Nature or good Manners. This call him

into such a Rage, that he threw down the Table before him, kick'd the Book round the Room; then recollected himself. Lord, Madam, said he, Why did you run into such Expressions? I was, said he, in the highest Delight with that Author, when you clapp'd your Squirrel upon my Book; and smiling, added upon Recollection, I have a great Respect for your Favourite, and pray let us all be Friends. My Lady was so far from accepting this Apology, that she immediately conceived a Resolution to keep him under for ever; and, with a serious Air, replied, There is no Regard to be had to what a Man says, who can fall into so indecent a Rage, and such an abject Submission, in the same Moment, for which I absolutely despise you. Upon which she rushed out of the Room. Sir *Timothy* had some Minutes behind, to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her Bed-Chamber, where she was prostrate upon the Bed, tearing her Hair, and naming twenty Coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a Degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the Servants in the Family were at their several Stations listening, whilst the best Man and Woman, the best Master and Mistress, defamed each other in a Way that is not to be repeated even at *Billingsgate*. You know this ended in an immediate Separation. She longs to return home, but knows not how to do it. He invites her Home every Day, and lies with every Woman he can get. Her Husband requires no Submission of her; but she thinks her very Return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it.

THUS, dear *Tom*, my great Advice to you is, Be guarded against giving or receiving little Provocations. Great Matters of Offence I have no Reason to fear either from you or your Husband. After this, we turned our Discourse into a more gay Style, and parted. But before we did so, I made her resign her Small Pox for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the Stench of the Mully.

BUT the wedding Morning arrived, and our Family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the Inconvenience *of making the* Ceremony and Festival more publick.

publick, than the modern Way of celebrating makes me approve of. The Bride next Morning out of her Chamber, dressed with all the Art and that Mrs. *Toilet* the Tire Woman could bestow on She was on her Wedding Day Three and Twenty. Person is far from what we call a regular Beauty; certain Sweetness in her Countenance, an Ease in Shape and Motion, with an unaffected Modesty in Looks, had Attractions beyond what Symmetry and actness can inspire without the Addition of these Ele ments. When her Lover enter'd the Room, her tures flush'd with Shame and Joy; and the inge Manner, so full of Passion and of Awe, with *Tranquillus* approached to salute her, gave me Omens of his future Behaviour towards her. The ding was wholly under my Care. After the Cere at Church, I was resolved to entertain the Com with a Dinner suitable to the Occasion, and pitched the *Apollo*, at the *Old Devil* at *Temple Bar*, as a sacred to Mirth, temper'd with Discretion, where *Johnson* and his Sons used to make their liberal I ings. Here the Chief of the *Staffian* Race appe and as soon as the Company were come into that Room, *Lepidus Wagstaff* began to make me Co ments for chusing that Place, and fell into a Dis upon the Subject of Pleasure and Entertainment, from the Rules of *Ben's* Club, which are in Gol ters over the Chimney. *Lepidus* has a Way very u mon, and speaks on Subjects on which any Ma would certainly offend, with great Dexterity. He us a large Account of the publick Meetings of a well turned Minds who had passed through this L Ages past, and closed his pleasing Narrative with a course on Marriage, and a Repetition of the foll Verses out of *Milton*:

HAIL, wedded Love! mysterious Law! true Sou
Of human Offspring, sole Property
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee Adulterous Lust was driven from Men
Among the bestial Herds to range; by thee,
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,

R

[illegible]
Of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
His [illegible] Lamp, [illegible] Wings
[illegible]
Of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To his proud [illegible]

IN these Verses, all the Images that can come into a young Woman's Head on such an Occasion are raised: but that in so chaste and elegant a Manner, that the Bride thanked him for his agreeable Talk, and we sat down to Dinner.

AMONG the rest of the Company, there was got in a Fellow you call a *Wag*. This ingenious Person is the usual Life of all Feasts and Merriments, by speaking Absurdities, and putting every Body of Breeding and Modesty out of Countenance. As soon as we sat down, he drank to the Bride's Diversion that Night, and then made Twenty double Meanings on the Word *Thing*. We are the best bred Family, for one so numerous, in this Kingdom; and indeed we should all of us have been as much out of Countenance as the Bride, but that we were relieved by an honest rough Relation of ours at the lower End of the Table, who is a Lieutenant of Marines. The Soldier and Sailor had good plain Sense, and saw what was wrong as well as another; he had a Way of looking at his Plate, and speaking aloud in an inward Manner; and whenever the *Wag* mentioned the Word *Thing*, or the Words, *[illegible]*, the Lieutenant in that Voice cried, *[illegible]*. The merry Man wondering, angry, and looking round, was the Diversion of the Table. When he offered to recover, and say, to the Bride's best Thoughts, *[illegible]*, says the Lieutenant, and so on. This silly Humour diverted, and saved us from the fulsome Entertainment of an ill

bred

bred Coxcomb, and the Bride drank the Lic
Health. We returned to my Lodging, and T
led his Wife to her Apartment, without the Cer
throwing the Stocking, which generally costs twe
Maidenheads, without any Ceremony at all.

N° 80. *Thursday*, October 13, 1709.

Grecian Coffee-house, October 12.

THIS learned Board has complained to m
exorbitant Price of late Years put upo
and consequently on Learning, which has raise
ward demanded by learned Men for their Ac
Labour. In order to regulate and fix a standard
Matters; Divines, Physicians, and Lawyers hav
large Proposals, which are of great Light and In
From the Perusal of these Memorials, I am cor
immediate Resolution, till I have Leisure to
Matter at large, *viz.* In Divinity, Fathers shal
lued according to their Antiquity; Schoolmen
Pound Weight, and Sermons by their Goodness,
own Profession, which is mostly Physick, Author
rated according to their Language. The *Greek* is
understood, and the *English* so well, I judge the
Value, so that only *Latin* shall bear a Price, and
according to its Purity, and as it serves best for
tion. In Law, the Value must be set accordin
Intricacy and Obscurity of the Author, and Bla
the Letter; provided always, that the Binding
Calves Skin. This Method I shall settle also w
tion to all other Writings; insomuch that even
Incubations, though hereafter printed by *Aldus*,
or *Stephanus*, shall not advance above one single

White's Chocolate-house, October 14

IT will be allowed me, that I have all along shewed great Respect to Matters which concern the Fair Sex; but the Inhumanity with which the Author of the following Letter has been used, is not to be suffered

SIR, *October 9*

'YESTERDAY I had the Misfortune to drop in at my Lady *Daggle*'s upon her Visiting Day. When I entered the Room where she receives Company, they all stood up indeed, but they stood as if they were to hate me rather than to receive me. After a long Pause, a Servant brought a round Stool, on which I sat down at the lower End of the Room, in the Presence of no less than Twelve Persons, Gentlemen and Ladies, sitting in Elbow Chairs. And to compleat my Disgrace, my Mistress was of the Society. I tried to compose myself in Vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my Legs or Arms, nor how to shape my Countenance, the Eyes of the whole Room being still upon me in a profound Silence. My Confusion was at last so great, that without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the Assembly to treat me at their Discretion. A Lecture from you upon these inhuman Distinctions in a free Nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like Perils for the future, and make it, as we say, As cheap sitting as standing. I am, with the greatest Respect, Sir,

Your most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

I R

P. S. I HAD almost forgot to inform you, 'That a 'fair young Lady sat in an armless Chair upon my Right 'Hand, with manifest Discontent in her Looks.'

SOON after the Receipt of this Epistle, I heard a very gentle Knock at my Door. My Maid went down, *and brought up Word*, that a tall, lean, black Man, well

well dressed, who said he had not the Honour to
quainted with me, desired to be admitted. I bid he
him up, met him at my Chamber Door, and the
back a few Paces. He approached me with grea
spect, and told me with a low Voice, He was the
tleman that had been seated upon the round Stool.
mediately recollected, that there was a Joint Stool
Chamber, which I was afraid he might take for
strument of Distinction, and therefore winked at m
to carry it into my Closet; I then took him b
Hand, and led him to the upper End of my
where I placed him in my great Elbow Chair;
same Time drawing another without Arms to it, fo
self to sit by him. I then asked him, At what
this Misfortune befel him? He answered, Betwe
Hours of Seven and Eight in the Evening. I
demanded of him, What he had eat or drank that
He replied, Nothing but a Dish of Water Gruel
a few Plums in it. In the next Place, I felt his
which was very low and languishing. These C
stances confirmed me in an Opinion which I had
tained upon the first reading of his Letter, that the
tleman was far gone in the Spleen. I therefore
him to rise the next Morning, and plunge into the
Bath, there to remain under Water till he was
drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six Days
sively; and on the Seventh, to repair at the
Hour to my Lady *Haughty's*, and to acquaint me
wards with what he shall meet with there; and p
larly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared
him so much as the Time before. The Gen
smiled; and by his Way of talking to me shewe
self a Man of excellent Sense in all Particulars,
when a Cane Chair, a Round or a Joint Stool,
spoken of. He opened his Heart to me at the
Time concerning several other Grievances; fo
being overlooked in public Assemblies, having h
unanswered, being helped last at Table, and pla
the back Part of a Coach; with many other Di
which have withered his Countenance, and worn
a Skeleton. Finding him a Man of Reason, I
into the Bottom of his Distemper. Sir, said I

more of your Constitution in this Island of *Great Britain*, than in any other Part of the World; and I the Favour of you to tell me, Whether you do not rve, that you meet with most Affronts in rainy Days? answered candidly, That he had long observed, that ple were less sawcy in Sunshine than in cloudy Wea- . Upon which I told him plainly, His Distemper the Spleen; and that though the World was very atured, it was not so bad as he believed it. I far assured him, That his Use of the Cold-Bath, with ourse of Steel which I should prescribe him, would ainly cure most of his Acquaintance of their Rude- , ill Behaviour, and Impertinence. My Patient ed, and promised to observe my Prescriptions, not getting to give me an Account of their Operation. s Distemper being pretty Epidemical, I shall, for the efit of Mankind, give the Publick an Account of the gress I make in the Cure of it.

From my own Apartment, October 12.

THE Author of the following Letter behaves him- so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him longer.

Honoured Sir, October 6.

I HAVE lately contracted a very honest and un- dissembled Claudication in my Left Foot, which will be a double Affliction to me, if (according to our *Tatler* of this Day) it must pass upon the World or a Piece of Singularity and Affectation. I must herefore humbly beg Leave to limp along the Streets fter my own Way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in Coach hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as Upright as a Ghost in a Tragedy, being not of a Stature to spare an Inch of Height that can any Way pretend to. I honour your Lucubra- tions, and am, with the most profound Submission,

Honoured Sir,

Your most Dutiful, and

Most Obedient Servant, &c.

NOT doubting but the Case is as the Gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. *Maplebeck* to deliver him out a Licence, upon paying his Fees, which shall impower him to wear a Cane till the 14th of *March* next; Five Months being the most I can allow for a Sprain.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 12.

WE received this Morning a Mail from *Holland*, which brings Advice, That the Siege of *Mons* is carried on with so great Vigour and Bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be Masters of the Place; all Things necessary being prepared for making the Attack on the Horn work and Ravelin of the Attack of *Bertaimont*, the Charge began with the Fire of Bombs and Grenadoes, which was so hot, that the Enemy quitted their Post, and we lodged ourselves on those Works without Opposition. During this Storm, one of our Bombs fell into a Magazine of the Enemy, and blew it up. There are Advices which say, The Court of *France* had made new Offers of Peace to the Confederates; but this Intelligence wants Confirmation.

ic manus ob Patriam pugnando Vulnera passi,
uique pii Vates & Phœbo digna locuti,
ventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
uiq; sui memores alios fecere merendo. Virg.

ere swarm the Souls of them who had fought bravely, and dy'd in their Country's Cause; here Pious Poets, who had spoke such things as Phœbus self might use; here the Inventors of useful Arts and Sciences, and such as had deserved a glorious Memory by their worthy Actions.

81. *Saturday*, October 15, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two Kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this Life, and imaginary Existence by which Men live in their e and Reputation. The best and greatest Actions have ceeded from the Prospect of the one or the other of ; but my Design is to treat only of those who have lly proposed to themselves the Latter as the principal ard of their Labours. It was for this Reason that cluded from my Table of Fame all the great nders and Votaries of Religion; and it is for this son also that I am more than ordinary anxious to ustice to the Persons of whom I am now going to k; for since Fame was the only End of all their rprizes and Studies, a Man cannot be too scrupulous llotting them their due Proportion of it. It was Consideration which made me call the whole Body he Learned to my Assistance, to many of whom I own my Obligations for the Catalogue of illustri Persons which they have sent me in upon this Oc on. *I Yesterday* employed the whole Afternoon in

comparing them with each other; which made so strong an Impression upon my Imagination, that they broke my Sleep for the first Part of the following Night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable Vision, which I shall beg Leave to describe in all its Particulars.

I DREAMED that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless Plain, that was covered with prodigious Multitudes of People, which no Man could number. In the Midst of it there stood a Mountain, with its Head above the Clouds. The Sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular Structure, that no Creature which was not made in an Human Figure could possibly ascend it. On a Sudden there was heard from the Top of it a Sound like that of a Trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the Hearts of those who heard it with Raptures, and gave such high and delightful Sensations, as seemed to animate and raise Human Nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable Multitude, who had Ears fine enough to hear or relish this Musick with Pleasure. But my Wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Syrens clothed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the Names of *Sloth*, *Ignorance* and *Pleasure*. They were seated on three Rocks, amidst a beautiful Variety of Groves, Meadows, and Rivulets, that lay on the Borders of the Mountain. While the base and groveling Multitude of different Nations, Ranks and Ages, were listening to those delusive Deities, those of a more erect Aspect, and exalted Spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great Bodies towards the Mountain from whence they heard the Sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

ON a sudden methought this select Band sprang forward, with a Resolution to climb the Ascent, and follow the Call of that Heavenly Musick. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of Assistance to him in his March. Several had their Swords drawn, some carried Rolls of Paper in their Hands, some had Compasses, others Quadrants, others *Telescopes*, and others Crowns: Some had Laurels on *their Heads*, and others Buskins on their Legs. In

short, there was scarce any Instrument of a Mechanick Art or Liberal Science, which was not made use of on this Occasion. My good *Dames*, who stood at my Right Hand during the Course of this whole Vision, observing in me a burning Desire to join that glorious Company, told me, he highly approved that generous Ardor with which I seemed transported; but at the same Time advised me to cover my Face with a Mask all the while I was to labour on the Ascent. I took his Counsel, without inquiring into his Reasons. The whole Body now broke into different Parties, and began to climb the Precipice by ten thousand different Paths. Several got into little Allies, which did not reach far up the Hill, before they ended and led no farther; and I observed, That most of the Artizans, which considerably diminished our Number, fell into these Paths.

WE left another considerable Body of Adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered By-ways up the Hill, which proved so very intricate and perplex'd, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several Turns and Windings; and tho' they were as active as any in their Motions, they made but little Progress in the Ascent. These, as my Guide informed me, were Men of subtle Tempers, and puzzled Politicks, who would supply the Place of real Wisdom with Cunning and Artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their Way, there were some that by one false Step fell backward, and lost more Ground in a Moment, than they had gained for many Hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observ'd, That all the different Paths, which ran about the sides of the Mountain, began to meet in two great Roads, which insensibly gathered the whole Multitude of Travellers into two great Bodies. At a little Distance from the Entrance of each Road, there stood an hideous Phantom, that opposed our further Passage. One of these Apparitions had his Right Hand filled with Daggers, which he brandished in the Face of all who came up that Way, Crouds ran back at the Appearance of it, and cried out, *Death*. The Spectre that guarded the other Road, was *Envy*: She was not armed with Weapons of

Destruction like the former; but by dreadful Hissings, Noises of Reproach, and a horrid distracted Laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch that Abundance of our Company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my Heart shrunk within me at the Sight of these ghastly Appearances. But on a sudden, the Voice of the Trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new Resolution reviving in us; and in Proportion as this Resolution grew, the Terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the Company, who had Swords in their Hands, marched on with great Spirit, and an Air of Defiance, up the Road that was commanded by *Death*, while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their Looks, went forward in a more composed Manner up the Road possessed by *Envy*. The Way above these Apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the Travellers went on with Pleasure, and in a little Time arrived at the Top of the Mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious Kind of Æther, and saw all the Fields about them covered with a Kind of Purple Light, that made them reflect with Satisfaction on their past Toils, and diffused a secret Joy through the whole Assembly, which shewed itself in every Look and Feature. In the Midst of these happy Fields there stood a Palace of a very glorious Structure. It had Four great Folding Doors, that faced the Four several Quarters of the World. On the Top of it was enthron'd the Goddess of the Mountain, who smil'd upon her Votaries, and sounded the Silver Trumpet which had called them up, and cheared them in their Passage to her Palace. They had now formed themselves into several Divisions, a Band of Historians taking their Stations at each Door, according to the Persons whom they were to introduce.

ON a sudden, the Trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a March, or Point of War, now swell'd all its Notes into Triumph and Exultation. The whole Fabrick shook, and the Doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming Hero, *and as I heard* by the Murmur [illegible]

the Great. He was conducted by a Crowd of Hiſtorians. The Perſon who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an imbroidered Garment, who not being well acquainted with the Place, was conducting him to an Apartment appointed for the Reception of fabulous Heroes. The Name of this falſe Guide was *Dictys Cretenſis*. But *Joſeph* and *Plutarch*, who knew better the Avenues of this Palace, conducted him into the great Hall, and placed him at the upper End of the firſt Table. My good Demon, that I might ſee the whole Ceremony, conveyed me to a Corner of this Room, where I might perceive all that paſſed without being ſeen myſelf. The next who entred was a charming Virgin, leading in a Venerable old Man that was blind. Under her left Arm ſhe bore a Harp, and on her Head a Garland. *Alexander*, who was very well acquainted with *Homer*, ſtood up at his Entrance, and placed him on his Right Hand. The Virgin, who it ſeems was one of the Nine Siſters that attended on the Goddeſs of *Fame*, ſmiled with an ineffable Grace at their Meeting and retired.

TULLY's Cato was now coming forward; and though moſt of the Hiſtorians offered their Service to introduce him, he left them at the Door, and would have no Conductor but himſelf.

THE next who advanced was a Man of an homely but chearful Aſpect, and attended by Perſons of greater Figure than any that appeared on this Occaſion. *Plato* was on his Right Hand, and *Xenophon* on his Left. He bowed to *Homer*, and ſat down by him. It was expected that *Plato* would himſelf have taken a Place next to his Maſter *Socrates*; but on a ſudden there was heard a great Clamour of Diſputants at the Door, who appeared with *Ariſtotle* at the Head of them. That Philoſopher with ſome Rudeneſs, but great Strength of Reaſon, convinced the whole Table, that a Title to the fifth Place was his Due, and took it accordingly.

HE had ſcarce ſat down, when the ſame Beautiful Virgin that had introduced *Homer* brought in another, who hung back at the Entrance, and would have excuſed himſelf, had not *his Modeſty* been overcome by the *Invitation of all who ſat at the Table*. His Guide and Behaviour

Behaviour made me eaſily conclude it was *Virgil*. *Cicero* next appeared, and took his Place. He had inquired at the Door for one *Lucretius* to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the Attendance of many other Writers, who all (except *Salluſt*) appeared highly pleaſed with the Office.

WE waited ſome Time in Expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great Retinue of Hiſtorians, whoſe Names I could not learn, moſt of them being Natives of *Carthage*. The Perſon thus conducted, who was *Hannibal*, ſeemed much diſturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the Board, of the Affronts he had met with among the *Roman* Hiſtorians, who attempted, ſays he, to carry me into the Subterraneous Apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the Impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to *Polybius*, who was the only Perſon, except my own Countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

THE *Carthaginian* took his Seat, and *Pompey* entered with great Dignity in his own Perſon, and preceded by ſeveral Hiſtorians. *Lucan* the Poet was at the Head of them, who obſerving *Homer* and *Virgil* at the Table, was going to ſit down himſelf, had not the latter whiſpered him, That whatever Pretence he might otherwiſe have had, he forfeited his Claim to it, by coming in as one of the Hiſtorians. *Lucan* was ſo exaſperated with the Repulſe, that he muttered ſomething to himſelf, and was heard to ſay, That ſince he could not have a Seat among them himſelf, he would bring in one who alone had more Merit than their whole Aſſembly: Upon which he went to the Door, and brought in *Cato* of *Utica*. That great Man approached the Company with ſuch an Air that ſhewed he contemned the Honour which he had a Claim to. Obſerving the Seat oppoſite to *Cæſar* was vacant, he took Poſſeſſion of it, and ſpoke two or three ſmart Sentences upon the Nature of Precedency, which according to him, conſiſted not in Place, but in intrinſick Merit; to which he added, that the moſt virtuous Man, wherever he was ſeated, was always at the upper End of the Table. *Socrates*, who had a great Spirit of Raillery with his Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a Virtue which took ſo little Pains to make itſelf agreeable. *Cicero* took the Occaſion to make a long Diſcourſe in Praiſe of *Cato*, which he uttered with much Vehemence. *Cæſar* anſwered him with a great deal of ſeeming Temper; but as I ſtood at a great Diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one Word of what they ſaid. But I could not forbear taking Notice, That in all the Diſcourſe which paſſed at the Table, a Word or Nod from *Homer* decided the Controverſy.

AFTER a ſhort Pauſe *Auguſtus* appeared, looking round him with a ſerene and affable Countenance upon all the Writers of his Age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhew him the greateſt Marks of Gratitude and Reſpect. *Virgil* roſe from the Table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable Gueſt to all, he appeared more ſuch to the Learned, than the Military Worthies. The next Man aſtoniſh'd the whole Table with his Appearance: He was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his Behaviour, and wore a Raiment curiouſly wrought with Hieroglyphicks. As he came into the Middle of the Room, he threw up the Skirt of it, and diſcovered a Golden Thigh. *Socrates* at the Sight of it, declared againſt keeping Company with any who were not made of Fleſh and Blood; and therefore deſired *Diogenes* the *Laertian* to lead him to the Apartment allotted for Fabulous Heroes, and Worthies of dubious Exiſtence. At his going out, he told them, That they did not know whom they diſmiſſed; that he was now *Pythagoras*, the Firſt of Philoſophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave Man at the Siege of *Troy*. That may be very true, ſaid *Socrates*; but you forget that you have likewiſe been a very great Harlot in your Time. This Exclamation made Way for *Archimedes*, who came forward with a Scheme of Mathematical Figures in his Hand; among which I obſerv'd a Cone and a Cylinder.

SEEING this Table full, I deſired my Guide for Variety to lead me to the Fabulous Apartment, the Roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæra's, and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical Figures, *which I wanted both Time* and Skill to unriddle. The

full Table was almoſt full: At the upper End ſat *Hercules* leaning an Arm upon his Club; on his Right Hand were *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes*, and between them *Æneas*; on his Left were *Hector*, *Theſeus*, and *Jaſon*: The lower End had *Orpheus*, *Paris*, *Thales*, and *Muſæus*. The Ushers ſeem'd at a Loſs for a twelfth Man, when, methought to my great Joy and Surprize, I heard ſome at the lower End of the Table mention *Isaac Bickerſtaff*: But thoſe of the upper End receiv'd it with Diſdain, and ſaid, If they muſt have a *Britiſh* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood*.

WHILE I was tranſported with the Honour that was done me, and burning with Envy againſt my Competitor, I was awaken'd by the Noiſe of the Canon which were then fired for the taking of *Mons*. I ſhould have been very much troubled at being thrown out of ſo pleaſing a Viſion on any other Occaſion; but thought it an agreeable Change to have my Thoughts diverted from the greateſt among the Dead and Fabulous Heroes, to the moſt Famous among the Real and the Living.

Ubi idem & maximus & honeſtiſſimus Amor eſt, aliquando præſtat Morte jungi, quam Vita diſtrahi.

Val. Max.

Where there is the greateſt and moſt honourable Love, it is ſometimes better to be joined in Death, than ſeparated in Life.

N° 82. *Tueſday*, October 18, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 17.

AFTER the Mind has been employed on Contemplations ſuitable to its Greatneſs, it is unnatural to run into ſudden Mirth or Levity; but we muſt *let the Soul ſubſide* as it role, by proper Degrees. My

late Conſiderations of the antient Heroes impreſſed a certain Gravity upon my Mind, which is much above the little Gratification received from Starts of Humour and Fancy, and threw me into a pleaſing Sadneſs. In this State of Thought I have been looking at the Fire, and in a penſive Manner reflecting upon the great Misfortunes and Calamities incident to Human Life; among which there are none that touch ſo ſenſibly as thoſe which befal Perſons who eminently love, and meet with fatal Interruptions of their Happineſs, when they leaſt expect it. The Piety of Children to Parents, and the Affection of Parents to their Children, are the Effects of Inſtinct: But the Affection between Lovers and Friends is founded on Reaſon and Choice, which has always made me think, the Sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than thoſe of the former. The Contemplation of Diſtreſſes of this Sort ſoftens the Mind of Man, and makes the Heart better. It extinguiſhes the Seeds of Envy and Ill-will towards Mankind, corrects the Pride of Proſperity, and beats down all that Fierceneſs and Inſolence which are apt to get into the Minds of the Daring and Fortunate.

FOR this Reaſon the wiſe *Athenians*, in their Theatrical Performances, laid before the Eyes of the People the greateſt Afflictions which could befal Human Life, and inſenſibly poliſh'd their Tempers by ſuch Repreſentations. Among the Moderns, indeed, there has aroſe a Chimerical Method of diſpoſing the Fortune of the Perſons repreſented, according to what they call Poetical Juſtice; and letting none be unhappy but thoſe who deſerve it. In ſuch Caſes, an intelligent Spectator, if he is concern'd, knows he ought not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch a Tenderneſs, but that he is a weak Creature, whoſe Paſſions cannot follow the Dictates of his Underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a Way of Thinking, to recollect thoſe Examples of Sorrow, which have made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion upon our Imaginations. An Inſtance or two of ſuch you'll give me Leave to communicate.

A YOUNG Gentleman and Lady of antient and honourable Houſes in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood *entertained for each* other a generous and noble

Paſſion, which had been long oppoſed by their Friends, by Reaſon of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Conſtancy to each other, and Obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their Relations, that theſe celebrated Lovers were at length joined in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridegroom was obliged to go into a Foreign Country, to take Care of a conſiderable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumſtances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occaſion; and I remember it was a common Sentence in every one's Mouth, *You ſee how faithful Love is rewarded.*

HE took this agreeable Voyage, and ſent Home every Poſt freſh Accounts of his Succeſs in his Affairs abroad; but at laſt (though he deſigned to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Buſineſs would detain him ſome Time longer from Home, becauſe he would give himſelf the Pleaſure of an unexpected Arrival

THE young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walked every Evening on the Sea Shore, near which ſhe lived, with a familiar Friend, her Huſband's Kinſwoman, and diverted herſelf with what Objects they met there, or upon Diſcourſe of the future Methods of Life, in the happy Change of their Circumſtances. They ſtood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquillity, obſerving the ſetting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the ſilent Heaving of the Waves, which gently roll'd towards them, and broke at their Feet; when at a Diſtance her Kinſwoman ſaw ſomething float on the Waters, which ſhe fancied was a Cheſt; and with a Smile told her, ſhe ſaw it firſt, and if it came aſhore full of Jewels, ſhe had a Right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themſelves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Couſin ſtill aſſerting her Right; but promiſing, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for the Child of which ſhe was then big, provided ſhe might be Godmother. Their Mirth ſoon abated, when they obſerv'd *upon the nearer* Approach, that it was a human Body. *The young Lady*, who had a Heart naturally fill'd with

Pity

Pity and Compaſſion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occaſion. Who knows (ſaid they) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy Houſe; the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleaſing themſelves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or, May he not be the Maſter of a Family that wholly depended upon his Life? There may, for ought we know, be half a Dozen fatherleſs Children, and a tender Wife, now expoſed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleaſure might he have promiſed himſelf in the different Welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful Sight! The beſt Office we can do, is to take Care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away, when a Wave threw the Corpſe on the Shore. The Kinſwoman immediately ſhriek'd out, Oh, my Couſin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when ſhe ſaw her own Huſband at her Feet, and drope in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurſe, came out about this Time to call the Ladies in to Supper, and found her Child (as ſhe always call'd him) dead on the Shore, her Miſtreſs and Kinſwoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Maſter to Life, ſoon awaked the Friend from her Trance, but the Wife was gone for ever.

WHEN the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one aſked any Queſtion, but the Objects before 'em told the Story.

INCIDENTS of this Nature are the more moving when they are drawn by Perſons concerned in the Cataſtrophe, notwithſtanding they are often oppreſſed beyond the Power of giving them in a diſtinct Light, except we gather their Sorrow from their Inability to ſpeak it.

I HAVE two original Letters written both on the ſame Day, which are to me exquiſite in their different Kinds. The Occaſion was this. A Gentleman who had courted a *moſt* agreeable young Woman, and *won her Heart, obtain'd* alſo the Conſent of her Pa-

rents,

ther, to whom she was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy that they should be married in the same Church where he himself was, in a Village in *Westmorland*, and made them set out while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, and the Bride her Maid: They had the most agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage; from whence the Bridegroom writ the following Letter to his Wife's Father.

SIR, March 18, 1672.

AFTER a very pleasant Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Hour in which I am to be your Son. I assure you the Bride carries it, in the Eye of the Vicar who married you, much beyond her Mother; though he says, your open Sleeves, Pantaloons, and Shoulder-Knot, made a much better Show than the finical Dress I am in. However, I am contended to be the second Fine Man this Village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before Night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful Son,

T. D.

THE Bride gives her Duty, and is as handsome as an Angel-------I am the happiest Man breathing.

THE Villagers were assembling about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Master would leave the Place on a sudden after the Wedding, and seeing him draw his Pistols the Night before, took the Opportunity to go into his Chamber and charge them. Upon their Return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Raillery on the Subject of the Courtship, the Lover took up a Pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and presenting it to her Head, with the most graceful Air, whilst she look'd pleased at his agreeable Flattery; Now, Madam, repent of all those Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your

Cafement,

Caſement; you ſhall die, you Tyrant, you ſhall die, with all theſe Inſtruments of Death and Deſtruction about you, with that inchanting Smile, theſe killing Ringlets of your Hair——Give Fire, ſaid ſhe, laughing. He did ſo, and ſhot her dead. Who can ſpeak his Condition? But he bore it ſo patiently as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch enter'd, and his Maſter lock'd the Door upon him. *Will.* ſaid he, Did you charge theſe Piſtols? He anſwer'd, Yes. Upon which he ſhot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidſt a thouſand broken ſobs, piercing Groans, and diſtracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Miſtreſs.

SIR,

I WHO Two Hours ago told you truly, I was the happieſt Man alive, am now the moſt miſerable. Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, killed by my Hand, through a Miſtake of my Man's charging my Piſtols unknown to me. Him have I murder'd for it. Such is my Wedding Day. ——I will immediately follow my Wife to her Grave: But before I throw myſelf upon my Sword, I command my Diſtraction ſo far as to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have ſtabb'd it. Poor good old Man!——Remember, he that killed your Daughter, died for it. In the Article of Death I give you my Thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myſelf. If it be poſſible, do not curſe me.

Scuilla

Senilis Stultitia, quæ Deliratio appellari ſolet, Se
vium eſt, non omnium. M. T. C.

That which is uſually called Dotage in old Men,
only to ſuch whoſe Brains are unſettled, and n
old Men.

Nº 83. *Thurſday*, October 20, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

IT is my frequent Practice to viſit Places of in this Town where I am leaſt known, to what Reception my Works meet with in the and what good Effects I may promiſe myſelf fr Labours: And it being a Privilege aſſerted by M *Montaigne*, and others, of vain-glorious Memory, we Writers of Eſſays may talk of ourſelves: I ta Liberty to give an Account of the Remarks which are made by ſome of my gentle Readers upon the Diſſertations.

I happened this Evening to fall into a Coffee near the *Change*, where Two Perſons were readi Account of the Table of *Fame*. The one of the commenting as he read, and explaining who was by this and t'other Worthy as he paſſed on. I ob the Perſon over againſt him wonderfully intent a tisfied with his Explanation. When he came to *Ceſar*, who is ſaid to have refuſed any Co duct the Table; No, no, ſaid he, he is in the Right he has Money enough to be welcome wherev comes; and then whiſper'd, He means a certain nel of the Train Bands. Upon reading, That *A* made his Claim with ſome Rudeneſs, but great St *of Reaſon*; Who can that be, ſo rough and ſo

It must be some Whig I Warrant you. There is ng but party in these publick Papers. Where *Pyrwas* is said to have a Golden Thigh, Ay, ay, said he has Money enough in his Breeches; that is the rman of our Ward. You must know, whatever ad, I found he interpreted from his own Way of and Acquaintance. I am glad my Readers can rue for themselves these difficult Points; but for the fit of Posterity, I design, when I come to write my Paper of this Kind, to make it an Explanation of y Former. In that Piece, you shall have all I have nended, with their proper Names. The faulty Chars must be left as they are, because we live in an wherein Vice is very general, and Virtue very parr; for which Reason the latter only wants Explan.

UT I must turn my present Discourse to what is of eater Regard to me than the Care of my Writings; is to say, the Preservation of a Lady's Heart. Little think I should ever have Business of this Kind on my ls more; but as little as any one who knows me d believe it, there is a Lady at this Time who pro- Love to me. Her Passion and good Humour you have in her own Words.

r. Bickerstaff!

I AD formerly a very good Opinion of myself; but t is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Bickerstaff, *for whom I am not ashamed to declare, I a very great Passion and Tenderness. 'Tis not for your for that I never saw; your Shape and Height I am ly a Stranger to: But your Understanding charms me, I'm lost if you don't dissemble a little Love for me. I ot without Hopes, because I am not like the tawdry gay s that are fit only to make Bone Lace. I am neither ish Young, nor Bedlam Old, but (the World says) a agreeable Woman.*

PEAK Peace to a troubled Heart, troubled only for and in your next Paper let me find your Thoughts of

ON'T think of finding out who I am, for notwithing your Interest in Dæmons, they cannot help you either

to

to my Name, or a Sight of my Face; therefore don't let them deceive you.

I CAN bear no Diſcourſe if you are not the Subject; and believe me, I know more of Love than you do of Aſtronomy.

PRAY ſay ſome civil Things in Return to my Generoſity, and you ſhall have my very beſt Pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it. I am

Your Admirer,
Maria.

THERE is ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the Favour of Women; and this Letter has put me in ſo good an Humour, that nothing could diſpleaſe me ſince I received it. My Boy breaks Glaſſes and Pipes, and inſtead of giving him a Knock of the Pate, as my Way is, (for I hate ſcolding at Servants) I only ſay, *Ah*, Jack! *Thou haſt a Head, and ſo has a Pin*, or ſome ſuch merry Expreſſion. But alas! How am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth Pair of Stockings on theſe poor Spindles of mine? *The Fair One underſtands Love better than I Aſtronomy!* I am ſure, without the Help of that Art, this poor meagre Trunk of mine is a very ill Habitation for Love. She is pleaſed to ſpeak civilly of my Senſe; but *Ingenium male habitat* is an invincible Difficulty in Caſes of this Nature. I had always indeed, from a Paſſion to pleaſe the Eyes of the Fair, a great Pleaſure in Dreſs. Add to this, that I have writ Songs ſince I was Sixty, and have lived with all the Circumſpection of an old Beau, as I am. But my Friend *Horace* has very well ſaid, *Every Year takes ſomething from us*; and inſtructed me to form my Purſuits and Deſires according to the Stage of my Life: Therefore I have no more to value myſelf upon, than that I can converſe with young People without Peeviſhneſs, or wiſhing myſelf a Moment younger. For which Reaſon, when I am amongſt 'em, I rather moderate than interrupt their Diverſions. But though I have this Complacency, I muſt not pretend to write to a Lady civil Things, as *Maria* deſires. Time was, when I could have told her, I had received a Letter from her *Fair Hands*; and, That if this Paper trembled as the

rude

read it, it then laſt expreſſed its Author, or ſome other gay Conceit. Though I never ſaw her, I could have told her, That good Senſe and good Humour ſmiled in her Eyes: That Conſtancy and good Nature dwelt in her Heart: That Beauty and good Breeding appeared in all her Actions. When I was Five and Twenty, upon Sight of one Syllable, even wrong Spelt, by a Lady I never ſaw, I could tell her, That her Height was that which was fit for inviting our Approach, and commanding our Reſpect; That a Smile ſat on her Lips, which prefaced her Expreſſions before ſhe uttered them, and her Aſpect prevented her Speech. All ſhe could ſay, though ſhe had an infinite deal of Wit, was but a Repetition of what was expreſſed by her Form; her Form! which ſtruck her Beholders with Ideas more moving and forcible, than ever were inſpired by Muſick, Painting, or Eloquence. At this Rate I panted in thoſe Days; but, Ah! Sixty-Three! I am very ſorry I can only return the agreeable *Maria* a Paſſion expreſſed rather from the Head than the Heart.

Dear Madam,

YOU have already ſeen the beſt of me, and I ſo paſſionately love you, that I deſire we may never meet. If you will examine your Heart, you will find that you join the Man with the Philoſopher: And if you have that Mad Opinion of my Senſe as you pretend, I queſtion not, but you add to it Complexion, Air, and Shape: But, dear Molly, a Man in his grand Climacterick is of no Sex. Be a good Girl; and conduct yourſelf with Honour and Virtue, when you love one younger than myſelf. I am, with the greateſt Tenderneſs,

Your Innocent Lover,

I. B.

Will's Coffee houſe, October 19.

THERE is nothing more common than the Weakneſſes mentioned in the following Epiſtle; and I believe there is hardly a Man living who has not been more or leſs injured by it.

SIR,

SIR, *Land's End*, Octob

'I HAVE left the Town ſome Time; and
'the ſooner, for not having had the Adva
'when I lived there, of ſo good a Pilot as you a
'this preſent Age. Your Cautions to the young
'againſt the Vices of the Town are very well
'there is one not leſs needful; which I think you
'omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond, (a G
'man ſo called from an honeſt blunt Wit he ha
'long ſince dead, this Obſervation, That a young
'muſt be at leaſt three or four Years in *London* bef
'dares ſay, *No*.

'YOU will eaſily ſee the Truth and Force o
'Obſervation; for I believe more People are
'away againſt their Inclinations, than with them
'young Man is afraid to deny any Body going
'Tavern to Dinner; or after being gorged there,
'peat the ſame with another Company at Supper,
'drink exceſſively, if deſired, or go to any other
'or commit any other Extravagancy propoſed.
'Fear of being thought covetous, to have no Mon
'to be under the Dominion or Fear of his Parent
'Friends, hinder him from the free Exerciſe of hi
'derſtanding, and affirming boldly the true R
'which is, his real Diſlike of what is deſired. I
'could cure this ſlavish Facility, it would ſave
'dance at their firſt Entrance into the World. I a

SIR,

Yours,

Solomon Aft

THIS Epiſtle has given an Occaſion to a Treat
this Subject, wherein I ſhall lay down Rules w
young Stripling is to ſay, *No*; and a young Virgin,

N. B. For the Publication of this Diſcourſe, I
only for Subſcriptions from the Under Graduates of
Univerſity, and the young Ladies in the Boarding-S
of *Hackney* and *Chelſea*.

St.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 19.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 25th of *October*, S. advise, That the Garrison of *Mons* marched out the 23d Instant, and a Garrison of the Allies marched o the Town. All the Forces in the Field, both of the my and the Confederates, are preparing to withdraw o Winter Quarters.

84. *Saturday*, October 22, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 21.

HAVE received a Letter subscribed *A. B.* wherein it has been represented to me as an Enormity, That re are more than ordinary Crowds of Women at the *d Baily* when a Rape is to be tried: But by Mr. *A. B.*'s vour, I can't tell who are so much concerned in that rt of the Law as the Sex he mentions, they being the ly Persons liable to such Insults. Nor indeed do I nk it more unreasonable that they should be inquisi- e on such Occasions than Men of Honour, when one tried for killing another in a Duel. It is very natural inquire how the fatal Pass was made, that we may better defend ourselves when we come to be at- ked. Several eminent Ladies appeared lately at the urt of Justice on such an Occasion, and with great tience and Attention staid the whole Trials of two rsons for the abovesaid Crime. The Law to me in- ed seems a little defective in this Point; and it is a ry great Hardship, that this Crime, which is com- tted by Men only, should have Men only on their ry. I humbly therefore propose, That on future rials of this Sort, *Half of* the Twelve may be Women; d *whole such whole Faces* are well known to have taken

Notes.

Notes, or may be ſuppoſed to remember what has in former Trials in the ſame Place. There is the *Androgyne*, that would make a good Fore-Woman Panel, who (by long Attendance) underſtands as Law and Anatomy as is neceſſary in this Caſe. T is taken Care of, I am humbly of Opinion, it wo much more expedient that the Fair were wholly a For to what End can it be, that they ſhould be at ſuch Examinations, when they can only be per with a Fellow Feeling for the injured, withou Power to avenge their Sufferings. It is an unne Pain which the Fair Ones give themſelves on the caſions. I have known a young Woman ſhriek ſome Parts of the Evidence; and have frequentl ſerved, That when the Proof grew particular and there has been ſuch an univerſal Flutter of Fans, th would think the whole Female Audience were fallin Fits. Nor indeed can I ſee how Men themſelves wholly unmoved at ſuch Tragical Relations.

IN ſhort, I muſt tell my Female Readers, and may take an old Man's Word for it, That there thing in Women ſo graceful and becoming as Mo It adds Charms to their Beauty and gives a new S to their Sex. Without it, Simplicity and Innocenc pear rude; Reading and good Senſe, maſculine; W Humour, laſcivious. This is ſo neceſſary a Qualifi for pleaſing, that the looſe Part of Womankind, Study it is to enſnare Mens Hearts, never fail to ſ the Appearance of what they know is ſo eſſential t End: And I have heard it reported by the youn lows in my Time, as a Maxim of the celebrated *Bennet*, That a young Wench, though never ſo hea was not worth her Board when ſhe was paſt her ling. This Diſcourſe naturally brings into my Thou Letter I have received from the virtuous Lady *W ſtick*, on the Subject of *Lucretia*.

Couſin Iſaac, *From my Tea-Table*, O

'I READ your *Tatler* of *Saturday* laſt, and w 'prized to ſee you ſo partial to your own Sex, 'think none of ours worthy to ſit at your Firſt T 'but ſure you can't but own Lucretia as famous

you have placed there, who firſt parted with her Virtue, and afterwards with her Life, to preſerve her Fame.'

Mrs. *RIDDLEWIG* has written me a Letter to the ſame Purpoſe: But in Anſwer to both my pretty Correſpondents and Kinſwomen, I muſt tell 'em, That although I know *Lucretia* would have made a very graceful Figure at the upper End of the Table, I did not think it proper to place her there, becauſe I knew ſhe would not care for being in the Company of ſo many Men without her Huſband. At the ſame Time I muſt own, that *Tarquin* himſelf was not a greater Lover and Admirer of *Lucretia* than I myſelf am in an honeſt Way. When my Siſter *Jenny* was in her Sampler, I made her get the whole Story without Book, and tell it me in Needle work. This illuſtrious Lady ſtands up in Hiſtory as the Glory of her own Sex, and the Reproach of ours; and the Circumſtances under which ſhe fell were ſo very particular, that they ſeem to make Adultery and Murder meritorious. She was a Woman of ſuch tranſcendent Virtue, that her Beauty, which was the greateſt of the Age and Country in which ſhe lived, and is generally celebrated as the higheſt of Praiſe in other Women, is never mentioned as a Part of her Character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon ſo celebrated a Story, which I mentioned only in Reſpect to my Kinſwomen; and to make Reparation for the Omiſſion they complain of, do further promiſe 'em, That if they can furniſh me with Inſtances to fill it, there ſhall be a ſmall Tea Table for apart in my Palace of Fame for the Reception of all of her Character.

Groom Coffee-houſe, October 21.

I WAS this Evening communicating my Deſign of producing obſcure Merit into publick Views; and propoſed to the Learned, that they would pleaſe to aſſiſt me in the Work. For the ſame End I publiſh my Intention to the World, that all Men of liberal Thoughts may know they have an Opportunity of doing Juſtice to ſuch worthy Perſons as have come within their reſpective Obſervation, *and who by Misfortune*, Modeſty, or Want of proper

proper Writers to recommend 'em, have escap
Notice of the reſt of Mankind. If therefore ar
can bring any Tale or Tidings of illuſtrious Perſo
glorious Actions, that are not commonly known,
deſired to ſend an Account thereof to me at *J. Mor*
and they ſhall have Juſtice done them. At the
Time that I have this Concern for Men and Thin
deſerve Reputation and have it not, I am reſolved
amine into the Claims of ſuch Antients and Mod
are in Poſſeſſion of it, with a Deſign to diſplace
in caſe I find their Titles defective. The firſt
Merits I ſhall inquire into, are ſome merry Gen
of the *French* Nation, who have written very
tagious Hiſtories of their Exploits in War, Lo
Politicks, under the Title of *Memoirs*. I am a
ſhall find ſeveral of theſe Gentlemen tardy, bec
hear of them in no Writings but their own. T
the Narrative of one of theſe Authors, you would
that there was not an Action in a whole Cam
which he did not contrive or execute; yet if yo
ſult the Hiſtory, or *Gazetts* of thoſe Times, you
find him ſo much as at the Head of a Party fro
End of the Summer to the other. But it is the V
theſe great Men, when they lie behind their Line
are in a Time of Inaction, as they call it, to paſ
their Time in writing their Exploits. By this I
ſeveral who are either unknown or deſpiſed in th
ſent Age, will be famous in the next, unleſs a
Stop be put to ſuch pernicious Practices. The
others of that gay People, who (as I am informe
live Half a Year together in a Garret, and write
ſtory of their Intrigues in the Court of *France*.
Politicians, they do not abound with that Species o
ſo much as we: but as ours are not ſo famous fo
ting, as for extemporary Diſſertations in Coffee
they are more annoyed with Memoirs of this Natu
than we are. The moſt immediate Remedy tha
apply to prevent this growing Evil, is, That I de
by give Notice to all Booksellers and Tranſlators
ſoever, that the Word *Memoir* is *French* for a L
and to require of them, That they ſell and tran
accordingly.

Will's Coffee-house, October 21.

COMING into this Place to Night, I met an old Friend of mine, who a little after the Restauration writ an Epigram with some Applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by Virtue of it, has been a constant Frequenter of this Coffee-house for Forty Years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of Friendship told me, He was glad to see me alive; for, says he, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, I am sorry to find you have raised many Enemies by your Lucubrations. There are indeed some, says he, whose Enmity is the greatest Honour they can shew a Man; but have you lived to these Years, and don't know, that the ready Way to obledge, is to give Advice? You may endeavour to guard your Children, as you call them; but — He was going on; but I found the Disagreeableness of giving Advice without being asked, by my own Impatience of what he was about to say. In a Word, I begged him to give me the Hearing of a short Fable.

A GENTLEMAN (says I) who was one Day slumbering in an Arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle Hums of a Lizard, a little Animal remarkable for its Love to Mankind. He threw it from his Hand with some Indignation, and was going up to kill it, when he saw an huge venomous Serpent gliding towards him on the other Side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with Gratitude upon his Friend that saved him, and with Anger against himself, that had thrown so little Sense of a good Office

N° 84. *Tuesday*, October 23, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 23.

MY Brother *Isaac Bickerstaff*, who is a Man of Business, came to me this Morning into my Study, and after *very many civil* Expressions in Return for what

kind

date Satisfaction in her Looks, which ſpoke her
much at Eaſe, but the Traces of her Countenance ſ
to diſcover that ſhe had been lately in a Paſſion, an
Air of Content to flow from a certain Triumph
ſome Advantage obtained. She no ſooner ſat do
me, but I perceived ſhe was one of thoſe Ladies
begin to be Managers within the Time of their
Brides.—Without letting her ſpeak (which I ſaw ſh
a mighty Inclination to do) I ſaid, Here has been
Huſband, who tells me he has a Mind to go Hom
very Morning, and I have conſented to it. It is
ſaid ſhe, for you muſt know - - - -Nay, *Jenny*, I
I beg your Pardon, for 'tis you muſt know—You
underſtand, that now is the Time to fix or alienate
Huſband's Heart for ever; and I fear you have h
little indiſcreet in your Expreſſions or Behaviour to
him, even here in my Houſe. There has, ſay
been ſome Words: But I'll be judged by you if h
not in the Wrong: Nay, I need not be judged b
Body, for he gave it up himſelf, and ſaid not a
when he ſaw me grow paſſionate, but, Madam, y
perfectly in the right of it: As you ſhall judge——
Madam, ſaid I, I am Judge already, and tell you
you are perfectly in the Wrong of it; for if it

every Circumſtance that has ever paſſed between you. If ſuch an Accident is ever to happen (which I hope never will) be ſure to keep to the Circumſtance before you; make no Alluſions to what is paſt'd, or Concluſions referring to what is to come: Don't ſhew an Hoard of Matter for Diſſention in your Breaſt; but if it is neceſſary, lay before him the Thing as you underſtand it, candidly, without being aſhamed of acknowledging an Error, or proud of being in the Right. If a young Couple be not careful in this Point, they will get into an Habit of Wrangling: And when to Diſpleaſe is thought of no Conſequence, to Pleaſe is always of as little Moment. There is a Play, *Jenny*, I have formerly been at when I was a Student. We got into a Dark Corner with a Porringer of Brandy, and threw Raiſins into it, then ſet it on Fire. My Chamber fellow and I diverted ourſelves with the Sport of venturing our Fingers for the Raiſins; and the Wantonneſs of the Thing was, to ſee each other look like a Damon, as we burnt ourſelves, and ſnatched out the Fruit. This Cantaſtical Mirth was called *Snap Dragon*. You may go into many a Family, where you ſee the Man and Wife at this Sport: Every Word at their Table alludes to ſome Paſſage between themſelves; and you ſee by the Paleneſs and Emotion in their Countenances, that it is for your Sake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole Game in burning each other's Fingers. In this Caſe, the whole Compoſe of Life is inverted, and the Ambition turns upon a certain Contention, who ſhall contradict beſt, and not upon an Inclination to excel in Kindneſs and good Offices. Therefore, dear *Jenny*, remember me, and avoid *Snap Dragon*.

I THANK you, Brother, (ſaid ſhe) but you don't know how he loves me; I find I can do any Thing with him. If you can ſo, why ſhould you deſire to do any Thing but pleaſe him? But I have a Word or two more before you go out of the Room; for I ſee you do not like the Subject I am upon: Let nothing provoke you to fall upon an Imperfection he cannot help; for if he has a reſenting Spirit, he will think your Averſion as unmoveable as the Imperfection with which you upbraid him. But *above all, dear Jenny*, be careful of one Thing, and

you will be ſomething more than Woman: that is, a Levity you are almoſt all guilty of, which is, to take a Pleaſure in your Power to give Pain. It is even in a Miſtreſs an Argument of Meanneſs of Spirit, but in a Wife it is Injuſtice and Ingratitude. When a ſenſible Man once obſerves this in a Woman, he muſt have a very great, or very little Spirit to overlook it. A Woman ought therefore to conſider very often, how few Men there are who will regard a meditated Offence as a Weakneſs of Temper.

I WAS going on in my Confabulation, when *Tranquillus* entered. She caſt all her Eyes upon him with much Shame and Confuſion, mixed with great Complacency and Love, and went up to him. He took her in his Arms, and looked ſo many ſoft Things at one Glance, that I could ſee he was glad I had been talking to her, ſorry ſhe had been troubled, and angry at himſelf that he could not diſguiſe the Concern he was in an Hour before. After which he ſays to me, with an Air aukward enough, but methought not unbecoming, I have altered my Mind, Brother; we will live upon you a Day or two longer. I replied, That's what I have been perſwading *Jenny* to aſk of you, but ſhe is reſolved never to contradict your Inclination, and refuſed me.

WE were going on in that Way which one hardly knows how to expreſs; as when Two People mean the ſame Thing in a nice Caſe, but come at it by talking as diſtantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honeſt inconſiderable Fellow, *Tim. Dapper*, a Gentleman well known to us both. *Tim.* is one of thoſe who are very neceſſary, by being very inconſiderable. *Tim.* dropp'd in at an Incident, when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry Way. My Siſter took this Occaſion to make off, and *Dapper* gave us an Account of all the Company he had been in to day, who was, and who was not at Home, where he viſited. This *Tim.* is the Head of a Species: He is a little out of his Element in this Town; but he is a Relation of *Tranquillus*, and his Neighbour in the Country, which is the true Place of Reſidence for this Species. The Habit of a *Dapper*, when he is *at Home*, is a light Broad Cloth with C[illegible] or *Red* Waiſtcoat and Breeches; and it is [illegible] that

their Wigs seldom hide the Collar of their Coats. They have always a peculiar Spring in their Arms, a Wriggle in their Bodies, and a Trip in their Gate. All which Motions they express at once in their Drinking, Bowing, or saluting Ladies; for a distant Imitation of a forward Fop, and a Resolution to overtop him in his Way, are the distinguishing Marks of a *Dapper*. These Under Characters of Men are Parts of the sociable World by no Means to be neglected: They are like Pegs in a Building: They make no Figure in it, but hold the Structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the Pillars and Columns. I am sure we found it so this Morning; for *Tranquillus* and I should perhaps have looked cold at each other the whole Day, but *Dapper* fell in with his brisk Way, shook us both by the Hand, called the Bride, mistook the Acceptance he met with among us for extraordinary Perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased, all the while he stay'd. His Company left us all in good Humour, and we were not such Fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great Chearfulness and Openness in our Carriage the whole Evening.

White's Chocolate House, October 14.

I HAVE been this Evening to visit a Lady who is a Relation of the enamour'd *Cleora*, and there heard the melancholy News of his Death. I was in Hopes, that Fox hunting and *October* would have recovered him from his unhappy Passion. He went into the Country with a Design to leave behind him all Thoughts of *Clarissa*; but he found that Place only more convenient to think of her without Interruption. The Country Gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his Gate, and never finding him merry or loud in their Company took him for a Roman Catholick, and immediately upon his Death seiz'd his *French* Valet de Chambre for a Priest; and 'tis generally thought in the Country, it will go hard with him next Sessions. Poor *Cynthio* never held up his Head after having received a Letter on *Clarissa*'s Marriage. *The Lady* who gave me this Account being far gone in Poetry and Romance told me,

If I would give her an Epitaph, ſhe would take C
have it placed on his Tomb; which ſhe herſelf h
viſed in the following Manner: It is to be made of
Marble, and every Corner to be crowned with w
Cupids. Their Quivers are to be hung up upon t
Cypreſs-Trees, which are to grow on each Side
Monument, and their Arrows to be laid in a great
after the Manner of a Funeral Pile, on which is
the Body of the Deceas'd. On the Top of each C
is to ſtand the Figure of a mourning Turtle-Dove
the uppermoſt Part of the Monument, the Godd
whom theſe Birds are ſacred, is to ſit in a dejected
ſture, as weeping for the Death of her Votary.
not tell you this Lady's Head is a little turned:
ever, to be rid of Importunities, I promiſed her a
taph, and told her, I would take for my Pattern t
Don *Alonzo*, who was no leſs famous in his Age
Cynthio is in ours.

The EPITAPH.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a Wound receiv'd under
His left Pap;
The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Surgeon could
Diſcover it.

READER;

If thou would'ſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *Eyes.*

No. 86. *Thurſday*, October 27, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

hen I came Home laſt Night, my Servant delivered me the following Letter:

SIR, *October* 24.

I HAVE Orders from Sir *Harry Quickſet* of *Staffordſhire*, Bart. to acquaint you, That his Honour Sir *Harry* himſelf, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow*, Kt. *Thomas Rentfree*, Eſq; Juſtice of the *Quorum*, *Andrew Windmill*, Eſq; and Mr. *Nicholas Doubt* of the *Inner Temple*, Sir *Harry*'s Grandſon, will wait upon you at the Hour of Nine to Morrow Morning, being *Tueſday* the 25th of *October*, upon Buſineſs which Sir *Harry* will impart to you by Word of Mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before hand ſo many Perſons of Quality came, that you might not be ſurprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many Years Abſence ſince I ſaw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

John Thrifty.

I received this Meſſage with leſs Surprize than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagined; for I knew the good Company too well to feel any Palpitations at their Approach: but I was in a very great Concern how I ſhould adjuſt the Ceremonial, and demean myſelf to all theſe great Men, who perhaps had not ſeen any Thing above themſelves for theſe twenty Years laſt paſt. I am ſure that's the caſe of Sir *Harry*. Beſides which, I was ſenſible that here was a *great Point in* adjuſting my Behaviour to the

simple 'Squire, so as to give him Satisfaction, a
oblige the Justice of the *Quorum*.

THE Hour of Nine was come this Mor
I had no sooner set Chairs, (by the Steward
and fixed my Tea Equipage, but I heard a
my Door, which was opened, but no one en
ter which followed a long Silence, which
at last by, Sir, I beg your Pardon; I think
better. And another Voice, Nay, good Sir
I looked out from my Window, and saw
Company all with their Hats off, and Arms
ferring the Door to each other. After many O
entered with much Solemnity, in the Order M
was so kind as to name 'em to me. But the
got to my Chamber Door, and I saw my
Sir *Harry* enter. I met him with all the Re
to so reverend a Vegetable; for you are to k
is my Sense of a Person who remains idle in
Place for Half a Century. I got him with
ers into his Chair by the Fire, without throw
any of my Cups. The Knight Batchelor tol
had a great Respect for my whole Family, a
with my Leave, place himself next to Sir
whole Right Hand he had sat at every Quart
this thirty Years, unless he was sick. The
the Rear whispered the young Templer, That
my Knowledge. I had the Misfortune, as t
Check by Jole, to desire the 'Squire to sit down
Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small Satisfactio
former, and Resentment of the latter. But I
Error too late, and got them as soon as I could
Seats. Well, said I, Gentlemen, after I have
how glad I am of this great Honour, I am
you to drink a Dish of Tea. They answered
all, That they never drank Tea in a Morning
a Morning! said I, staring round me. Upon
pert Jackanapes, *Nic. Doubt*, tipped me the V
put out his Tongue at his Grandfather. Here
profound Silence, when the Steward in his
Whip proposed, That we should adjourn to son
House, where every Body might call for
pleased, and enter upon the Business. We all

an Instant, and Sir *Harry* filed off from the Left, very discreetly, countermarching behind the Chairs towards the Door. After him, Sir *Giles* in the same Manner. The simple Squire made a sudden Start to follow; but the Justice of the *Sycoon* whipped between upon the Stand of the Stairs. A Maid going up with Coals, made us halt, and put us into such Confusion that we found all in a Heap, without any visible Possibility of recovering our Order. For the young Jackanapes seemed to make a Jest of this Matter, and had so contriv'd, by pressing amongst us, under Pretence of making Way, that his Grandfather was got into the Middle, and he knew no likely way of Quality to fit a Step, till Sir *Harry* moved first. We were fixed in this Perplexity for some Time, till we heard a very loud Noise in the Street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make them move, said, it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without Order or Ceremony, till we got into the Street, where we drew up in very good Order, and fil'd off down *Shore-Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a String, and pointing to his Acquaintance who pass'd by.

I MUST confess, I love to use People according to their own Sense of good Breeding, and therefore whipp'd in between the Justice and the Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard, that a common Conjurer should take Place of him, tho' an elder Squire. In this Order we marched down *Shore-Lane*, at the upper End of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a Pair of the Coaches kept the rest of us on this Side of the Street. However, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good Order before *Bro. Trebel's* Shop, who favoured our Rallying with great Humanity. From whence we proceeded again, till we came to *Dick's* Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old Difficulty, and took up the Street upon the same Ceremony. We proceeded through the Rutty, and were so necessarily kept in Order by the Situation, that we were now got

into the Coffee houſe itſelf, where, as ſoon as w rived, we repeated our Civilities to each other; which, we marched up to the high Table, whic an Aſcent to it incloſed in the Middle of the I The whole Houſe was alarmed at this Entry, ma of Perſons of ſo much State and Ruſticity. Sir called for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer*'s Letter. Boy brought the Ale in an Inſtant; but ſaid, did not take in the Letter. No (ſays Sir *H* Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to good Liquor at this Houſe. Here the Templer me a ſecond Wink, and if I had not looked very upon him, I found he was diſpoſed to be very fa with me. In ſhort, I obſerved after a long Pauſe the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon Buſine after their Morning Draught, for which Reaſon I for a Bottle of Mum; and finding that had no upon them, I ordered a ſecond, and a third: which Sir *Harry* reached over to me, and told a low Voice, that the Place was too publick for Bu but he would call upon me again To morrow M at my own Lodgings, and bring ſome more Friend him.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 26.

THOUGH this Place is frequented by a more Company than it uſed to be formerly; yet you very often ſome whom one cannot leave without the better for their Converſation. A Gentleman Evening, in a dictating Manner, talked I thought pleaſingly in Praiſe of Modeſty, in the midſt o or twelve Libertines, upon whom it ſeemed to hav a good Effect: He repreſented it as the certain I tion of a great and noble Spirit. Modeſty, ſaid the Virtue which makes Men prefer the Publick to private Intereſt, the Guide of every honeſt Underta and the great Guardian of Innocence. It makes amiable to their Friends, and reſpected by their very mies. In all Places, and on all Occaſions, it attract nevolence, and demands Approbation.

ONE might give Instances out of Antiquity, of the irresistible Force of this Quality in great Minds; *Cicero*, and *Cornelia Scipio*, the Son of the great *Africanus*, were Competitors for the Office of Pretor. The Crowd followed *Lentulus*, and his *Scipio* mattended. *Cicero* saw this with much Concern, and desiring an Audience of the People, he descended from the Place where the Candidates were to sit, in the Eye of the Multitude, pleaded for his Adversary, and with an ingenuous Modesty (which it is impossible to feign) represented to them, how much it was to their Dishonour, that a virtuous Son of *Africanus* should not be preferred to him, or any other Man whatsoever. This immediately gain'd the Election for *Scipio*; but all the Compliments and Congratulations upon it were made to *Cicero*. It is safer in this Case to say, Who had the Office, than the Honour. There is no Occurrence in Life, where this Quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the Battle of *Pharsalia*, *Pompey* marching towards *Lesbos*, the whole People of that Place came out in Procession to do him Honour. He thanked the Magistrates for their Respect to him; but desired them to perform their Ceremonies to the Conqueror. This gallant Submission to his Fortune, and Disdain of making any Appearance but like *Pompey*, was owing to his Modesty, which would not permit him to be so dim genuous, as to give himself the Air of Prosperity, when he was in the contrary Condition.

THIS I say of Modesty, as it is the Virtue which preserves a Decorum in the general Course of our Life; but considering it also as it regards our more Noble, it is the certain Character of a great Mind. It is memorable of the mighty *Cæsar*, that when he was murdered in the Capitol, at the very Moment in which he expired, he gathered his Robe about him, that he might fall in a decent Posture. In this Manner (says my Author) he went off, not like a Man that departed out of Life, but a Deity that returned to his Abode.

No 87. *Saturday*, October 29, 1709.

Will's Coffee houſe, October 28.

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater Pleaſure than the Dignity of Human Nature, which often ſhews itſelf in all Conditions of Life: For notwithſtanding the Degeneracy and Meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a thouſand Occaſions in which it breaks through its original Corruption, and ſhews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the Soul of Man, as the Ruin of a glorious Pile of Building; where amidſt great Heaps of Rubbiſh, you meet with noble Fragments of Sculpture, broken Pillars and Obeliſks, and a Magnificence in Confuſion. Virtue and Wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the Ruins, removing theſe diſorderly Heaps, recovering the noble Pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible according to their ancient Symmetry and Beauty. A happy Education, Converſation with the braveſt Spirits, looking Abroad into the Works of Nature, and Obſervations upon Mankind, are the great Aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious Work. But even among thoſe who have never had the Happineſs of any of theſe Advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch Exertions of the Greatneſs that is natural to the Mind of Man, as ſhew Capacities and Abilities, which only want theſe accidental Helps to fetch them out, and ſhew them in a proper Light. A Plebeian Soul to build the Ruin of this glorious Edifice, though incumber'd with all its Rubbiſh. This Reflection roſe in me from a Letter which my Servant dropp'd as he was dreſſing me, and which he told me was communicated to him as he is an Acquaintance of ſome of *the Perſons* mentioned in it. The Epiſtle is from one *Serjeant Hill* of the Foot Guards. It is directed, To

To Serjeant Cabe, *in the* Coldstream *Regiment of Foot-Guards, at the* Red-Lettice *in the* Butcher-Row *near* Temple Bar.

I WAS so pleased with several Touches in it, that I could not forbear shewing it to a Cluster of Criticks, who instead of Considering it in the Light I have done, examined it by the Rules of Epistolary Writing: For as these Gentlemen are seldom Men of any great Genius, they work altogether by Mechanical Rules, and are able to discover no Beauties that are not pointed out by *Bouhours* and *Rapin*: The Letter is as follows:

Comrade, *From the Camp before* Mons, Sept. 26.

'I RECEIVED Yours, and am glad yourself and 'your Wife are in good Health, with all the rest of 'my Friends. Our Battalion suffered more than I 'could wish in the Action. But who can withstand 'Fate? Poor *Richard Stevenson* had his Fate with a 'great many more: He was killed dead before we en'tered the Trenches. We had above 200 of our 'Battalion killed and wounded: We lost 10 Serjeants, '6 are as followeth: *Jennings*, *Castles*, *Roach*, *Sher'ring*, *Meyrick*, and my Son *Smith*. The rest are not 'your Acquaintance. I have received a very bad 'Shot in my Head myself, but am in Hopes, and 'please God, I shall recover. I continue in the 'Field, and lie at my Colonel's Quarters. *Arthur* is 'very well; but I can give you no Account of *Elms*; 'he was in the Hospital before I came into the Field. 'I will not pretend to give you an Account of the 'Battle, knowing you have a better in the Prints. 'Pray give my Service to Mrs. *Cook* and her Daugh'ter, to Mr. *Stoffet* and his Wife, and to Mr. *Lo'ver*, and *Thomas Hogsden*, and to Mr. *Ragdell*, and 'to all my Friends and Acquaintance in general who 'do ask after me. My Love to Mrs. *Stevenson*. I 'am sorry for the sending such ill News. Her Hus'band was gathering a little Money together to send 'to his Wife, and put it into my Hands. I have 'Seven Shillings and Three Pence, which I shall take

'Care

' Care to ſend her; wiſhing your Wife a ſafe Deliver
' and Both of you all Happineſs, reſt

Your aſſured Friend,

and Comrade,

John Hal

' WE had but an indifferent Breakfaſt, but the Moun
' ſeers never had ſuch a Dinner in all their Lives.

' MY kind Love to my Comrade *Hinton*, and Mr
' *Morgan*, and to *John Brown* and his Wife. I ſent tw
' Shillings, and *Stevenſon* Six pence, to drink with yo
' at Mr. *Cook*'s; but I have heard nothing from him. I
' was by Mr. *Edgar*.

' CORPORAL *Hartwell* deſires to be remem
' ber'd to you, and deſires you to enquire of *Edgar*, wha
' is become of his Wife *Pegg*; and when you write t
' ſend Word in your Letter what Trade ſhe drives.

' WE have here very bad Weather, which I doub
' will be an Hindrance to the Siege; but I am in Hope
' we ſhall be Maſters of the Town in a little Time, an
' then I believe we ſhall go to Garriſon.

I SAW the Criticks prepared to nibble at my Let ter; therefore examin'd it myſelf, partly in their Way and partly my own. This is (ſaid I) truly a *Letter* and an honeſt Repreſentation of that chearful Hero which accompanies the poor Soldier in his Warfare. I not there in this all the Topick of ſubmitting to our Deſtiny as well diſcuſs'd, as if a greater Man had bee placed, like *Brutus*, in his Tent at Midnight, reflect ing on all the Occurrences of paſt Life, and ſaying ha Things on Being itſelf? What Serjeant *Hall* knows o the Matter, is, that he wiſhes there had not been ſ many kill'd, and he had himſelf a very bad Shot in th Head, and ſhould recover if it pleaſed God. But h that as it will, he takes Care, like a Man of Honour as he certainly is, to let the Widow *Stevenſon* know that he had Seven and Three pence for her, and tha if he lives, he is ſure he ſhall go into Garriſon at laſt I doubt not but all the good Company at the *Red Lattice* drank his Health with as much real Eſteem as we

do of any of our Friends. All that I am concerned for, is, that Mrs. *Peggy Hartwell* may be offended at ſhewing this Letter, becauſe her Conduct in Mr. *Hartwell*'s Abſence is a little enquired into. But I could not link that Circumſtance, becauſe you Criticks would have loſt one of the Parts which I doubt not but you have much to ſay upon. Whether the Familiar Way is well hit in this Style or not? As for myſelf, I take a very particular Satiſfaction in ſeeing any Letter that is fit only for thoſe to read who are concerned in it, but eſpecially on ſuch a Subject.

IF we conſider the Heap of an Army, utterly out of all Proſpect of riſing and Preferment, as they certainly are, and ſuch great Things executed by them, it is hard to account for the Motive of their Gallantry. But to me, who was a Cadet at the Battle of *Coldſtream* in *Scotland*, when *Monk* charged at the Head of the Regiment, now called *Coldſtream* from the Victory of that Day; (I remember it as well as if it were Yeſterday) I ſtood on the Left of old *Weſt*, who I believe is now at *Chelſea*; I ſay, to me, who know very well this Part of Mankind, I take the Gallantry of private Soldiers to proceed from the ſame, if not from a nobler Impulſe than that of Gentlemen and Officers. They have the ſame Taſte of being acceptable to their Friends, and go thro' the Difficulties of that Profeſſion by the ſame irreſiſtible Charm of Fellowſhip, and the Communication of Joys and Sorrows, which quickens the Reliſh of Pleaſure, and abates the Anguiſh of Pain. Add to this, that they have the ſame Regard to Fame, though they do not expect ſo great a Share as Men above them hope for; but I'll engage Serjeant *Hall* would die Ten Thouſand Deaths, rather than a Word ſhould be ſpoken at the *Red Lattice*, or any Part of the *Butcher Row*, in Prejudice to his Courage or Honeſty. If you will have my Opinion then of the Serjeant's Letter, I pronounce the Style to be mixed, but truly Epiſtolary; the Sentiment relating to his own Wound, is in the Sublime; the Poſtſcript of *Pegg Hartwell*, in the Gay; and the Whole, the Picture of the braveſt Sort of Men, that is to ſay, a Man of great Courage and ſmall Hopes.

From my own Apartment, October 28.

WHEN I came Home this Evening, I found many Attempts to vary my Thoughts, that my Hea ran upon the Subject of the Diſcourſe to Night at *W* I fell therefore into the Amuſement of proportionin Glory of a Battle among the whole Army, and div it into Shares, according to the Method of the Mil Lottery. In this Bank of Fame, by an exact Calcula and the Rules of Political Arithmetick, I have all Ten hundred thouſand Shares; Five hundred thouſan which is the Due of the General, Two hundred thou I aſſign to the General Officers, and Two hundred t ſand more to all the Commiſſioned Officers, from Col to Enſigns; the remaining Hundred thouſand muſt b ſtributed among the Non commiſſioned Officers, and vate Men. According to which Computation, I find ſcant *Half* is to have one Share and a Fraction of Fifths. When I was a Boy at *Oxford*, there was an the Antiquities near the Theatre a great Stone, on w were engraven the Names of all who fell in the Ba of *Marathon*. The generous and knowing People of A underſtood the Force of the Deſire of Glory, and w not let the meaneſt Soldier periſh in Oblivion. Wer natural Impulſe of the *Britiſh* Nation animated with Monuments. What Man would be ſo mean, as not to and his Life for his Ten hundred thouſandth Part of Honour in ſuch a Day as that of *Blenheim* or *Ramil*

N° III. *Tueſday*, November 1, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, October 31.

I HAVE lately received a Letter from a Friend the Country wherein he acquaints me, That *or three* Men of the Town are got among them,

have brought down particular Words and Phrases, which were never before in those Parts. He mentions in particular the Words *Gunner* and *Gunster*, which my Correspondent observes they make use of when any Thing has been related that is strange and surprising; and therefore desires I would explain those Terms, as I have many others, for the Information of such as live at a Distance from this Town and Court, which he calls the great Mints of Language. His Letter is dated from *York*; and (if he tells me Truth) a Word in its ordinary Circulation does not reach that City within the Space of Five Years after it is first stamped. I cannot say how long these Words have been current in Town, but I shall now take Care to send them down by the next Post.

I MUST in the first Place observe, That the Words *Gunner* and *Gunster* are not to be used promiscuously; for a Gunner, properly speaking, is not a Gunster: Nor is a Gunster, *vice versâ*, a Gunner. They both indeed are derived from the Word Gun, and so far they agree. But as a Gun is remarkable for its destroying at a Distance, or for the Report it makes, which is apt to startle all its Hearers, those who recount strange Accidents and Circumstances, which have no Manner of Foundation in Truth, when they design to do Mischief, are comprehended under the Appellation of Gunners; but when they endeavour only to surprize and entertain, they are distinguished by the Name of Gunsters. Gunners therefore are the Pest of Society, but the Gunsters often the Diversion. The Gunner is destructive, and hated; the Gunster innocent, and laughed at. The first is prejudicial to others, the other only to himself.

THIS being premised, I must in the next Place subdivide the Gunner into several Branches: All, or the chief of which are I think as follows:

First, The Bombardeer.
Secondly, The Miner.
Thirdly, The Squib.
Fourthly, The Serpent.

AND *First*, Of the First. The Bombardier throws his *Balls sometimes into* the Midst of a City, with a View

ſign to fill all around him with Terror and Combuſtion. He has been ſometimes known to drop a Bomb in a Senate houſe, and to ſcatter a Pannick over a Nation. But his chief Aim is at ſeveral eminent Stations, which he looks upon as the faireſt Marks, and uſes all his Skill to do Execution upon thoſe who poſſeſs them. Every Man ſo ſituated, let his Merit be never ſo great, is ſure to undergo a Bombardment. It is further obſerved, that the only Way to be out of Danger from the Burſting of a Bomb, is to lie proſtrate on the Ground; a Poſture too abject for generous Spirits.

Secondly, The Miner.

AS the Bombardier levels his Miſchief at Nations and Cities, the Miner buſies himſelf in ruining and overturning private Houſes and particular Perſons. He often acts as a Spy, in diſcovering the ſecret Avenues and unguarded Acceſſes of Families, where, after he has made his proper Diſcoveries and Diſpoſitions, he ſets ſudden Fire to his Train, that blows up Families, ſcatters Friends, ſeparates Lovers, diſperſes Kindred, and ſhakes a whole Neighbourhood.

IT is to be noted, that ſeveral Females are great Proficients in this Way of Engineering. The Marks by which they are to be known, are a wonderful Solicitude for the Reputation of their Friends, and a more than ordinary Concern for the good of their Neighbours. There is alſo in them ſomething ſo very like Religion, as may deceive the Vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you ſee on it ſuch a Caſt of Cenſoriouſneſs, as diſcovers it to be nothing but Hypocriſy. *Chremilla* is a great Inſtance of a Female Miner. But as my Deſign is to expoſe only the Incorrigible, let her be ſilent for the future, and I ſhall be ſo too.

Thirdly, The Squib.

THE Squibs are thoſe, who in the common Phraſe of the World are called Libellers, Lampooners, and Lampleteers. Their Fire-works are made up in Paper; and it is obſerved, that they mix Abundance of Charcoal in their Powder, that they may be ſure to blacken *where* they cannot hurt. Theſe are obſerved to give a Conflagration

Conſternation and Diſturbance only to weak Minds; which, according to the Proverb, are always *more afraid than hurt*.

Fourthly, Serpents.

THESE Serpents are a pretty kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the reſt. They make Uſe of a Sort of white Powder, that goes off without any violent Crack, but gives a gentle Sound, much like that of a Whiſper; and is more deſtructive in all Parts of Life than any of the Materials made Uſe of by any of the Fraternity.

Come we now to the *Gunſters*.

THIS Race of Engineers deals altogether in Wind-Guns, which, by recoiling, often knock down thoſe who diſcharge them, without hurting any Body elſe; and according to the various Compreſſions of the Air, make ſuch ſtrange Squeaks, Cracks, Pops and Bounces, as it is impoſſible to hear without laughing. 'Tis obſervable however, that there is a Diſpoſition in a Gunſter to become a Gunner; and though their proper Inſtruments are only loaden with Wind, they often, out of Wantonneſs, fire a Bomb, or ſpring a Mine, out of their natural Inclination to Engineering; by which Means they do Miſchief when they don't deſign it, and have their Bones broken when they don't deſerve it.

THIS Sort of Engineers are the moſt unaccountable Race of Men in the World: Some of them have receiv'd above an hundred Wounds, and yet have not a Scar in their Bodies; ſome have debauched Multitudes of Women who have died Maids. You may be with them from Morning till Night, and the next Day they ſhall tell you a Thouſand Adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a Quality of having been preſent at every Thing they hear related; and never heard a Man commended, who was not their intimate Acquaintance, if not their Kinſman.

I HOPE theſe Notes may ſerve as a rough Draught for a new Eſtabliſhment of Engineers, which I ſhall hereafter fill *up with proper* Perſons, according to my own Obſervations

Obſervations on their Conduct, having already had on recommended to me for the General of my Artiller But that, and all the other Poſts, I intend to keep oper till I can inform myſelf of the Candidates, having reſolve in this Caſe to depend no more upon their Friends Wor than I would upon their own.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

I WAS this Morning awaked by a ſudden Shake the Houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of m Conſternation, I felt another, which was followed b two or three Repetitions of the ſame Convulſion. I g up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my Rapier, and ſnatche up my Hat, when my Landlady came up to me, ar told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next Hou begged me to ſtep thither, for that a Lodger ſhe ha taken in was run mad, and ſhe deſired my Advice, as n deed every Body in the whole Lane does upon importa Occaſions. I am not, like ſome Artiſts, ſawcy, becau I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our Neigh bour told us, ſhe had the Day before let her ſecon Floor to a very genteel youngiſh Man, who told he he kept extraordinary good Hours, and was generally Home moſt Part of the Morning and Evening at Study but that this Morning he had for an Hour together mad this extravagant Noiſe which we then heard. I went u Stairs with my Hand upon the Hilt of my Rapier, an approached this new Lodger's Door. I looked in at th Key hole, and there I ſaw a well made Man look wi great Attention on a Book, and on a ſudden jump in the Air ſo high, that his Head almoſt touched the Ceilin He came down light on his Right Foot, and again li up alighting on his Left; then looked again at his Boo and holding out his Right Leg, put it into ſuch a curvi ing Motion, that I thought he would have ſtaked it o He uſed the Left after the ſame Manner, when on ſudden, to my great Surprize, he ſtooped himſelf i creddibly low, and turned gently on his Toes. After th circular Motion, he continued bent in that humble P *ſture* for ſome Time, looking on his Book. After th *he recovered* himſelf with a ſudden Spring, and be

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round the Room in all the Violence and Disorder imaginable, till he made a full Pause for want of Breath. In this Interim my Women asked what I thought. I whisper'd, that I thought this learned Person an Enthusiast, who possibly had his first Education in the Perpatetick Way, which was a Sect of Philosophers, who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of Breath, I thought it the best Time to matter him if he were disordered, and knocked at his Door. I was surprized to find him open it, and say with great Civility and good Mien, That he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid Interval, and desired he'd please to let me see his Book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any Thing of it, and therefore asked in what Language it was writ. He said, It was one he studied with great Application; but it was his Profession to teach it, and could not communicate his Knowledge without a Consideration. I answered, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himself, for his Meditation this Morning had cost me three Coffee Dishes, and a clean Pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me he was a Dancing Master, and had been reading a Dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He observed me at a Stand, and went on to inform me, That now articulate Motions, as well as Sounds, were expressed by proper Characters; and that there is nothing so common, as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a Ground Room, for that other wise it would be impossible for an Artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his Thoughts this Morning would have shaken my Spectacles off my Nose, had I been myself at Study.

I THEN took my Leave of this Virtuoso, and returned to my Chamber, meditating on the various Occupations of rational Creatures.

Rura mihi placeant, riguique in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina amem Sylvasque; inglorius———

Me may wall-water'd Vales, and fruitful Trees,
And Woods, and Rivers, without Glory please.

Nº 89. *Thursday*, November 3, 1709.

Grecian Coffee-house, November 2.

I HAVE received this short Epistle from an unknown Hand.

SIR,

'I HAVE no more to trouble you with, than t
'desire you would in your next help me to som
'Answer to the Inclosed concerning yourself. In th
'mean Time I congratulate you upon the Increase o
'your Fame, which you see has extended itself beyon
'the Bills of Mortality.

SIR,

THAT the Country is barren of News, has been th Excuse, Time out of Mind, for dropping a Cor respondence with our Friends in London; *as if it were impossible out of a Coffee-house to write an agreeable Let ter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering o my Negligence with so common an Excuse. Doubtless among st Friends bred as we have been, to the Knowledg of Books as well as Men, a Letter dated from a Garden a Grotto, a Fountain, a Wood, a Meadow, or the Bank of a River, may be more entertaining than one from* Tom's Will's, White's, *or St.* James's. *I promise therefore to b frequent for the future in my rural Dates to you: But fo fear you should, from what I have said, be induced to be lieve I shun the Commerce of Men, I must inform you*

It

That there is a freſh Topick of Diſcourſe lately riſen amongſt the Ingenious in our Part of the World, and is become the more faſhionable for the Ladies giving into it. This we owe to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *who is very much cenſured by ſome, and as much juſtified by others. Some criticiſe his Style, his Humour, and his Matter; others admire the whole Man. Some pretend, from the Informations of their Friends in Town, to decypher the Author; and others confeſs they are loſt in their Gueſſes. For my Part I muſt own myſelf a profeſſed Admirer of the Paper, and deſire you to ſend me a compleat Set, together with your Thoughts of the* 'Squire and his Lucubrations.

THERE is no Pleaſure like that of receiving Praiſe from the Praiſe-worthy; and I own it a very ſolid Happineſs, that theſe my Lucubrations are approved by a Perſon of ſo fine a Taſte as the Author of this Letter, who is capable of enjoying the World in the Simplicity of its natural Beauties. This Paſtoral Letter, if I may ſo call it, muſt be written by a Man who carries his Entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of thoſe happy Men who appear far otherwiſe to the Vulgar. I dare ſay, he is not envied by the Vicious, the Vain, the Frolick, and the Loud; but is continually bleſſed with that ſtrong and ſerious Delight, which flows from a well taught and liberal Mind. With great Reſpect to Country Sports, I may ſay, this Gentleman could paſs his Time agreeably, if there were not a Hare or a Fox in his County. That calm and elegant Satisfaction which the Vulgar call Melancholy, is the true and proper Delight of Men of Knowledge and Virtue. What we take for Diverſion, which is a kind of forgetting ourſelves, is but a mean Way of Entertainment, in Compariſon of that which is conſidering, knowing, and enjoying ourſelves. The Pleaſures of ordinary People are in their Paſſions; but the Seat of this Delight is in the Reaſon and Underſtanding. Such a Frame of Mind raiſes that ſweet Enthuſiaſm which warms the Imagination at the Sight of every Work of Nature, and turns all round you into Picture and Landſkip. I ſhall be ever proud of Advices from this Gentleman; for I profeſs writing News from *the learned as well* as the buſy World.

AS

AS for my Labours, which he is pleaſed to after, if they can but wear one Impertinence out man Life, deſtroy a ſingle Vice, or give a M Chearfulneſs to an honeſt Mind; in ſhort, if the can be but one Virtue the better, or in any Deg vicious, or receive from them the ſmalleſt Addi their innocent Diverſions, I ſhall not think my P indeed my Life to have been ſpent in vain.

THUS far as to my Studies. It will be exp ſhould in the next Place give ſome Account of m I ſhall therefore, for the Satisfaction of the preſe and the Benefit of Poſterity, preſent the World w following Abridgment of it.

IT is remarkable, that I was bred by Hand, nothing but Milk till I was a Twelvemonth old which Time, to the 8th Year of my Age, I was o to delight in Pudding and Potatoes; and indeed a Benevolence for that Sort of Food to this Day not remember that I diſtinguiſhed myſelf in any at thoſe Years, but my great Skill at Taw, for was ſo barbarouſly uſed, that it has ever ſince gi an Averſion to Gaming. In my twelfth Year, I very much for two or three falſe Concords. At I was ſent to the Univerſity, and ſtaid there ſe Time; but a Drum paſſing by (being a lover talk) I liſted myſelf for a Soldier. As Years cam began to examine Things, and grew diſcontente Times. This made me quit the Sword, and tak Study of the Occult Sciences, in which I was ſo v up, that *Oliver Cromwell* had been buried, and t again, five Years before I heard he was dead. Th me firſt the Reputation of a Conjurer, which has great Diſadvantage to me ever ſince, and kept me all publick Employments. The greater Part of t Years has been divided between *Dick's* Coffee ho *Trumpet* in *Shoe Lane*, and my own Lodgings.

From my own Apartment, November 2.

THE Evil of unſeaſonable Viſits has been com *of to me* with much Vehemence by Perſons *Sexes*; and I am deſired to conſider this very w

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Circumstance, that Men may know how to regulate their Conduct in an Affair which concerns no less than Life itself. For to a rational Creature, it is almost the same Cruelty to attack his Life, by robbing him of so many Moments of his Time, or so many Drops of his Blood. The Author of the following Letter has a just Delicacy in his Point, and hath put it into a very good Light.

Mr. Bickerstaff, October 29.

I AM very much afflicted with the Gravel, which makes me sick and peevish. I desire to know of you, if it be reasonable that any of my Acquaintance should take Advantage over me at this Time, and afflict me with long Visits, because they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, Sir, reform the Town in this Matter. Men never consider whether the sick Person be disposed for Company, but make their Visits to humour themselves. You may talk upon this Topick, so as to oblige all Persons afflicted with Chronical Distempers, among which I reckon Visits. Don't think me a sour Man, for I love Conversation and my Friends; but I think one's most intimate Friend may be too familiar, and that there are such Things as unreasonable Wit, and painful Mirth.

IT is with some so hard a Thing to employ their Time, that it is a great Good Fortune when they have a Friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that State which cannot be called Sickness or Health; when he is too well to deny Company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon Case, if a Man is of any Figure or Power in the World, to be congratulated into a Relapse.

Will's Coffee House, November 2.

I WAS very well pleased this Evening to hear a Gentleman express a very becoming Indignation against a Practice which I myself have been very much offended at. There is nothing (said he) more ridiculous, than for an Actor to insert Words of his own in the Part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the Poet for the Player. You'll have *Penketheman* and *Bullock* helping out Beaumont

and

and *Fletcher*. It puts me in Mind (continued he) of Collection of antique Statues which I once saw in Gentleman's Possession, who employ'd a neighbourin Stone Cutter to add Noses, Ears, Arms, or Legs, to th maimed Works of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*. You may b sure this Addition disfigured the Statues much more tha Time had. I remember *Venus*, that by the Nose he ha given her, looked like Mother *Shipton*; and a *Mercur* with a Pair of Legs that seemed very much swell'd wit the Dropsy.

I THOUGHT the Gentleman's Observations ver proper, and he told me I had improved his Thought, i mentioning on this Occasion those wise Commentator who had filled up the Hemisticks of *Virgil*; particularl that notable Poet, who, to make the *Æneid* more per fect, carried on the Story to *Lavinia*'s Wedding. If th proper Officer will not condescend to take Notice of thes Absurdities, I shall myself, as a Censor of the People animadvert upon such Proceedings.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo. Hor

Let us now pursue serious Things, and bid adieu to Mirth and Play.

Nº 90. *Saturday*, November 5, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, November 4.

THE Passion of Love happened to be the Subject of Discourse between two or three of us at the Table of the Poets this Evening; and among othe Observations, it was remarked, that the same Senti ment on this Passion had run through all Language and Nations. *Menmius*, who has a very good Taste

fall into a little Sort of Dilemma on this Occasion. It is (said he) remarkable, that no Passion has been treated by all who have touch'd upon it with the same Bent of Design but this. The Poets, the Moralists, the Painters, in all their Descriptions, Allegories, and Pictures, have represented it as a soft Torment, a bitter Sweet, a pleasing Pain, or an agreeable Disease, and have only expressed the same Thought in a different Manner.

THE joining of Pleasure and Pain together in such Devices, seems to me the only pointed Thought I ever read which is natural, and it must have proceeded from its being the universal Sense and Experience of Mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same Manner. I have in my own Reading remarked an Hundred and three Epigrams, fifty Odes, and ninety one Sonnets, tending to this fole Purpose.

IT is certain, there is no other Passion which does produce such contrary Effects in so great a Degree. But this may be said for Love, that if you take it out of the Soul, Life would be insipid, and our Being but half animated. Human Nature would sink into Dullness and Lethargy, if not quickened with some active Principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to pollute the Mind in the Absence of this Passion, it must be allowed that they have greater Pains, without the Compensation of such exquisite Pleasures as those we find in Love. The great Skill is to heighten the Satisfaction, and deaden the Sorrows of it, which has been the End of many of my Labours, and shall continue to be so for the Service of the World in general, and in particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the best or the worst Part of it. It is pity that a Passion, which has in it a Capacity of making Life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost Advantage. Reason, Prudence, and Good Nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great End, provided they have always a real and constant Love to work upon. But this Subject I shall treat more at large in the History of my intended Nuptials, and in the mean Time shall conclude my Reflections on the Pains and Pleasures which attend this Passion.

with one of the fineſt Allegories which I think I ever read. It is invented by the Divine *Plato*, an ſhew the Opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcrib'd by hi his admired *Socrates*, whom he repreſents as diſcou with his Friends, and giving the Hiſtory of Love in following Manner.

AT the Birth of *Beauty* (ſays he) there was a Feaſt made, and many Gueſts invited. Among the was the God *Plenty*, who was the Son of the G deſs *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's tues. After a full Entertainment, he retired into Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great riety of Ambroſial Fruits, and ſeems to have be very proper Retreat for ſuch a Gueſt. In the m Time an unhappy Female called *Poverty*, ha heard of this great Feaſt, repaired to it in Hope finding Relief. The firſt Place ſhe lights upon *Jupiter*'s Garden, which generally ſtands open to ple of all Conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by Ch finds the God *Plenty* aſleep in it. She was imm ately fired with his Charms, laid herſelf down by Side, and managed Matters ſo well, that ſhe ceived a Child by him. The World was very m in Suſpence upon the Occaſion, and could not i gine to themſelves what would be the Nature of Infant that was to have its Original from two Parents. At the laſt, the Child appears; and ſhould it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, proved in all his Behaviour, what he really was Compound of oppoſite Beings. As he is the Son *Plenty*, (who was the Offspring of *Prudence*) he is tle, intriguing, full of Stratagems, and Devices; the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, ſer ding, delighting to lie at a Threſhold, or beneat Window. By the Father, he is audacious, full Hopes, conſcious of Merit, and therefore quick of ſentment: By the Mother, he is doubtful, timor mean ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in S miſſions. In the ſame Hour you may ſee him tr ported with Raptures, talking of immortal Pleaſu and appearing ſatisfied as a God; and immediately ter, as the mortal Mother prevails in his Compoſit

you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I HAVE been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories, and the like Inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt Inſtructors of Mankind have always made Uſe of: They take off from the Severity of Inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame Time that they conceal it. The ſuppoſing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the Birth of *Beauty*, the Parentage of *Plenty*, and the Inconſiſtency of this Paſſion with itſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great Maſter ſtrokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good Hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

From my own Apartment, November 4.

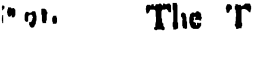
I CAME Home this Evening in a very penſive Mood; and to divert me, took up a Volume of *Shakſpear*, where I chanced to caſt my Eye upon a Part in the Tragedy of *Richard the Third*, which filled my Mind with a very agreeable Horror. It was the Scene in which that bold, but wicked Prince, is repreſented as ſleeping in his Tent, the Night before the Battle in which he fell. The Poet takes that Occaſion to let before him in a Viſion, a terrible Aſſembly of Apparitions, the Ghoſts of all thoſe innocent Perſons whom he is ſaid to have murdered. Prince *Edward*, *Henry* VI. the Duke of *Clarence*, *Rivers*, *Gray* and *Vaughan*, Lord *Haſtings*, the Two young Princes, Sons to *Edward* IV. his own Wife, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, riſe up in their Blood before him, beginning their Speeches with that dreadful Salutation, *Let me ſet heavy on thy Soul to Morrow*; and concluding with that diſmal Sentence, *Deſpair and die*. This inſpires the Tyrant with a Dream of his paſt Guilt, and of the approaching Vengeance. He anticipates the fatal Day of *Boſworth*, fancies himſelf dismounted, weltring in his own Blood; and in the Agonies of Deſpair (before he is thoroughly awake) ſtarts up with the following Speech:

GIVE me another Horſe——Bind up my Wounds! Have Mercy, Jeſu——Soft, I did but dream.

Oh Coward Conſcience! How doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blue! Is it not dead Midnight?
Cold fearful Drops ſtand on my trembling Fleſh,
What do I fear? My ſelf! &c.

A SCENE written with ſo great Strength of Imagination, indiſpoſed me from further reading, and threw me into a deep Contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different Kinds of good and bad Kings; and as this was the Birth Day of our late renowned Monarch, I could not forbear thinking on the Departure of that excellent Prince, whoſe Life was crowned with Glory, and his Death with Peace. I let my Mind go ſo far into this Thought, as to imagine to myſelf, what might have been the Viſion of his departing Slumbers. He might have ſeen confederate Kings applauding him in different Languages, Slaves that had been bound in Fetters, lifting up their Hands and bleſſing him, and the Perſecuted in their ſeveral Forms of Worſhip imploring Comfort on his laſt Moments. The Reflection upon this excellent Prince's Mortality had been a very melancholy Entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the Conſideration of the glorious Reign which ſucceeds it.

WE now ſee as great a Virtue as ever was on the *Pagan* Throne, ſurrounded with all the Beauty of Succeſs. Our Nation may not only boaſt of a long Series of great, regular, and well laid Deſigns, but alſo of Triumph and Victories; while we have the Happineſs to ſee our Sovereign exerciſe that true Policy which tends to make a Kingdom great and happy, and at the ſame Time enjoy the good and glorious Effect of it.



No 91. *Tuesday*, November 8, 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 7.

I WAS very much surprized this Evening with a Visit from one of the top Toasts of the Town, who came privately in a Chair, and bolted into my Room, while I was reading a Chapter of *Agrippa* upon the occult Sciences; but as she entered with all the Air and Bloom that Nature ever bestowed on Woman, threw down the Conjurer, and met the Charmer. I had no sooner placed her at my Right Hand by the Fire, but she opened to me the Reason of her Visit. "Mr. *Bickerstaff*, (said the fine Creature) I have been your Correspondent some Time, though I never saw you before; I have writ by the Name of *Aurelia*. You have told me, you were too far gone in Life to think of Love; therefore I am answered as to the Fellow I spoke of, and (continued the smiling) I will not stay till you grow young again, (as you Men never fail to do in your Dotage) but am come to consult you about disposing of myself to another. My Person you see; my Fortune is very considerable; but I am at present under much Perplexity how to act in a great Conjuncture. I have two Lovers, *Cassius* and *Lucio*: *Cassius* is prodigiously rich, but has no one distinguishing Quality; tho' at the same Time he is not remarkable on the defective Side. *Lucio* has travelled, is well bred, pleasant in Discourse, discreet in his Conduct, agreeable in his Person; and with all this, he has a Competency of Fortune without Superfluity. When I consider *Lucio*, my Mind is filled with an Idea of the great Satisfactions of a pleasant Conversation. When I think of *Cassius*, my Equipage, numerous Servants, gay Liveries, and various *Dresses*, are opposed to the Charms of his Wit

L 3 and

'val. In a Word, when I caſt my Eyes upon *Lorio*, 'I forget and deſpiſe Fortune; when I behold *Craſſus*, I 'think only of pleaſing my Vanity, and enjoying an un-'controuled Expence in all the Pleaſures of Life, except 'Love.' She pauſed here.

MADAM, ſaid I, I am confident you have not ſtated your Caſe with Sincerity, and that there is ſome ſecret Pang which you have concealed from me: For I ſee by your Aſpect the Generoſity of your Mind; and that open ingenuous Air lets me know, that you have too great a Senſe of the generous Paſſion of Love, to prefer the Oſtentation of Life in the Arms of *Craſſus* to the Entertainments and Conveniences of it in the Company of your beloved *Lorio*; for ſo he is indeed, Madam; you ſpeak his Name with a different Accent from the reſt of your Diſcourſe: The Idea his Image raiſes in you, gives new Life to your Features, and new Grace to your Speech. Nay, bluſh not, Madam, there is no Diſhonour in loving a Man of Merit; I aſſure you, I am grieved at this dallying with yourſelf, when you put another in Competition with him, for no other Reaſon but ſuperior Wealth. 'To tell you then (ſaid ſhe) the Bottom of my Heart, 'there's *Clotilda* lies by, and plants herſelf in the Way 'of *Craſſus*, and I am Confident will ſnap him, if I 'refuſe him. I cannot bear to think that ſhe will ſhine 'above me. When our Coaches meet, to ſee her 'Chariot hung behind with four Footmen, and mine with 'but Two: Hers, powder'd, gay, and ſawcy, kept 'only for Show; mine, a couple of careful Rogues 'that are good for ſomething: I own, I cannot bear 'that *Clotilda* ſhould be in all the Pride and Wan-'tonneſs of Wealth, and I only in the Eaſe and Affluence of it.'

HERE I interrupted: Well, Madam, now I ſee your whole Affliction; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier. Or rather, you could be ſolidly happy, but that another is to be happy in Appearance. This is an Evil which you muſt get over, or never know Happineſs. We will put the Caſe, Madam, that you married *Craſſus*, and ſhe *Lorio*. She anſwer'd, ſpeak not of it. I could tear her Eyes out.

out at the mention of it. Well then, I pronounce *Lorio* to be the Man; but I muſt tell you, that what we call ſettling in the World, is in a kind leaving it; and you muſt at once reſolve to keep your Thoughts of Happineſs within the Reach of your Fortune, and not meaſure it by Compariſon with others.

BUT indeed, Madam, when I behold that beauteous Form of yours, and conſider the Generality of your Sex, as to their Diſpoſal of themſelves in Marriage, or their Parents doing it for them without their own Approbation, I cannot but look upon all ſuch Matches as the moſt impudent Proſtitutions. Do but obſerve, when you are at a Play, the familiar Wenches that ſit laughing among the Men. Theſe appear deteſtable to you in the Boxes: Each of them would give up her Perſon for a Guinea; and ſome of you would take the Worſt there for Life for twenty Thouſand. If ſo, How do you differ but in Price? As to the Circumſtance of Marriage, I take that to be hardly an Alteration of the Caſe; for Wedlock is but a more ſolemn Proſtitution, where there is not an Union of Minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been Deſigns even upon me.

A Neighbour in this very Lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary Life, laid up a little Money, had a great Mind to marry me to his Daughter. I was frequently invited to their Table: The Girl was always very pleaſant and agreeable. After Dinner, Miſs *Molly* would be ſure to fill my Pipe for me, and put more Sugar than ordinary into my Coffee; for ſhe was ſure I was good natured. If I chanced to hem, the Mother would applaud my Vigour; and has often ſaid on that Occaſion, I wonder, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you don't marry, I am ſure you would have Children. Things went ſo far that my Miſtreſs preſented me with a wrought Night Cap and a laced Band of her own Working. I began to think of it in earneſt; but one Day, having an Occaſion to ride to *Iſlington*, as two or three People were lifting me upon my Pad, I eſpied her at a convenient Diſtance laughing at her Lover, with a Parcel of Romps of her Acquaintance. One of *them*, who I ſuppoſe had the ſame Deſign

upon me, told me ſhe ſaid, Do you ſee how briſkly my old Gentleman mounts? This made me cut off my Amour, and to reflect with myſelf, that no married Life could be ſo unhappy, as where the Wife propoſes no other Advantage from her Huſband, than that of making herſelf fine, and keeping her out of the Dirt.

MY fair Client burſt out a Laughing at the Account I gave her of my Eſcape, and went away ſeemingly convinced of the Reaſonableneſs of my Diſcourſe to her.

AS ſoon as ſhe was gone, my Maid brought up the following Epiſtle, which by the Stile, and the Deſcription ſhe gave of the Perſon, I ſuppoſe was left by *Nick Doubt*. Harkee, ſaid he, Girl, tell old *Baſket-hilt* I would have him anſwer it by the firſt Opportunity. What he ſays, is this:

ISAAC,

YOU ſeem a very honeſt Fellow, therefore pray tell me, Did not you write that Letter in Praiſe of the Figure and his Lucubrations your ſelf, &c.

THE greateſt Plague of Coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent Piece of good Senſe, as this Jackanapes has hit me in a right Place enough. I muſt confeſs, I am as likely to play ſuch a Trick as another; but that Letter he ſpeaks of was really genuine. When I firſt ſet up, I thought it fair enough to let myſelf know from all Parts, that my Works were wonderfully enquired for, and were become the Diverſion, as well as Inſtruction, of all the choice Spirits in every County of *Great Britain*. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my Readers found it, before this *Jackanapes* (I can call him no better) took upon him to obſerve upon my Style and my Baſket-hilt. A very pleaſant Gentleman of my Acquaintance told me one Day a Story of this Kind of Fallhood and Vanity in an Author.

MAEVIUS ſhewed him a Paper of Verſes, which he ſaid he had received that Morning by the Penny-poſt from an unknown Hand. My Friend admired *them extremely*. Sir, ſaid he, this muſt come from a

Man

that is eminent: You see Fire, Life and Spirit run gh the Whole, and at the same Time a Correctness, shews he is used to Writing: Pray, Sir, read them gain. He begins again, Title and all; *To* Mævius *incomparable Poems.* The second Reading was per d with much more Vehemence and Action than rmer; after which my Friend fell into downright res——Why, they are truly sublime! There is y in this Line! Description in that! Why! 'tis the itself! This is perfect Picture! *Mævius* could bear re; but, Faith, says he, *Ned*, to tell you the plain , I writ them myself.

HERE goes just such another Story of the same al Tenderness in *Bavius*, an ingenious Con rary of mine, who had writ several Comedies, were rejected by the Players. This my Friend s took for Envy, and therefore prevailed upon a eman to go with him to the Play house, and gave a new Play of his, desiring he would personate uthor, and read it, to baffle the Spite of the s. The Friend consented, and to reading they They had not gone over three Similies, before the Player made the Acting Author stop, and l to know, What he meant by such a Rapture? how it came to pass, that in this Condition of over, instead of acting according to his Circum s, he spent his Time in considering what his t State was like? That is very true, says the Author; I believe we had as good strike these out. By your Leave, says *Bavius*, you shall poil your Play, you are too modest; those very , for ought I know, are as good as any in your and they shall stand. Well, they go on, and article *and* stood unfortunately at the End of a , and was made to rhime to the Word *stand*. *Rufcius* excepted against. The new Poet gave at too, and said, he would not dispute for a Mo able——For a Monosyllable, says the real Au I can assure you, a Monosyllable may be of as Force as a Word of Ten Syllables. I tell you, *and* is the Connexion of the Matter in that Place; ut that *Word*, *you* may put all that follows now

any other Play as well as this. Besides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the sake of the Rhime. *Rovius* persisted, assuring the Gentleman, that it was impossible to speak it, but the *and* must be lost, so it might as well be blotted out. *Bavius* snatch'd his Play out of their Hands, said they were both Blockheads, and went off; repeating a Couplet, because he would not make his *Sixt* irregularly. A witty Man of these Days compared this true and feigned Poet to the contending Mothers before *Solomon*; The true One was easily discovered from the Pretender, by refusing to see his Offspring dissected.

Falsus Honor juvat, & mendax Infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum & mendacem? —— Hor.

Whom does false Honour delight, and lying Infamy disturb, but him, who is himself a Lyar, and full of Faults?

Nº 92. *Thursday*, November 10, 1709.

White's Chocolate house, November 9.

I KNOW no Manner of Speaking so offensive as that of giving Praise, and closing it with an Exception; which proceeds (where Men do not do it to introduce Malice, and make Calumny more effectual) from the common Error of considering Man as a perfect Creature. But if we rightly examine Things, we shall find, that there is a Sort of OEconomy in Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make Men more useful to each other, and mix them in Society. This Man having this Talent, and that Man another, is as necessary in Conversation, as one professing one Trade, and another another, is *beneficial* in Commerce. The happiest Climate does

not

produce all Things; and it was so ordered, that part of the Earth should want the Product of ano- for uniting Mankind in a general Correspondence good Understanding. It is therefore want of good as well as good Nature, to say, *Simplicius* has a Judgment, but not so much Wit as *Varus*; for hese have not each other's Capacities, is no more minution to either, than if you should say, *Simo* is not *Latius*, or *Latius* not *Simplicius*. The Hea- World had so little Notion that Perfection was to spected amongst Men, that among them any one ty or Endowment in an Heroic Degree made a *Hercules* had Strength; but it was never object him that he wanted Wit. *Apollo* presided over and it was never asked whether he had strength. ear no Exceptions against the Beauty of *Mino*- or the Wisdom of *Venus*. These wise Heathens glad to immortalize any one serviceable Gift, and ook all Imperfections in the Person who had it: vith us it is far otherwise, for we reject many nt Virtues, if they are accompanied with one ap- Weakness. The reflecting after this Manner, me account for the strange Delight Men take in g Lampoons and Scandal, with which the Age ds, and of which I receive frequent Complaints. mature Consideration, I find it is principally for eason, that the world of Mankind, the Libellers, s so much Encouragement in the World. The tace of Men take a secret Pleasure in finding an nt Character levelled to their Condition by a Re- f its Defects, and keep themselves in Countenance, h they are excelled in a thousand Virtues, if they s they have in common with a great Person any fault. The Libeller falls in with this Humour, gratifies this Baseness of Temper, which is natu- in Enemy to extraordinary Merit. It is from this, ibel and Satire are promiscuously joined together Notions of the Vulgar, though the Satirist and er differ as much as the Magistrate, and the Mur- In the Consideration of Human Life, the Sa- never falls upon Persons who are not glaringly , *and the Libeller* on none but who are conspicu-

ously

ously commendable. Were I to expose any Vic good or great Man, it should certainly be by co it in some one where that Crime was the most disti ing Part of the Character; as Pages are chastized Admonition of Princes. When it is performed oth the Vicious are kept in Credit, by placing Men of in the same Accusation. But all the Pasquils, La and Libels, we meet with now a days, are a Sort o ing with the four and twenty Letters, and throwin into Names and Characters, without Sense, Truth In this Case, I am in great Perplexity to know they mean, and should be in Distress for those they if I did not see their Judgment and Ingenuity i they commend. This is the true Way of exa a Libel; and when Men consider, that no on living thinks the better of their Heroes and Patr the Panegyrick given them, none can think the lessened by their Invective. The Hero or Patr Libel, is but a Scavenger to carry off the Dirt, that very Employment is the filthiest Creature Street. Dedications and Panegyricks are frequen diculous, let them be addressed where they will; the Front, or in the Body of a Libel, to com Man, is saying to the Persons applauded, *My L Sir, I have pulled down all Men that the rest World think Great and Honourable, and here is Stage; you may as you please be valiant or wise, y choose to be on the Military or Civil Lift; for the one brave who commands, or just who has Power may rule the World now it is empty, which expl when it was full: I have knocked out the Brains whom Mankind thought good for any Thing; and not, but you will reward that Invention, which fo the only Expedient to make your Lordship, or your L of any Consideration.*

HAD I the Honour to be in a Libel, and ha ped the Approbation of the Author, I should look it exactly in this Manner. But tho' it is a Thi perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debased Performances, yet it is not so with relation to t thors of them; therefore I shall, for the Good Country, hereafter take upon me to point

tches. What is already pass'd, may die away ac
ing to its Nature, and continue in its present Obli
; but for the future, I shall take Notice of such Ene
to Honour and Virtue, and preserve them to Im
tal Infamy: Their Names shall give fresh Offence
y Ages hence, and be detested a Thousand Years af
he Commission of their Crime. It shall not avail,
these Children of Infamy publish their Works under
ed Names, or under none at all; for I am so per
y well acquainted with the Styles of all my Contem
ries, that I shall not fail of doing them Justice, with
proper Names, and at their full Length. Let there
these Miscreants enjoy their present Act of Oblivion,
take Care how they offend hereafter.

UT to avert our Eyes from such Objects, it is
hinks but requisite to settle our Opinion in the
of Praise and Blame: And I believe, the only
Way to cure that Sensibility of Reproach, which
common Weakness with the most virtuous Men,
o fix their Regard firmly upon only what is strictly
, in relation to their Advantage, as well as Diminu
. For if I am pleased with Commendation which
not deserve, I shall from the same Temper be con
ed at Scandal I do not deserve. But he that can
k of false Applause with as much Contempt as
Detraction, will certainly be prepared for all Ad
tures, and will become all Occasions. Undeserved
ise can please only those who want Merit, and un
erved Reproach frighten only those who want Since
. I have thought of this with so much Attention,
I fancy there can be no other Method in Nature
nd for the Cure of that Delicacy, which gives
d Men Pain under Calumny, but placing Satis
ion no where but in a just Sense of their own Inte
y, without Regard to the Opinion of others. If we
e not such a Foundation as this, there is no Help
inst Scandal, but being in Obscurity, which to noble
nds is not being at all. The Truth of it is, this
ve of Praise dwells most in great and heroic Spi
; and those who best deserve it, have generally the
st exquisite Relish of it. Methinks I see the Re
vned Alexander, after a painful and Glorious March,

amidſt the Heats of a parched Soil and a burning Cli ſitting over the Head of a Fountain, and after a Dr of Water pronounce that memorable Saying, Oh *nians!* How much do I ſuffer that you may ſpeak w me? The *Athenians* were at that Time the Learn the World, and their Libels againſt *Alexander* were ten as he was a profeſſed Enemy of their State: Bu monſtrous would ſuch Invectives have appear'd in *donians.*

AS Love of Reputation is a darling Paſſion in Men, ſo the Defence of them in this particular Buſineſs of every Man of Honour and Honeſty. ſhould run on ſuch an Occaſion (as if a publick Bu was on Fire) to their Relief; and all who ſpread or liſh ſuch deteſtable Pieces as traduce their Merit, ſ be uſed like Incendiaries. It is the common Cauſe Country to ſupport the Reputation of thoſe who pr it againſt Invaders; and every Man is attacked in the ſon of that Neighbour who deſerves well of him.

From my own Apartment, November 9.

THE Chat I had to Day at *White*'s about Fame Scandal, put me in Mind of a Perſon who has ofter to me unregarded, and has a very moderate Ambiti this Particular. His Name it ſeems is *Charles Lillie*, he recommends himſelf to my Obſervation as one ſold Snuff next Door to the *Fountain Tavern* in the *St* and was burnt out when he began to have a Reputati his Way.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

I *Suppoſe, through a Hurry of Buſineſs, you have forgot me, or loſt my laſt of this Nature, which to beg the Favour of being advantagiouſly expoſed in Paper, chiefly for the Reputation of Snuff. Be pleaſ pardon this Trouble from*

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

I AM a Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beau Buildings* in the Strand.

T

THIS ſame *Charles* leaves it to me to ſay what I will of him; and I am not a little pleaſed with the ingenuous Manner of his Addreſs. Taking Snuff is what I have declar'd againſt; but as his Holineſs the Pope allows Whoring for the Taxes raiſed by the Ladies of Pleaſure; ſo I, to repair the Loſs of an unhappy Trader, indulge all Perſons in that Cuſtom who buy of *Charles*. There is ſomething ſo particular in the Requeſt of the Man, that I ſhall ſend for him before me, and believe, I ſhall find he has a Genius for Bawbles: If ſo, I ſhall, for ought I know, at his Shop, give licenſed Canes to thoſe who are really lame, and Tubes to thoſe who are unfeignedly ſhort ſighted; and forbid all others to vend the ſame.

N° 93. *Saturday*, November 12, 1709.

Will's Coffee houſe, November 11.

THE *French* Humour of writing Epiſtles, and publiſhing their fulſome Compliments to each other, is a Thing I frequently complain of in this Place. It is, methinks, from the Prevalence of this ſilly Cuſtom, that there is ſo little Inſtruction in the Converſation of our diſtant Friends: For which Reaſon, during the whole Courſe of my Life, I have deſired my Acquaintance, when they write to me, rather to ſay ſomething which ſhould make me wiſh myſelf with them, than make me Compliments that they wiſhed themſelves with me. By this Means, I have by me a Collection of Letters from moſt Parts of the World, which are as naturally of the Growth of the Place, as any Herb, Tree, or Plant, of the Soil. This I take to be the proper Uſe of an Epiſtolary Commerce. To deſire to know how *Damon* goes on with his Courtſhip to *Silvia*, or how the Wine taſtes at the *Old Devil*, are thread bare Subjects, and cold Treats, which our abſent Friends might have given us without going out of *Town* for them. A Friend of mine, who went

went to travel, uſed me far otherwiſe; for he gave m
Proſpect of the Place, or an Account of the People, fr
every Country through which he paſſed. Among oth
which I was looking over this Evening, I am not a lit
delighted with this which follows:

Dear Sir,

I believe this is the firſt Letter that ever ſent from the Middle Region, where I am at this pre writing. Not to keep you in Suſpenſe, it comes to you fi the Top of the higheſt Mountain in Switzerland, *wher am now ſhivering among the eternal Froſts and Snows. can ſcarce forbear dating it in* December, *tho' they call the Firſt of* Auguſt *at the Bottom of the Mountain. aſſure you, I can hardly keep my Ink from freezing in Middle of the Dog Days. I am here entertained with prettieſt Variety of Snow-Proſpects that you can imagi and have ſeveral Pits of it before me, that are very n as old as the Mountain itſelf; for in this Country, it is laſting as Marble. I am now upon a Spot of it, wh they tell me fell about the Reign of* Charlemain *or K.* Pepin. *The Inhabitants of the Country are as great C rioſities as the Country itſelf: They generally hire themſel out in their Youth, and if they are Muſket-proof till ab Fifty, they bring Home the Money they have got, and Limbs they have left, to paſs the reſt of their Time am their native Mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the Pl who is come off with the Loſs of an Eye only, told me Way of Boaſt, That there were now ſeven Wooden Leg his Family; and that for theſe four Generations, there not been one in his Line that carry'd a whole Body t him to the Grave. I believe you will think the Style this Letter a little extraordinary; but the* Rehearſal *tell you, that* People in Clouds muſt not be confined ſpeak Senſe; *and I hope we that are above them may c the ſame Privilege. Where ever I am, I ſhall*

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Serv

I THINK they ought, in thoſe Parts where the Materials are ſo eaſy to work, and at the ſame Time ſo durable (when any one of their Heroes comes Home from the Wars) to erect his Statue in Snow upon the Mountains, there to remain from Generation to Generation.

A GENTLEMAN, who is apt to expatiate upon any Hint, took this Occaſion to deliver his Opinion upon our ordinary Method of ſending young Gentlemen to travel for their Education. It is certain, ſaid he, if Gentlemen travel at an Age proper for them, during the Courſe of their Voyages, their Accounts to their Friends, and after their Return, their Diſcourſes and Converſations will have in them ſomething above what we can meet with from thoſe who have not had thoſe Advantages. At the ſame Time it is to be obſerved, that every Temper and Genius is not qualified for this Way of Improvement. Men may change their Climate, but they cannot their Nature. A Man that goes out a Fool, cannot ride or ſail himſelf into common Senſe. Therefore let me but walk over *London Bridge* with a young Man, and I'll tell you infallibly whether going over the *Rialto* at *Venice* will make him wiſer.

IT is not to be imagined how many I have ſaved in my Time from Baniſhment, by letting their Parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much Tenderneſs. There is my Couſin *Harry* has a Son, who is the dulleſt Mortal that was ever born into our Houſe; He had got his Trunk and his Books all packed up to be tranſported into Foreign Parts, for no Reaſon but becauſe the Boy never talked; and his Father ſaid, he wanted to know the World. I could not ſay to a fond Parent that the Boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, the Youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have ſome Doubts about Religion, with which it was not proper to go into *Roman* Catholick Countries. He is accordingly kept here till he declares himſelf upon ſome Points, which I am ſure he will never think of. By this Means I have prevented the Diſhonour of having a Fool of our Houſe laughed at in all Parts of *Europe*. He is now with his Father upon his own Eſtate, and he has *ſent to* me to get him a Wife, which I ſhall do

do with all convenient Speed; but it ſhall be ſuch a one whole good Nature ſhall hide his Faults, and good Senſe ſupply 'em. The Truth of it is, that Race is of the true *Britiſh* Kind: They are of our Country only: I hurts them to tranſplant them, and they are deſtroyed if you pretend to improve them. Men of this ſolid Make are not to be hurried up and down the World for (if I may ſo ſpeak) they are naturally at their Reſt. Kind; and it is an impertinent Part to diſturb their Repoſe, that they may give you only an Hiſtory of their bodily Occurrences, which is all they are capable of obſerving. *Harry* had an elder Brother who was tried after this Way. I remember all he could talk of at his Return, was, That he had like to have been drowned; for ſuch a Place, he fell out of a Chaiſe at another, he had a better Stomach when he moved Northward than when he turned his Courſe to the Parts in the South, and ſo forth. It is therefore very much to be conſidered, what Senſe a Perſon has of Things when he is ſetting out and if he then knows none of his Friends and Acquaintance but by their Clothes and Faces, it is my humble Opinion, that he ſtay at Home. His Parents ſhould take Care to marry him, and ſee what they can get out of him that Way: for there is a certain Sort of Men, who are no otherwiſe to be regarded but as the deſcend from Men of Conſequence, and may beget valuable Succeſſors. And if we conſider that Men are to be eſteemed only as they are uſeful, while a ſtupid Wretch is at the Head of a great Family, we may ſay, the Race is ſuſpended, as properly as when it is all gone, we ſay it is extinct.

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I HAD ſeveral Hints and Advertiſements from unknown Hands, that ſome, who are Enemies to my Hours, deſign to demand the faſhionable Way of Satisfaction for the Diſturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confeſs, as Things now ſtand, I don't know how to deny ſuch Inviters, and am preparing myſelf accordingly: I have bought Pumps and Files, and am *every Morning* practiſing in my Chamber. My Neigh-

hour, the Dancing Master, has demanded of me. Why I take this Liberty, since I would not allow it him? But I answered, His was an Act of an indifferent Nature, and mine of Necessity. My late Treatise against Duels have so far disobliged the Fraternity of the noble Science of Defence, that I can get none of them to throw me in much as one Pass. I am therefore obliged to learn by Book; and have accordingly bought Volumes, wherein all the Postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting People see me at this Exercise, because of my Flannel Waistcoat, and my Spectacles, which I am forced to put on, the better to observe the Posture of the Enemy.

I HAVE upon my Chamber Walls drawn at full Length the Figures of all Sorts of Men, from eight Foot to three Foot two Inches. Within this Height, I take it, that all the fighting Men of *Great Britain* are comprehended. But as I push I make Allowances for my being of a lank and spare Body, and have chalked out in every Figure my own Dimensions; for I scorn to rob any Man of his Life by taking Advantage of his Breadth: Therefore I push purely in a Line down from his Nose, and take no more of him to affront than he has of me. For to speak impartially, if a lean Fellow wounds a fat One in any Part to the Right or Left, whether it be in Carte or in Tierce, beyond the Dimensions of the said lean Fellow's own Breadth, I take it to be Murder, and such a Murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that Advantage with the same Possibility; and I am ready to thrust at Hand, according to the Stature of my Adversary. I must confess I have had great Success this Morning, and have hit every Figure round the Room in a mortal Part, without receiving the least Hurt, except a little Scratch by falling on my Face, in pushing at one at the lower End of my Chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed, I have writ against Duels with some Warmth; but in all my Discourse I have not ever said, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and *since that* Custom is now become a Law, I know nothing

nothing but the Legiſlative Power, with new A verſions upon it, can put us in a Capacity of d Challenges, though we were afterwards hanged But no more of this at preſent. As Things ſta ſhall put up no more Affronts; and I ſhall be ſo fa taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I fore warn all hot young Fellows not to look he more terrible than their Neighbours; for if they me with their Hats cocked higher than other Pe won't bear it. Nay, I give Warning to all Pe general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no F even from Ladies; and if any Woman pretends t ſcornfully at me, I ſhall demand Satisfaction of th of Kin of the Maſculine Gender.

Si non erraſſet, fecerat ille minus.

Had he not err'd, his Glory had been leſs.

N° 94. *Tueſday*, November 15, 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 14.

THAT which we call Gallantry to Women, to be the heroick Virtue of private Perſon there never breathed one Man, who did not, i Part of his Days wherein he was recommending to his Miſtreſs, do ſomething beyond his ordinary of Life. As this has a very great Effect even up moſt ſlow and common Men; ſo, upon ſuch as qualified with Virtue and Merit, it ſhines out in t tionable Degrees of Excellence: It gives new Gl the moſt eminent Accompliſhments; and he, who e ſelf has either Wit, Wiſdom, or Valour, exerts e theſe noble Endowments when he becomes a Lover a certain Beauty of Action above what was ever o

in him before: And all who are without any one of theſe Qualities, are to be looked upon as the Rabble of Mankind.

I WAS talking after this Manner in a Corner of this Place with an old Acquaintance, who taking me by the Hand, ſaid, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, your Diſcourſe recalls to my Mind a Story, which I have longed to tell you ever ſince I read that Article, wherein you deſire your Friends to give you Accounts of obſcure Merit. The Story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be ſo in the Country wherein the Circumſtances were tranſacted. He acquainted me with the Names of the Perſons concerned, which I ſhall change into feigned Ones, there being a Reſpect due to their Families that are ſtill in Being, as well as that the Names themſelves would not be ſo familiar to an *Engliſh* Ear. The Adventure really happened in *Denmark*; and if I can remember all the Paſſages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my Readers as it was to me.

CLARINDA and *Chloe*, two very fine Women, were bred up as Siſters in the Family of *Romeo*, who was the Father of *Chloe*, and the Guardian of *Clarinda*. *Philander*, a young Gentleman of a good Perſon, and charming Converſation, being a Friend of old *Romeo*'s, frequented his Houſe, and by that Means was much in Converſation with the young Ladies, though ſtill in the Preſence of the Father and the Guardian. The Ladies both entertained a ſecret Paſſion for him, and could ſee well enough, notwithſtanding the Delight which he really took in *Romeo*'s Converſation, that there was ſomething more in his Heart which made him ſo aſſiduous a Viſitant. Each of them thought herſelf the happy Woman; but the Perſon beloved was *Chloe*. It happened that both of them were at a Play in a Carnaval Evening, when it is the Faſhion there (as well as in moſt Countries of *Europe*) both for Men and Women to appear in Maſks and Diſguiſes. It was on that memorable Night in the Year 1670, when the Playhouſe by ſome unhappy Accident was ſet on Fire. *Philander*, in the firſt Hurry of the Diſaſter, immediately ran where his Treaſure was, burſt open the Door of the Box, ſnatched *the Lady* up in his Arms, and with unſpeakable

Reſolution

Reſolution and good Fortune carried her off ſafe. was no ſooner out of the Croud, but he ſet her dow and graſping her in his Arms, with all the Raptures o deſerving Lover, How happy am I, ſays he, in an O portunity to tell you I love you more than all Thin and of ſhewing you the Sincerity of my Paſſion at very firſt Declaration of it. My dear, dear *Philan* ſays the Lady, pulling off her Maſk, this is not a Ti for Art; you are much dearer to me than the Life y have preſerved; and the Joy of my preſent Delivera does not tranſport me ſo much as the Paſſion which oc ſioned it. Who can tell the Grief, the Aſtoniſhment, Terror, that appeared in the Face of *Philander*, when ſaw the Perſon he ſpoke to was *Clarinda*. After a ſh Pauſe, Madam, ſays he, with the Looks of a dead M we are both miſtaken; and immediately flew away, wi out hearing the diſtreſſed *Clarinda*, who had juſt Stren enough to cry out, Cruel *Philander!* Why did you leave me in the Theatre? Crowds of People immediat gathered about her, and after having brought her to h ſelf, conveyed her to the Houſe of the good old unha *Romeo*. *Philander* was now preſſing againſt a whole T of People at the Doors of the Theatre, and ſtriving enter with more Earneſtneſs than any there endeavou to get out. He did it at laſt, and with much Difficu forced his Way to the Box where his beloved *Chloe* ſto expecting her Fate amidſt this Scene of Terror Diſtraction. She revived at the Sight of *Philander*, w fell about her Neck with a Tenderneſs not to be preſſed; and amidſt a thouſand Sobs and Sighs, told his Love, and his dreadful Miſtake. The Stage now in Flames, and the whole Houſe full of Smo The Entrance was quite barred up with Heaps of Peo who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured get out: Swords were drawn, Shrieks heard on all Sid and in ſhort, no Poſſibility of an Eſcape for *Philan* himſelf, had he been capable of making it without *Chloe*. But his Mind was above ſuch a Thought, wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforti He catches her in his Arms. The Fire ſurrounds the *while*——I cannot go on——

W R.

WERE I an Infidel, Misfortunes like this would convince me, that there must be an Hereafter: For who can believe, that so much Virtue could meet with so great Distress without a following Reward. As for my Part, I am so old fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous Enterprizes, are relieved from the further Exercise of Life; and Providence, which sees their Virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate Reward, in a Being more suitable to the Grandeur of their Spirits. What else can wipe away our Tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable Distresses? It was a sublime Thought in some of the Heathens of old:

——Quæ Gratia Curribus
Armorumque fuit Vivis, quæ Cura nitentes
Pascere Equos, eadem sequitur Tellure repostos.

THAT is in other Words, 'The same Employments 'and Inclinations which were the Entertainment of vir 'tuous Men upon Earth, make up their Happiness in '*Elysium*.'

From my own Apartment, November 14.

WHEN I came home this Evening, I found a Present from Mr *Charles Lillie*, the Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford Buildings*, with a Letter of Thanks for the Mention I made of him. He tells me, several of my gentle Readers have obliged me in buying at his Shop upon my Recommendation. I have inquired into the Man's Capacity, and find him an Adept in his Way. He has several Helps to Discourse besides Snuff, (which is the best *Barcelona*) and sells an Orange Flower Water, which seems to me to have in it the right Spirit of Brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the Manner used in *Gresham* College. I recommend it to the Handkerchiefs of all young Pleaders: It cures or supplies all Pauses and Hesitations in Speech, and creates a general Alacrity of the Spirit. When it is used as a Gargle, it gives Volubility to the Tongue, and never fails of that necessary Step towards pleasing others, making a Man pleased with himself

himself I have taken Security of him, That he s
raise [illegible] of any of his Commodities for these
ot[illegible] [illegible]ult Qualities in them; but he is to sell
[illegible] me Price which you give at the common Per
Tilly has brought further Security, That he
sell the Boxes made for [illegible]oliticians to Lovers; nor
contrary, those proper for Lovers to Men of S
tion. *At this time, to [illegible] Confusion, the best* O
for Beaus, and right Musty *for Politicians.*

*MY Almanack is to be published on the 22d, an
that instant all Lovers, in Raptures or Epistles, are
bear the Comparison of their Mistresses Eyes to St
having made use of that Simile in my Dedication
last Time it shall ever pass, and on the properest C
that it was ever employed. All Ladies are hereby d
take Notice, that they never receive that Simile in I
for any Smiles they shall bestow for the future.*

ON Saturday *Night last a Gentlewoman's I
strayed from the Playhouse in the* Hay Market. *If t
who was seen to take him up, will restore him, she
asked no Questions, he being of no Use but to the Ow*

*Interea dulces pendent circum Oscula Nati,
Casta Pudicitiam servat Domus.*——

*Mean time his darling Sons hang on his Lips, and
Virtue appears in the whole Family.*

N° 9[illegible]. *Thursday*, November 1[illegible], 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 16

THERE are several Persons who have many
sures and Entertainments in their Pos
which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a ka

good Office to acquaint them with their own Happineſs, and turn their Attention to ſuch Inſtances of their good Fortune which they are apt to overlook. Perſons in the married State often want ſuch a Monitor, and pine away their Days, by looking upon the ſame Condition in Anguiſh and Murmur, which carries with it in the Opinion of others a Complication of all the Pleaſures of Life, and a Retreat from its Inquietudes.

I AM led into this Thought by a Viſit I made an old Friend, who was formerly my School Fellow. He came to Town laſt Week with his Family for the Winter, and yeſterday Morning ſent me Word his Wife expected me to Dinner. I am as it were at Home at that Houſe, and every Member of it knows me for their Well wiſher. I cannot indeed expreſs the Pleaſure it is, to be met by the Children with ſo much Joy as I am when I go thither: The Boys and Girls ſtrive who ſhall come firſt, when they think it is I that am knocking at the Door; and that Child which loſes the Race to me, runs back again to tell the Father it is Mr. *Hickſtaff*. This Day I was led in by a Pretty Girl that we all thought muſt have forget me, for the Family has been out of Town theſe two Years. Her knowing me again was a mighty Subject with us, and took up our Diſcourſe at the firſt Entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thouſand little Stories they heard in the Country about my Marriage to one of my Neighbour's Daughters: Upon which the Gentleman, my Friend, ſaid, 'Nay, if Mr. *Hickſtaff* marries 'a Child of any of his old Companions, I hope mine 'ſhall have the Preference; there's Mrs. *Mary* is now 'Sixteen, and would make him as fine a Widow as 'the beſt of them: But I know him too well; he is 'ſo enamoured with the very Memory of thoſe who 'flouriſhed in our Youth, that he will not ſo much as 'look upon the modern Beauties. I remember, old 'Gentleman, how often you went Home in a Day to 'refreſh your Countenance and Dreſs, when *Teraminta* 'reigned in your Heart. As we came up in the 'Coach, I repeated to my Wife ſome of your Verſes 'on her.' With ſuch Reflections on little Paſſages which *happened long* ago, we paſſed our Time during

a chearful and elegant Meal. After Dinner his L left the Room, as did alſo the Children. As ſoon we were alone, he took me by the Hand; Well, good Friend, ſays he, I am heartily glad to ſee th I was afraid you would never have ſeen all the Comp that dined with you to Day again. Do not you th the good Woman of the Houſe a little altered ſince followed her from the Playhouſe, to find out who was for me? I perceived a Tear fall down his Ch as he ſpoke, which moved me not a little. But to t the Diſcourſe, ſaid I, She is not indeed quite t Creature ſhe was when ſhe returned me the Lette carried from you; and told me, ſhe hoped, as I a Gentleman, I would be employed no more to trou her who had never offended me, but would be ſo m the Gentleman's Friend as to diſſwade him from Purſuit which he could never ſucceed in. You r remember, I thought her in earneſt, and you w forced to employ your Couſin *Will.* who made Siſter get acquainted with her for you. You can expect her to be for ever Fifteen. Fifteen! replied good Friend: Ah! You little underſtand, you t have lived a Batchelor, how great, how exquiſite Pleaſure there is in being really beloved! It is i poſſible that the moſt beauteous Face in Nature ſho raiſe in me ſuch pleaſing Ideas, as when I look up that excellent Woman. That Fading in her Coun nance is chiefly cauſed by her watching with me in Fever. This was followed by a Fit of Sickneſs, wh had like to have carried her off laſt Winter. I you ſincerely, I have ſo many Obligations to her, t I cannot with any Sort of Moderation think of l preſent State of Health. But as to what you ſay Fifteen, ſhe gives me every Day Pleaſures beyond wh I ever knew in the Poſſeſſion of her Beauty when was in the Vigour of Youth. Every Moment of l Life brings me freſh Inſtances of her Complacency my Inclinations, and her Prudence in Regard to n Fortune. Her Face is to me much more beautiful th when I firſt ſaw it; there is no Decay in any Featu *which I* cannot trace from the very Inſtant it was e *cationed* by ſome anxious Concern for my Welfare o

Intereſts. Thus at the ſame Time, methinks, the Love I conceived towards her, for what ſhe was, is heightened by my Gratitude for what ſhe is. The Love of a Wife is as much above the idle Paſſion commonly called by that Name, as the loud Laughter of Buffoons is inferior to the elegant Mirth of Gentlemen. Oh! ſhe is an ineſtimable Jewel. In her Examination of her Houſhold Affairs, ſhe ſhews a certain Fearfulneſs to find a Fault, which makes her Servants obey her like Children; and the meaneſt we have, has an ingenuous Shame for an Offence, not always to be ſeen in Children in other Families. I ſpeak freely to you my old Friend; ever ſince her Sickneſs, Things that gave me the quickeſt Joy before, turn now to a certain Anxiety. As the Children play in the next Room, I know the poor Things by their Steps, and am conſidering what they muſt do, ſhould they loſe their Mother in their tender Years. The Pleaſure I uſed to take in telling my Boy Stories of the Battles, and aſking my Girl Queſtions about the Diſpoſal of her Baby, and the Goſſiping of it, is turned into inward Reflection and Melancholy.

HE would have gone on in this tender Way, when the good Lady entered, and with an inexpreſſible Sweetneſs in her Countenance told us, ſhe had been ſearching her Cloſet for ſomething very good, to treat ſuch an old Friend as I was. Her Huſband's Eyes ſparkled with Pleaſure at the Chearfulneſs of her Countenance; and I ſaw all his Fears vaniſh in an Inſtant. The Lady obſerving ſomething in our Looks which ſhewed we had been more ſerious than ordinary, and ſeeing her Huſband receive her with great Concern under a forced Chearfulneſs, immediately gueſſed at what we had been talking of; and applying herſelf to me, ſaid, with a Smile, *Mr. Bickerſtaff*, don't believe a Word of what he tells you, I ſhall ſtill live to have you for my Second, as I have often promiſed you, unleſs he takes more Care of himſelf than he has done ſince his coming to Town. You muſt know, he tells me, That he finds *London* is a much more healthy Place than the Country; for he ſees ſeveral of his old Acquaintance and School-fellows are *become* Fellows with fair full bottom'd Peri-

wigs. I could scarce keep him this Morning fr
going out open breasted. My Friend, who is alw
extremely delighted with her agreeable Humour, m
her sit down with us. She did it with that Easin
which is peculiar to Women of Sense; and to keep
the good Humour she had brought in with her, tur
her Raillery upon me: Mr *Bickerstaff*, you remem
you followed me one Night from the Play house; S
posing you should carry me thither to Morrow Nig
and lead me into the Front Box. This put us into
long Field of Discourse about the Beauties, who w
Mothers to the present, and shined in the Boxes twe
Years ago. I told her, I was glad she had transfer
so many of her Charms, and I did not question but
eldest Daughter was within Half a Year of being
Toast.

WE were pleasing ourselves with this fantasti
Preferment of the young Lady, when on a sudden
were alarmed with the Noise of a Drum, and imme
ately entered my little Godson to give me a Point
War. His Mother, between Laughing and Chidi
would have put him out of the Room; but I wo
not part with him so. I found upon Conversation w
him, though he was a little noisy in his Mirth, that t
Child had excellent Parts, and was a great Master of
the Learning on Cother Side Eight Years old. I p
ceived him a very great Historian in *Aesop's* Table
But he frankly declared to me his Mind, That he
not delight in that Learning, because he did not belie
they were true; for which Reason I found he had
ry much turned his Studies for about a Twelvemo
past, into the Lives and Adventures of Don *Belia*
of *Greece*, Guy of *Warwick*, the *Seven Champions*, a
other Historians of that Age. I could not but obser
the Satisfaction the Father took in the Forwardness
his Son; and that these Diversions might turn to so
Profit, I found the Boy had made Remarks, which mig
be of Service to him during the Course of his whole L
He would tell you the Mismanagements of *John Hick*
thrift, find Fault with the passionate Temper in *Bevis*
Southampton, and loved St George for being the Cha
pion of *England*; and by this Means had his Thoug

insensibly moulded into the Notions of Discretion, Virtue, and Honour. I was extolling his Accomplishments, when the Mother told me, That the little Girl who led me in this Morning, was in her Way a better Scholar than he. *Betty* (says she) deals chiefly in Fairies and Sprights; and sometimes in a Winter Night will terrify the Maids with her Accounts, till they are afraid to go up to Bed.

I SAT with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious Discourse, with this particular Pleasure, which gives the only true Relish to all Conversation, a Sense that every one of us liked each other. I went Home, considering the different Conditions of a married Life and that of a Batchelor, and I must confess it struck me with a tender Concern to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no Traces behind me. In this pensive Mood I returned to my Family, that is to say, to my Maid, my Dog, and my Cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

[illegible]

Ut mihi domum vivere [illegible] Negotio intentus, [illegible] Parentis [illegible] Famam [illegible]. Sal.

In my Opinion, that Man may be truly said to [illegible], and enjoy his Soul, who giving his Mind to Business, pursues a Reputation by some famous Action or benefit Act.

Nº 96. *Saturday*, November 19, 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

IT has cost me very much Care and Thought to marshal and fix the People under their proper Denominations, and to range them according to their respective Characters. These my Endeavours have been

dinary World; and asserted, that none but an
Life should be with me any Life at all. But I
Doctrine should have made this small Progress
the Conviction of Mankind, because it may ap
the Unlearned light and whimsical, I must take
to unfold the Wisdom and Antiquity of my fir
position in these my Essays, to wit, That *every*
Life Man is a dead Man. This Notion is as old
Pythagoras, in whose School it was a Point of Di
That if among the *Acusmatici* or *Probationers*, the
any who grew weary of studying to be useful,
turned to an idle Life, the rest were to regar
as dead; and upon their departing, to perform
Obsequies, and raise them Tombs, with Inscript
warn others of the like Mortality, and quicker
to Resolutions of refining their Souls above that
ed State. It is upon a like Supposition, that
Ladies, at this very Time, in *Roman* Catholick
tries, are received into some Nunneries with the
sins, and with the Pomp of a formal Funeral, to
That henceforth they are to be of no further U
consequently dead. Nor was *Pythagoras* himself
Author of this Symbol, with whom, and with
Brown, it was generally received. Much more m
offered in Illustration of this Doctrine from Sac

er of the Dead, I comprehend all Perſons, of what Title or Dignity ſoever, who beſtow moſt of their Time in Eating and Drinking, to ſupport that imaginary Exiſtence of theirs, which they call Life; or in trifling and adorning thoſe Shadows and Apparitions which are look'd upon by the Vulgar as real Men and Women. In ſhort, whoever reſides in the World without having any Buſineſs in it, and paſſes away an Age without ever thinking on the Errand for which he was ſent hither, is to me a Dead Man to all Intents and Purpoſes; and I deſire that he may be ſo reputed. The Living are only thoſe that are ſome Way or other laudably employed in the Improvement of their own Minds, or for the Advantage of others; and even amongſt theſe I ſhall only reckon into their Lives that Part of their Time which has been ſpent in the Manner above-mentioned. By theſe Means, I am afraid, we ſhall find the longeſt Lives not to conſiſt of many Months, and the greateſt Part of the Earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this Syſtem we may obſerve, that ſome Men are born at Twenty Years of Age, ſome at Thirty, ſome at Threeſcore, and ſome not above an Hour before they die: Nay, we may obſerve Multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead Perſons that fill up the Bulk of Mankind, and make a better Figure in the Eyes of the Ignorant, than thoſe who are alive, and in their proper and full State of Health. However, ſince there may be many good Subjects that pay their Taxes, and live peaceably in their Habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this Life ſeveral Years ſince, my Deſign is, to encourage both to join themſelves as ſoon as poſſible to the Number of the Living: For as I invite the former to break forth into Being, and become good for ſomething; ſo I allow the latter a State of Reſuſcitation; which I chiefly mention for the Sake of a Perſon, who has lately publiſhed an Advertiſement, with ſeveral ſcurrilous Terms in it, that do by no Means become a Dead Man to give: It is my departed Friend *John Partridge*, who concludes the Advertiſement of his next Year's Almanack with the following Note,

WHEREAS it has been induſtriouſly given out by Bickerſtaff, *Eſq; and others, to prevent the Sale of the true Almanack, That* John Partridge *is dead: This is to inform all his loving Countrymen, That he is ſtill Living in Health, and they are Knaves that reported it otherwiſe.*

J. P.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

WHEN an Engineer finds his Guns have not had their intended Effect, he changes his Batteries. I am forced at preſent to take this Method; and inſtead of continuing to write againſt the Singularity ſome are guilty of in their Habit and Behaviour, I ſhall hence forward deſire them to perſevere in it; and not only ſo, but ſhall take it as a Favour of all the Coxcombs in the Town, if they will ſet Marks upon themſelves and by ſome Particular in their Dreſs, ſhew to what Claſs they belong. It would be very obliging in a ſuch Perſons, who feel in themſelves that they are not found of Underſtanding, to give the World Notice of it, and ſpare Mankind the Pains of finding them out. A Cane upon the fifth Button ſhall from henceforth be the Type of a Dapper; Red heel'd Shoes, and an Hat hung upon one Side of the Head, ſhall ſignify a Smart; a good Periwig made into a Twiſt, with a brisk Cock, ſhall ſpeak a Mettled Fellow; and a upper Lip covered with Snuff, denotes a Coffee houſe Stateſman. But as it is required that all Coxcombs hang out their Signs, it is on the other Hand expected, that Men of real Merit ſhould avoid any Thing particular in their Dreſs, Gait, or Behaviour. For, as we old Men delight in Proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this Occaſion, *That good Wine needs no Bush*. I muſt not leave this Subject without reflecting on ſeveral Perſons I have lately met with, who at a Diſtance ſeem very terrible; but upon a ſtricter Enquiry into their Looks and Features, appeared as meek and harmleſs as any of my own Neighbours. Theſe are Country Gentlemen, who of late Years have taken up *an Humour* of coming to Town in Red Coats, whom I

arch Wag of my Acquaintance uſed to deſcribe very well, by calling them Sheep in Wolves Cloathing. I have often wondered, that honeſt Gentlemen, who are good Neighbours, and live quietly in their own Pariſhes, ſhould take it in their Heads to frighten the Town after this unreaſonable Manner. I ſhall think myſelf obliged, if they perſiſt in ſo unnatural a Dreſs (notwithſtanding any Pofts they may have in the Militia) to give away their Red Coats to any of the Soldiery who ſhall think fit to ſtrip them, provided the ſaid Soldiers can make it appear, that they belong to a Regiment where there is a Deficiency in the Cloathing.

ABOUT Two Days ago I was walking in the *Park*, and accidentally met a Rural Squire, cloathed in all the Types above mentioned, with a Carriage and Behaviour made entirely out of his own Head. He was of a bulk and Stature larger than ordinary, had a Red Coat, flung open to ſhew a gay Calamanco Waſtcoat: His Periwig fell in a very conſiderable Ruſh upon each Shoulder: His Arms naturally ſwang at an unreaſonable Diſtance from his Sides; which, with the Advantage of a Cane that he brandiſhed in a great Variety of irregular Motions, made it unſafe for any one to walk within ſeveral Yards of him. In this Manner he took up the whole *Mall*, his Spectators moving on each Side of it, whilſt he cocked up his Hat, and marched directly for *Weſtminſter*. I cannot tell who this Gentleman is, but for my Comfort may ſay with the Lover in *Terence*, who loſt ſight of a fine young Lady: *Where ever thou art, thou canſt not be long concealed:*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, November 18.

BY Letters from *Paris* of the 10th we are informed that the *French* King, the Princes of the Blood, and the Elector of *Bavaria*, had lately killed fifty five Pheaſants.

WHEREAS ſeveral have induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, That I am in Partnerſhip with Charles Lillie, *the Perfumer at the Corner of* Beauford Buildings; I muſt ſay *with my Friend* Partridge, *that they are Knaves who ſo*

ported it. However, since the said Charles *has promised that all his Customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his; and dare answer for him, that if you ask in my Name for Snuff, Hungary or Orange Water, you shall have the best the Town affords, at the cheapest Rate.*

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spacium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ cursum sequi vellent.

Tull. Offic.

Those Men are very scarce, who, either adorned with an excellent Wit, or extraordinary Learning, or both, have taken Time to deliberate what Course of Life they would particularly follow.

Nº 97. *Tuesday*, November 22, 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious Multitudes in my last Paper, and brought a great Destruction upon my own Species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh Recruits, and, if possible, to supply the Places of the Unborn and the Deceased. It is said of *Xerxes*, That when he stood upon a Hill, and saw the whole Country round him covered with his Army, he burst out into Tears, to think that not one of that Multitude would be alive an Hundred Years after. For my Part, when I take a Survey of this populous City, I can scarce forbear Weeping, to see how few of its Inhabitants are now living. It was with this Thought that I drew up my last Bill of Mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great Number of Persons who have perished by a Distemper (commonly known by the Name of Idleness) which has long raged in the World, and destroys more

in every great Town than the Plague has done at *Deptford*. To repair the Mischief it has done, and stock the World with a better Race of Mortals, I have more Hopes of bringing to Life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which Reason, I shall here set down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called *Prodicus*, but recommended and embellished by *Socrates*. It is the Description of *Virtue* and *Pleasure*, making their Court to *Hercules* under the Appearance of two beautiful Women

WHEN *Hercules*, says the divine Moralist, was in that Part of his Youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what Course of Life he ought to pursue, he one Day retired into a Desart, where the Silence and Solitude of the Place very much favoured his Meditations. As he was musing on his present Condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the State of Life he should chuse, he saw two Women of a larger Stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural and easy, her Person clean and unspotted, her Eyes cast towards the Ground with an agreeable Reserve, her Motion and Behaviour full of Modesty, and her Raiment as white as Snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Florimel in her Countenance, which she had helped with an artificial White and Red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a certain Affectation in all her Gestures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Assurance in her Looks, and all the Variety of Colours in her Dress that she thought were the most proper to shew her Complexion to an Advantage. She cast her Eyes upon herself often, turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the Figure she made in her own Shadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular composed Carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following Manner

MY dear *Hercules* (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own Thoughts upon the Way of Life that *you* ought to chuse: Be my Friend, and

and follow me; I'll lead you into the Poſſeſſion of Pleaſure, and out of the Reach of Pain, and remove you from all the Noiſe and Diſquietude of Buſineſs. The Affairs of either War or Peace ſhall have no Power to diſturb you. Your whole Employment ſhall be to make your Life eaſy, and to entertain every Senſe with its proper Gratifications. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roſes, Clouds of Perfumes, Conſorts of Muſick, Crowds of Beauties, are all in a Readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of Delights, this World of Pleaſure, and bid Farewel for ever to Care, to Pain, to Buſineſs.——

HERCULES hearing the Lady talk after this Manner, deſired to know her Name; to which ſhe anſwered, my Friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happineſs*; but my Enemies, and thoſe who would injure my Reputation, have given me the Name of *Pleaſure*.

BY this Time the other Lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young Hero in a very different Manner.

HERCULES, (ſays ſhe) I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give Proofs of that Deſcent by your Love to Virtue, and Application to the Studies proper for your Age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal Reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed Truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without Pains and Labour. The Gods have ſet a Price upon every real and noble Pleaſure. If you would gain the Favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the Pains of worſhipping him; if the Friendſhip of good Men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honour'd by your Country, you muſt take Care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you muſt become Maſter of all the Qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only Terms and Conditions upon which I can propoſe Happineſs. The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her Diſcourſe: You ſee (ſaid ſhe) *Hercules*, by her own Confeſſion, the Way

Way to her Pleaſure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy. Alas! (ſaid the other Lady) whoſe Viſage glowed with a Paſſion, made up of Scorn and Pity, What are the Pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a thirſt, ſleep before you are tired, to gratify Appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch Appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious Muſick, which is the Praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful Object, which is the Work of one's own Hands. Your Votaries paſs away their Youth in a Dream of miſtaken Pleaſures, while they are heaping up Anguiſh, Torment, and Remorſe, for Old Age.

AS for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable Companion to the Artizan, and Houſhold Guardian to the Fathers of Families, a Patron and Protector of Servants, an Aſſociate in all true and generous Friendſhips. The Banquets of my Votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by Hunger and Thirſt. Their Slumbers are ſound, and their Wakings chearful. My young Men have the Pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in Years; and thoſe who are in Years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a Word, my Followers are favour'd by the Gods, belov'd by their Acquaintance, eſteem'd by their Country, and (after the Cloſe of their Labours) honour'd by Poſterity.

WE know by the Life of this memorable Hero, to which of theſe two Ladies he gave up his Heart; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the Juſtice to approve his Choice.

I VERY much admire the Speeches of theſe Ladies, as containing in them the chief Arguments for a Life of Virtue, or a Life of Pleaſure, that could enter into the Thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different Figures he gives the two Goddeſſes. Our Modern Authors have repreſented Pleaſure or Vice with an alluring Face, but ending in Snakes and Monſters. Here the appear in all the Charms of Beauty, tho' they were all falſe and borrowed; and by that Means compoſes a Viſion entirely *natural and pleaſing.*

I HAVE translated this Allegory for the Benefit of the Youth of *Great Britain*; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable State of Non-Existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the World. Let my Embrio's shew the least Inclination to any single Virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards Birth. I don't expect of 'em that, like the Hero in the foregoing Story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a Club in their Hands, and a Lion's Skin on their Shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants; but as the finest Author of all Antiquity has said upon this very Occasion, 'Though a Man has not the Abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity of being just faithful, modest, and temperate.

N° 98. *Thursday*, November 24, 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

I READ the following Letter, which was left for me this Evening, with very much Concern for the Lady's Condition who sent it, who expresses the State of her Mind with great Frankness, as all People ought who talk to their Physicians.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

THOUGH you are [illegible], and have had great Experience in the World, I [illegible] you [illegible], there are not frequently such difficult Occasions to [illegible] Decency [illegible] I am [illegible] I am [illegible] the most unhappy of all Circumstances in human Life. Nature has formed us with a strong Reluctance against [illegible] such a Passion, and Custom has made it criminal in

us to make Advances. A Gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, *has the entire Possession of my Heart. I am so intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no Scruple of communicating to me an ardent Affection he has for* Cleora, *a Friend of mine, who also makes me her Confident. Most Part of my Life I am in Company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his Passion, or her Triumph.* Cleora *is one of those Ladies, who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and without any Delicacy of Choice, resolves to take the best Offer which shall be made to her. With this Prospect she puts off declaring herself in Favour of* Fabio, *till she sees what Lovers will fall into her Snares, which she lays in all Publick Places with all the Art of Gesture and Glances. This Resolution she has herself told me: Though I love him better than Life, I would not gain him by betraying* Cleora, *or committing such a Trespass against Modesty, as letting him know myself that I love him. You are an Astrologer, What shall I do?*

Diana Doubtful.

THIS Lady has said very justly, that the Condition of a Woman in Love is of all others the most miserable. Poor *Diana!* How must she be racked with Jealousy, when *Fabio* talks of *Cleora?* How with Indignation when *Cleora* makes a Property of *Fabio?* A Female Lover is in the Condition of a Ghost, that wanders about its beloved Treasure, without Power to speak, till it is spoken to. I desire *Diana* to continue in this Circumstance; for I see an Eye of Comfort in her Case, and will take all proper Measures to extricate her out of this unhappy Game of Cross Purposes. Since *Cleora* is upon the Catch with her Charms, and has no particular Regard for *Fabio*, I shall place a Couple of special Fellows in her Way, who shall both address to her, and have each a better Estate than *Fabio*. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her Retinue the ensuing Winter.

TO Women of this Worldly Turn, as I apprehend *Cleora* to be, we must reckon backward in our Computation of Merit; and when a fair Lady thinks only of making *her Spouse* a convenient Domestick, the Notion

of

of Worth and Value is altered, and the Lover is the more acceptable, the leſs he is conſiderable. The Two I ſhall throw into the Way of *Cleora*, are, *Orſin Thicket* and Mr. *Walter Wiſdom*. *Orſin* is an Huntſman, whoſe Father's Death, and ſome Difficulties about Legacies, brought out of the Woods to Town laſt *November*. He was at that Time one of thoſe Country Savages, who deſpiſe the Softneſs they meet in Town and Court, and profeſſedly ſhew their Strength and Roughneſs in every Motion and Geſture, in Scorn of our Bowing and Cringing. He was at his firſt Appearance very remarkable for that Piece of good Breeding peculiar to natural *Britons*, to wit, Defiance, and ſhewed every one he met he was as good a Man as he. But in the midſt of all this Fierceneſs, he would ſometimes attend the Diſcourſe of a Man of Senſe, and look at the Charms of a Beauty with his Eyes and Mouth open. He was in this Poſture, when in the Beginning of laſt *December*, he was ſhot by *Cleora* from a Side Box—From that Moment he ſoftened into Humanity, forgot his Dogs and Horſes, and now moves and ſpeaks with Civility and Addreſs.

Walt. Wiſdom, by the Death of an elder Brother, came to a great Eſtate, when he had proceeded juſt far enough in his Studies to be very impertinent, and at the Years when the Law gives him Poſſeſſion of his Fortune, and his own Conſtitution is too warm for the Management of it. *Orſin* is learning to fence and dance, to pleaſe and fight for his Miſtreſs; and *Walter* preparing fine Horſes, and a jingling Chariot, to enchant her. All Perſons concerned will appear at the next Opera, where will begin the Wild Goose Chaſe; and I doubt, *Fulvia* will ſee herſelf ſo over looked for *Orſin* or *Walter*, as to turn her Eyes on the modeſt Paſſion and becoming Languor in the Countenance of *Diana*; it being my Deſign to ſupply with the Art of Love, all thoſe who preſerve the ſincere Paſſion of it.

White's Coffee houſe, November 23.

AN ingenious and worthy Gentleman, my ancient Friend, fell into Diſcourſe with me this Evening, upon *the Force* and Efficacy which the Writings of good Poets have

have on the Minds of their intelligent Readers, and recommended to me his Sense of the Matter, thrown together in the following Manner, which he desired me to communicate to the Youth of *Great Britain* in my Essays; which I chuse to do in his own Words.

I HAVE always been of Opinion (says he) that Virtue finks deepeſt into the Heart of Man, when it comes recommended by the powerful Charms of Poetry. The moſt active Principle in our Mind is the Imagination: To it a good Poet makes his Court perpetually, and by this Faculty takes Care to gain it firſt. Our Paſſions and Inclinations come over next; and our Reaſon ſurrenders itſelf with Pleaſure, in the End. Thus the whole Soul is inſenſibly betrayed into Morality, by bribing the Fancy with beautiful and agreeable Images of thoſe very Things, that in the Books of the Philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidden Aſpect. In a Word, the Poets do, as it were, ſtrew the rough Paths of Virtue to full of Flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs of them, and imagine ourſelves in the Midſt of Pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching Allurements, at the Time we are making a Progreſs in the ſevereſt Duties of Life.

ALL Men agree, that licentious Poems do of all Writings ſooneſt corrupt the Heart: And why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſwaded, that the grave and ſerious Performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging Manner, by a kind of divine Impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual Perſwatives to Goodneſs? If therefore I were bleſſed with a Son, in order to the forming of his Manners, (which is making him truly my Son) I ſhould be continually putting into his Hand ſome fine Poet. The graceful Sentences, and the manly Sentiments ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime Writer, are, in my Judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable Furniture that can be for a young Gentleman's Head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich Embroidery upon the Brain. Let me add to this, That Humanity and Tenderneſs, (without which there can be no true Greatneſs in the Mind) are *inſpired by the* Muſes in ſuch paſſionate Lan-

guage, that all we find in Profe Authors towards the raiſing and improving of theſe Paſſions, is in Compariſon but cold, or lukewarm, at the beſt. There is beſides a certain Elevation of Soul, a ſedate Magnanimity, and a noble Turn of Virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the Hero from the plain, honeſt Man, to which Verſe can only raiſe us. The bold Metaphors and ſounding Numbers, peculiar to the Poets, rouze up all our ſleeping Faculties, and alarm the whole Powers of the Soul, much like that excellent Trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil*:

——*Quo non præſtantior alter*
Aere ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I FELL into this Train of Thinking this Evening, upon reading a Paſſage in a Maſk writ by *Milton*, where two Brothers are introduced ſeeking after their Siſter, whom they had loſt in a dark Night and thick Wood. One of the Brothers is apprehenſive leſt the wandering Virgin ſhould be overpowered with Fears through the Darkneſs and Loneneſs of the Time and Place. This gives the other Occaſion to make the following Reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my Age, and renewed in me the warm Deſires after Virtues, ſo natural to uncorrupted Youth.

I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's Book,
And the ſweet Peace that Goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle Want of Light and Noiſe
(Not being in Danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant Mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming Plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant Light, tho' Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude:
Where, with her beſt Nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings,
That in the various Buſtle of Reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.

He

He that has Light within his own clear Breast,
May sit i' th' Center, and enjoy bright Day
But he that hides a dark Soul and foul Thoughts,
Benighted walks under the Mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own Dungeon.

——Spirat Tragicum satis & feliciter audet.

He, fortunately bold, breathes true Sublime.

N° 99. *Saturday*, November 26, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, November 25.

I HAVE been this Evening recollecting what Passages (since I could first think) have left the strongest Impressions upon my Mind; and after strict Inquiry, I am convinced, that the Impulses I have received from Theatrical Representations, have had a greater Effect, than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little Occurrences of my private Life. My old Friends, *Hart* and *Mohun*, the one by his natural and proper Force, the other by his great Skill and Art, never failed to send me home full of such Ideas as affected my Behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my Friends and Acquaintance. It is not the Business of a good Play to make every Man an Hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier Sense of Virtue and Merit than he had when he entered the Theatre.

THIS rational Pleasure (as I always call it) has for many Years been very little tasted: But I am glad to find that the true Spirit of it is reviving again amongst us, by a due Regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one Playhouse. It has been within the Observation of the youngest amongst us, That while there were two Houses, they did not outvie each other by such

Representations

Repreſentations as tended to the Inſtruction and Or
of Life, but by introducing mimical Dances, and f
Buffooneries. For when an excellent Tragedy wa
acted in one Houſe, the Ladder Dancer carried the
Town to the other: And indeed ſuch an Evil as th
be the natural Conſequence of two Theatres, as ce
as that there are more who can ſee than can think.
one is ſenſible of the Danger of the Fellow on th
der, and can ſee his Activity in coming down ſaf
very few are Judges of the Diſtreſs of an Hero in
or of his Manner of Behaviour in thoſe Circumſ
Thus, to pleaſe the People, two Houſes muſt en
them with what they can underſtand, and not with
which are deſigned to improve their Underſtan
And the readieſt Way to gain good Audiences,
be to offer ſuch Things as are moſt reliſhed b
Crowd; that is to ſay, unmodeſt Action, empty
or impertinent Activity. In ſhort, two Houſes
hope to ſubſiſt, but by Means which are contra
to the very Inſtitution of a Theatre in a well go
Kingdom.

I HAVE ever had this Senſe of the Thing, a
that Reaſon have rejoiced that my ancient Coeval
of *Drury Lane*, though he had ſold off moſt
Moveables, ſtill kept Poſſeſſion of his Palace, and
bled for him, when he had lately like to have
taken by a Stratagem. There have for many
been a certain learned Sort of unlearned Men
Nation called Attornies, who have taken upon th
ſolve all Difficulties by increaſing them, and are
upon to the Aſſiſtance of all who are lazy, or w
Underſtanding. The Inſolence of a Ruler of thi
made him reſign the Poſſeſſion of it to the M
ment of my above mentioned Friend *Dorax*.
was too modeſt to know when to reſign it, till
the Opinion and Sentence of the Law for his Re
Both theſe in Length of Time were obtained
him: But as the great *Alexander* defended S
with ſo powerful Engines, that if he threw a R
Piece of Wood over the Wall, the Enemy ſh
Dorax had wounded all Adverſaries with ſo much
that Men feared even to be in the Right againſ

For this Reason, the lawful Ruler sets up an Attorney, to expel an Attorney, and chose a Name dreadful to the Stage, who only seemed able to beat *Divitis* out of his Intrenchments.

ON the 22d Instant, a Night of publick Rejoicing, the Enemies of *Divitis* made a Largess to the People of Faggots, Tubs, and other combustible Matter, which was erected into a Bonfire before the Palace. Plentiful Cans were at the same Time distributed among the Dependencies of that Principality; and the artful Rival of *Divitis* observing them prepared for Enterprize, presented the lawful Owner of the neighbouring Edifice, and shewed his Deputation under him. War immediately enfued upon the peaceful Empire of Wit and the Muses; the *Gothic* and *Vandalic* lacking *Name* did not threaten a more barbarous Devastation of Arts and Sciences. But when they had forced their Entrance, the experienced *Divitis* had detached all his Subjects, and evacuated all his Stores. The neighbouring Inhabitants report, That the Refuse of *Divitis*'s Followers marched off the Night before disguised in Magnificence; Door Keepers came out clad like Cardinals, and Scene Drawers like Heathen Gods. *Divitis* himself was wrapped up in one of his black Clouds, and left to the Enemy nothing but an empty Stage, full of Trap-Doors, known only to himself and his Adherents.

From my own Apartment, November 25.

I HAVE already taken great Pains to inspire Notions of Honour and Virtue into the People of this Kingdom, and used all gentle Methods imaginable, to bring those who are dead in Idleness, Folly, and Pleasure, into Life, by applying themselves to Learning, Wisdom, and Industry. But since fair Means are ineffectual, I must proceed to Extremities, and shall give my good Friends, the Company of Upholders, full Power to bury all such Dead as they meet with, who are within my former Descriptions of deceased Persons. In the mean Time the following Remonstrance of that Corporation I take to be very just.

From

' fames for theſe Deceaſed. But ſo it is, Sir, that
' vaſt Number of dead Bodies, that go putrifyi
' and down the Streets, not one of them has co
' ns to be buried. Though we ſhould be loth to
' Hindrance to our good Friends the Phyſicians,
' cannot but take Notice what Infection her M
' Subjects are liable to from the horrible Stench
' many Corpſes. Sir, we will not detain you
' Caſe in ſhort is this: Here are we embarked
' Undertaking for the Publick Good. Now if
' ſhould be ſuffered to go on unburied at this
' there's an End of the uſefullest Manufacture
' Handicrafts of the Kingdom: For where will b
' Sextons, Coffin Makers, and Plummers? Wh
' become of your Embalmers, Epitaph Monger
' Chief Mourners? We are loth to drive this
' any further, though we tremble at the Conſeq
' of it. For if it ſhall be left to every dead Man
' ction not to be buried till he ſees his Time, w
' can ſay where that will end: but thus much w
' take upon us to affirm. That *[illegible]*
' *[illegible]*

' WHAT would make us eaſy in this Ma
' no more but that your Worſhip would be ple

'imaginable, and without Loss of Time, or Hindrance
'of Business. But in Case of Obstinacy, (for we would
'gladly make a thorough Riddance) we desire a further
'Power from your Worship, to take up such Deceased
'as shall not have complied with your first Orders,
'wherever we meet them: And if after that there shall
'be Complaints of any Persons so offending, let them lie
'at our Doors. We are,

Your Worship's till Death,

The Master and Company
of Upholders.

'*P. S.* We are ready to give in our printed Proposals
'at large; and if your Worship approves of our Under-
'taking, we desire the following Advertisement may be
'inserted in your next Paper.'

WHEREAS a Coroner's Inquest has been awarded against Dr. John Partridge, *Philomath, Professor of Physick and Astrology; and whereas the said* Partridge *hath not surrendered himself, nor shown Cause to the contrary; These are to certify, That the Company of Upholders will proceed to have him from* Cordwainers Hall, *on* Tuesday *the* [illegible] *Inst. [illegible] Six of his surviving Friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the Pall.*

Note: *We shall light away at Six in the Evening, there being to be a Sermon.*

Tom

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.

Astræa now returns, and a Saturnian *Reign.*

No 100. *Tuesday*, November 29, 1709.

Shear Lane, November 28.

I WAS last Week taking a solitary Walk in the Garden of *Lincoln's Inn*, (a Favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate Friends, and grown old with me in this Neighbourhood) when, according to the Nature of Men in Years, who have made but little Progress in the Advancement of their Fortune or their Fame, I was repining at the sudden Rise of many Persons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal Distribution of Wealth, Honour, and all other Blessings of Life. I was lost in this Thought, when the Night came upon me and drew my Mind into a far more agreeable Contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its Glories, and presented me with such an Hemisphere of Stars, as made the most agreeable Prospect imaginable to one who delights in the Study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing Night, which had purified the whole Body of Air into such a bright transparent Æther, as made every Constellation visible, and at the same Time gave such a particular Glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richest Sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a Scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that Expression) without suitable Meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing Objects. For on these Occasions, Philosophy suggests Motives to Religion, and Religion adds Pleasures to Philosophy.

A 2

AS soon as I had recovered my usual Temper and Tranquility of Mind, I retired to my Lodgings, with the Satisfaction of having passed away a few Hours in the proper Employments of a reasonable Creature, and preparing myself that my Slumbers would be sweet, I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or saw a Vision, (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to arise out of my Evening Meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; tho' I must confess the Wildness of Imagination (which in a Dream is always loose and irregular) discovers it self too much in several Parts of it.

METHOUGHT I saw the same azure Sky enriched with the same glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the Name of the *Balance*, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary Light, as if the Sun should rise at Midnight. By its increasing Breadth and Lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the Earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the Midst of a great Ivory, which in a little Time after I distinctly perceived to be the Figure of a Woman. I fancied at first might have been the Angel, or Intelligence that presided the Constellation from which it descended; but on a nearer View, I saw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually described. Her Countenance was unspeakably awful and majestick, tho' exquisitely beautiful to those whose Eyes were strong enough to behold it; her Smile transported with Pleasure, her Frowns terrified to Despair. She held in her Hand a Mirror, endowed with the same Qualities as that which the Painters put into the Hand of *Nemesis*.

THERE streamed from it a Light, which diffused it self from all the Splendors that surrounded it, more than a Flash of Lightning shines in the midst of Day-light. As she moved it in her Hand it lightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When she had *descended so low* as to be seen and heard by

Mortals, to make the Pomp of her Appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw Darkneſs and Clouds about her, that tempered the Light into a thouſand beautiful Shades and Colours, and multiplied that Luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazling, into a Variety of milder Glories.

IN the mean Time the World was in an Alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious Plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have the whole Species before my Eyes. A Voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this Viſit, which was to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his Due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Aſſembly after this ſolemn Declaration, are not to be expreſſed. The firſt Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to Riches and Eſtates, or to any Part of 'em, ſhould be immediately veſted in the rightful Owner.* Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the Inſtruments of their Tenure, whether in Parchment, Paper, Wax, or any other Form of Conveyance; and as the Goddeſs moved the Mirror of Truth which ſhe held in her Hand, ſo that the Light which flowed from it fell upon the Multitude, they examined the ſeveral Inſtruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular Quality of ſetting Fire to all Forgery and Falſhood. The Blaze of Papers, the Melting of Seals, and Crackling of Parchments, made a very odd Scene. The Fire very often ran through two or three Lines only, and then ſtopped. Tho' I could not but obſerve, that the Flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils; the Light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark Corners and Receſſes of the Univerſe, and by that Means detected many Writings and Records which had been hidden or buried by Time, Chance, or Deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful Revolution among the People. At the ſame Time, the Spoils of Extortion, Fraud and Robbery, with all the Fruits of Bribery and Corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious Pile, that almoſt reached to the Clouds, and was called, *The Mount of Reſtitution*; to which all injured *Perſons* were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

ONE might see Crowds of People in tattered Garments come up, and changed Clothes with others that were drolled with Lace and Embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became Men of moderate Fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in Wealth and Titillations, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my Concern most, was to see a certain Street of the greatest Credit in *London* from one End to the other become Bankrupt.

THE next Command was, for the whole Body of Mankind to separate themselves into their proper Families; which was no sooner done, but an Edict was issued out, requiring all Children *to repair to their true and natural Parents*. This put a great Part of the Assembly in Motion, for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural Instinct, as directed them to their real Parents. It was a very melancholy Spectacle to see the Fathers of very large Families become childless, and Batchelors undone by a Charge of Sons and Daughters. You might see a Presumptive Heir of a great Estate all Bleeding at his Coachman, and a celebrated Toast paying her Duty to a *Valet de Chambre*. Many, under Vows of Celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous Issue. This Change of Patronage would have caused great Lamentation, but that the Calamity was pretty common, and that generally those who lost their Children, had the Satisfaction of seeing them put into the Hands of their dearest Friends. Men were no longer settled in their Right to their Possessions and their Progeny, but there was a third Order proclaimed, *That all true Pride of Dignity and Honour in the Universe should be extinguished in Persons of the greatest Merit*, [illegible]. The Handsome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the Splendour of the Mirror, which played upon their Faces, they immediately fell back among the Crowd. But as the Cubbets treat the Multitude by her Cubs, as the Eagle does its young Ones by the Lustre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his Face from it who had not distinguished himself either by Virtue, Knowledge, or Capacity in that way,

either military or civil. This ſelect Aſſembly was drawn up in the Center of a prodigious Multitude, which was diffuſed on all Sides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle People uſed to gather about a Regiment that were exerciſing their Arms. They were drawn up in three Bodies: In the firſt, were the Men of Virtue; in the ſecond, Men of Knowledge; and in the third, the Men of Buſineſs. It is impoſſible, to look at the firſt Column without a ſecret Veneration, their Aſpects were ſo ſweetened with Humanity, raiſed with Contemplation emboldened with Reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable Airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret Habits of Virtue. I could not but take Notice, That there were many Faces among them which were unknown, not only to the Multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own Body.

IN the ſecond Column, conſiſting of the Men of Knowledge, there had been great Diſputes before they fell into the Ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without the poſitive Command of the Goddeſs who preſided over the Aſſembly. She had ſo order'd it, that Men of the greateſt Genius and ſtrongeſt Senſe were placed at the Head of the Column: Behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their Minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column were Men who had more Wit than Senſe, or more Learning than Underſtanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one of theſe Claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurprized to ſee a great Body of Editors, Critics, Commentators and Grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a Reception. They had formed themſelves into a Body, and with a great deal of Arrogance demanded the firſt Station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their Requeſt, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but the Lacquies of the Learned.

THE third Column were Men of Buſineſs, and conſiſting of Perſons in military and civil Capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed *themſelves* in the Front; at which the other ſhook *their Heads* at them, but did not think fit to diſpute

the

the Poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral Obſervations upon this laſt Column of People; but I have certain private Reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the Publick. In order to fill up all the Poſts of Honour, Dignity and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column of Men, who were Maſters of all three Qualifications in ſome Degree, and were preferred to Stations of the firſt Rank. The ſecond Draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any two of the Qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in Stations of a ſecond Dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable Poſts. When this was over, there remained many Places of Truſt and Profit unfilled, for which there were freſh Draughts made out of the ſurrounding Multitude, who had any Appearance of theſe Excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in Reality.

ALL were ſurprized to ſee ſo many new Faces in the moſt eminent Dignities; and for my own Part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my Friends either kept their preſent Poſts, or were advanced to higher.

HAVING filled my Paper with thoſe Particulars of my Viſion which concern the Male Part of Mankind, I muſt reſerve for another Occaſion the Sequel of it, which relates to the fair Sex.

——Postquam fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven. Juv.

After he had broke the Benches with the Applause of his Verses, he was forced to sell his Tragedy to prevent starving.

Nº 101. *Thursday*, December 1, 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

THE Progress of my intended Account of what happened when *Justice* visited Mortals, is at present interrupted by the Observation and Sense of an Injustice against which there is no Remedy, even in a Kingdom more happy in the Care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other Nation upon Earth. This Iniquity is committed by a most impregnable Set of Mortals, Men who are Rogues within the Law; and in the very Commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no Injury but from the Terror of being punished for it. These Miscreants are a Set of Wretches we Authors call Pirates, who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as soon as it appears in the World, in a smaller Volume, and sell it (as all other Thieves do stolen Goods) at a cheaper Rate. I was in my Rage calling them Rascals, Plunderers, Robbers, Highwaymen. But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other Titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the Penny.

I AM extremely at a Loss how to act against such open Enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our Reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing there

therefore we must turn into Complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the Labours of my long Life may be disappointed by the first Man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my Stock of Learning was worth *1001. per Annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little Family, who are so happy as to want only Necessaries. Before Men had come up to this bare-faced Impudence, it was an Affair to have a Competency of Understanding.

AN ingenious Pirate, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this Day) used to give me an Account of his great Husbandry in the Management of his Learning. He was a general Dealer, and had his Assortments as well contrived as Options. The merry Rogue told, when he wanted a Dinner, he writ a Paragraph of *Table Talk*, and his Bookseller upon Sight paid the Reckoning. He was a very good Judge of what would please the People, and could aptly hit both the Genius of his Readers, and the Season of the Year in his Writings. His Brain, which was his Estate, had as regular and different Products as other Men's Land. From the Beginning of *November*, till the Opening of the Campaign, he writ Pamphlets and Letters to Members of Parliament, or Friends in the Country. But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary Readers with a Murder, and lived comfortably a Week or two upon *strange and lamentable Accidents*. A little before the Armies took the Field, his Way was to open your Attention with a Prodigy; and a Monster well writ, was two Guineas the lowest Price. This prepared his Readers for *his great and bloody News* from *Flanders* in *June* and *July*. Poor *Tom!* He is gone — But I observed, he always looked well after a Battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting Year. Had this honest careless Fellow lived till now, Famine had stared him in the Face, and interrupted his Merriment; as it must be a total Affliction to all those whose Pen is their Fortune.

AS for my Part, I do not speak wholly for my own Sake in this Point; for Palmistry and Astrology will bring me in greater Gains than these my Papers; *so that I am only* in the Condition of a Lawyer, who leaves

leaves the Bar for Chamber Practice. However, be allowed to ſpeak in the Cauſe of Learning and lament, that a liberal Education is the or which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All nick Artizans are allowed to reap the Fruit c Invention and Ingenuity without Invaſion; but h has ſeparated himſelf from the Reſt of Mankin ſtudied the Wonders of the Creation, the Gove of his Paſſions, and the Revolutions of the Wor has an Ambition to communicate the Effect of h Life ſpent in ſuch noble Enquiries, has no Prop what he is willing to produce, but is expoſed t bery and Want, with this melancholy and juſt Ref That he is the only Man who is not protected Country, at the ſame Time that he beſt deſer According to the ordinary Rules of Computati greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to Profit of thoſe who ſucceed in it; and by this M none have Pretence of turning their Labours to Advantage than Perſons brought up to Letters. A ed Education, paſſing through great Schools an verſities, is very expenſive, and conſumes a m Fortune, before it is gone through in its proper The Purchaſe of an handſome Commiſſion or E ment, which would give a Man a good Figure i ther kind of Life, is to be made at a much c Rate. Now, if we conſider this expenſive V which is undertaken in the Search of Knowledg how few there are who take in any conſiderabl chandize, how leſs frequent it is to be able to tur Men have gained into Profit; How hard is it the very ſmall Number who are diſtinguiſhed w bilities to know how to vend their Wares, and ha good Fortune to bring them into Port, ſhould being plunder'd by Privateers under the very C that ſhould protect them? The moſt eminent an ful Author of the Age we live in, after having l a Princely Revenue in Works of Charity and cence, as became the Greatneſs of his Mind, a Sanctity of his Character, would have left the Pe the World who was the deareſt to him in a *Condition*, had not the Sale of his immortal W

brought her in a very considerable Dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their Value. Every one will know, that I here mean the Works of the late Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Copy of which was sold for 2500*l*.

I DO not speak with Relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that Men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in Business, or receiving Preferments. In this Case, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the Benefit that may arise from their Writings. For my own Part, I have brought myself to consider Things in so unprejudiced a Manner, that I esteem more a Man who can live by the Products of his Understanding, than one who does it by the Favour of great Men.

THE Zeal of an Author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the Capacity of a Reader. If this Practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful Edition of a Book in *Great Britain*.

WE have already seen the Memoirs of Sir *William Temple*, published in the same Character and Volume with the History of *Tom Thumb*, and the Works of our greatest Poets shrunk into Penny Books and Garlands. For my own Part, I expect to see my Lucubrations printed on browner Paper than they are at present, and, if the Humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive Way of Living, and not smoke above two Pipes a Day.

Mr. CHARLES LILLIE, *Perfumer, at the Corner of* Beauford Buildings, *has informed me, That I am obliged to several of my Customers for coming to his Shop upon my Recommendation, and has also given me further Assurances of his upright Dealing with all who shall be so kind as to make Use of my Name to him. I acknowledge this Favour, and have, for the Service of my Friends who frequent his Shop, used the Force of Magical Powers to add Value to his Wares. By my Knowledge in the secret Operations of Nature, I have made his* Powders, Perfumed *and* Plain, *have the same Effect as*

Love-Powder, to all who are too much enamoure more than dress at their Mistresses. His Amber O Flower, Musk, *and* Civet-Violet, *put only into an kerchief, shall have the same Effect towards an hon Lover's Wicket, as if he had been wrapped in his M Smock.* Wash Balls Perfumed, Camphired, *and shall restore Complexions to that Degree, that a Fox-hunter, who uses them, shall, in a Week's Tim with a courtly and affable Paleness, without using th nio or Cupping.* N. B. *Mr.* Lillie *has Snuffs,* Bar Sevil, Musty, Plain, *and* Spanish, *which may be t a young Beginner without Danger of Sneezing.*

Sheer Lane, Nov.

WHEREAS several walking dead Persons within the Bills of Mortality, before and since th Inst. ant, having been informed of my Warrant given Company of Upholders, and being terrified thereat, having been advertis'd that Privilege or Protection be allow'd) have resolved forthwith to retire to th veral and respective Abodes in the Country, hoping by to elude any Commission of Interment that may i against them; and being informed of such their fa Designs, I do hereby give Notice, as well for the the Publick, as for the great Veneration I have before mentioned useful Society, that a Process is g against them; and that, in Case of Contempt, th be found or heard of at most Coffee-houses in and Westminster.

I MUST desire my Readers to help me out fro to Time in the Correction of these my Essays; for as king Hand does not always write legibly, the Pres times prints one Word for another; and when my P to be revised, I am perhaps so busy in observing th of the Moon, that I have not Time to find out the that are crept into my Lucubrations.

N° 102. *Saturday*, December 3, 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 2.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

THE Male World were diſmiſſed by the Goddeſs of Juſtice, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a Multitude filled my Heart with unſpeakable Pleaſure; and as the celeſtial Light of the Mirror ſhone upon their Faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather Perſons that deſcended in the Train of the Goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their Trial. The Clath of Tongues, and Confuſion of Voices, in this new Aſſembly, were ſo very great, that the Goddeſs was forced to command Silence ſeveral Times, and with ſome Severity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her Orders. They were all ſenſible, that the moſt important Affair among Womankind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the Point of Place. This had raiſed innumerable Diſputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a Tumult. Every one produced her Claim, and pleaded her Pretenſions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were Words that rung in my Ears from all Parts of the Plain. Some boaſted of the Merit of their Huſbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unſpotted Virginity; others their numerous Iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of conſiderable Perſons. There was not a ſingle Accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole Congregation was full of Singing, Dancing, Toſſing, Ogling, Squeaking, Smiling, Sighing, Fanning, Frowning, and all thoſe irreſiſtible Arts which Women make uſe of in *Practice, to captivate* the Hearts of reaſonable Creatures.

tures. The Goddeſs, to end this Diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, That every one ſhould take Place according as ſhe was more or leſs beautiful. This Declaration gave great Satisfaction to the whole Aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its Beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their Motion, found an Occaſion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a falſe Step, that they might ſhew their Perſons in the moſt becoming Air. Such as had fine Necks and Boſoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the Heads of the Multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant Parts of the Aſſembly. Several clapped their Hands on their Foreheads, as helping their Sight to look upon the Glories that ſurrounded the Goddeſs, but in Reality to ſhew fine Hands and Arms. The Ladies were yet better pleaſed, when they heard, that in the Deciſion of this great Controverſy, each of them ſhould be her own Judge, and take her Place according to her own Opinion of herſelf, when ſhe conſulted her Looking glaſs.

THE Goddeſs then let down the Mirror of Truth in a Golden Chain, which appeared larger in Proportion as it deſcended and approached nearer to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the particular Property of this Looking glaſs to banish all falſe Appearances, and ſhew People what they are. The whole Woman was repreſented, without Regard to the uſual external Features, which were made entirely conformable to their real Characters. In ſhort, the moſt accompliſhed (taking in the whole Circle of Female Perfections) were the moſt beautiful; and the moſt defective, the moſt deformed. The Goddeſs ſo varied the Motion of the Glaſs, and placed it in ſo many different Lights, that each had an Opportunity of ſeeing herſelf in it.

IT is impoſſible to deſcribe the Rage, the Pleaſure, or Aſtoniſhment, that appeared in each Face upon its Repreſentation in the Mirror; Multitudes ſtarted at their own Form, and would have broke the Glaſs if they could have reached it. Many ſaw their blooming Feature wither as they look'd upon them, and their Self Admiration turned into a Loathing and Abhorrence. The Lady who was thought ſo agreeable in her Anger, and was ſo often celebrated for a Woman of Fire and Spirit,

Spirit, was frighted at her own Image, and fancied ſhe ſaw a Fury in the Glaſs. The interefted Miſtreſs beheld a Harpy, and the ſubtle Jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own Heart, to ſee ſuch a Deſtruction of fine Faces; but at the ſame Time had the Pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral improved, which I had before looked upon as the greateſt Maſter-pieces of Nature. I obſerved, that ſome few were ſo humble as to be ſurprized at their own Charms, and that many a one, who had lived in the Retirement and Severity of a Veſtal, ſhined forth in all the Graces and Attractions of a Siren. I was raviſhed at the Sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the moſt beautiful Object that my Eyes ever beheld. There was ſomething more than Human in her Countenance: Her Eyes were ſo full of Light, that they ſeemed to beautify every Thing they looked upon. Her Face was enlivened with ſuch a florid Bloom, as did not ſo properly ſeem the Mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her Shape, her Stature, and her Mien, were ſuch as diſtinguiſhed her even there where the whole Fair Sex was aſſembled.

I WAS impatient to ſee the Lady repreſented by ſo divine an Image, whom I found to be the Perſon that ſtood at my Right Hand, and in the ſame Point of View with myſelf. This was a little old Woman, who in her Prime had been about Five Foot high, tho' at preſent ſhrunk to about three Quarters of that Meaſure: Her natural Aſpect was puckered up with Wrinkles, and her Head covered with grey Hairs. I had obſerved all along an innocent Chearfulneſs in her Face, which was now heightened into Rapture, as ſhe beheld herſelf in the Glaſs. It was an odd Circumſtance in my Dream, (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived ſo great an Inclination towards her, that I had Thoughts of diſcourſing her upon the Point of Marriage, when on a ſudden ſhe was carried from me; for the Word was now given, that all who were pleaſed with their own Images, ſhould ſeparate, and place themſelves at the Head of their Sex.

THIS Detachment was afterwards divided into three Bodies, conſiſting of Maids, Wives and Widows; the Wives being placed in the Middle, with the Maids on the Right, and Widows on the Left, though it was with

Difficulty

Difficulty that thoſe two laſt Bodies were hindred from falling into the Centre. This Separation of thoſe who liked their real ſelves, not having leſſened the Number of the main Body ſo conſiderably as it might have been wiſhed, the Goddeſs, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new Diſtinctions among thoſe who did not like the Figure which they ſaw in it. She made ſeveral wholeſome Edicts, which are ſlipt out of my Mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their Kind, and executed with great Severity. Their Deſign was, to make an Example of two Extremes in the Female World; of thoſe who are very ſevere on the Conduct of others, and of thoſe who are very regardleſs of their own. The firſt Sentence therefore the Goddeſs pronounced, was, That all Females addicted to Cenſoriouſneſs and Detraction, ſhould loſe the Uſe of Speech; a Puniſhment which would be the moſt grievous to the Offender, and (what ſhould be the End of all Puniſhments) effectual for rooting out the Crime. Upon this Edict, which was as ſoon executed as publiſhed, the Noiſe of this Aſſembly very conſiderably abated. It was a melancholy Spectacle, to ſee ſo many who had the Reputation of rigid Virtue ſtruck Dumb. A Lady who ſtood by me, and ſaw my Concern, told me, She wondered how I could be concerned for ſuch a Pack of——I found, by the ſhaking of her Head, ſhe was going to give me their Characters, but by her ſaying no more, I perceived ſhe had loſt the Command of her Tongue. This Calamity fell very heavy upon that Part of Women who are diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Prudes*, a courtly Word for Female Hypocrites, who have a ſhort Way to being virtuous, by ſhowing that others are vicious. The ſecond Sentence was then pronounced againſt the looſe Part of the Sex, That all ſhould immediately be pregnant, who in any Part of their Lives had run the Hazard of it. This produced a very goodly Appearance, and revealed to many Miſconducts, that made thoſe who were lately ſtruck dumb, repine more than ever at their Want of Utterance; though at the ſame Time (as Afflictions ſeldom come ſingle) many of the Mutes were alſo ſeized *with this* new Calamity. The Ladies were now in ſuch

a Condition, that they would have wanted Room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their Ground, and extend their Lines on all Sides. It was a ſenſible Affliction to me, to ſee ſuch a Multitude of Fair Ones, either dumb or big-bellied: But I was ſomething more at Eaſe, when I found that they agreed upon ſeveral Regulations to cover ſuch Misfortunes. Among others, that it ſhould be an eſtabliſhed Maxim in all Nations, That a Woman's firſt Child might come into the World within ſix Months after her Acquaintance with her Huſband; and that Grief might retard the Birth of her laſt till fourteen Months after his Deceaſe.

THIS Viſion laſted till my uſual Hour of waking, which I did with ſome Surprize, to find myſelf alone, after having been engaged almoſt a whole Night in ſo prodigious a Multitude. I could not but reflect with Wonder, at the Partiality and Extravagance of my Viſion; which, according to my Thoughts, has not done Juſtice to the Sex. If Virtue in Men is more venerable, it is in Women more lovely; which *Milton* has very finely expreſſed in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, where *Adam*, ſpeaking of *Eve*, after having aſſerted his own Pre eminence, as being Firſt in Creation and internal Faculties, breaks out in the following Rapture:

——Yet when I approach
Her Lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills, or do, or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt.
All higher Knowledge in her Preſence falls
Degraded. Wiſdom, in Diſcourſe with her,
Loſes, diſcountenanced, and like Folly ſhews.
Authority and Reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally: And to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of Mind and Nobleneſs, their Seat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard Angelick placed.

——He

——Hæ Nugæ seria ducunt
In mala, derisum semel exceptumque sinistre. Hor.

He will find these Trifles no jesting Matter, but a solid Mischief, ridiculous and offensive.

N° 103. *Tuesday*, December 6, 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a Man a greater Satisfaction, than the Sense of having dispatched a great deal of Business, especially when it turns to the Publick Emolument. I have much Pleasure of this Kind upon my Spirits at present, occasioned by the Fatigue of Affairs which I went through last *Saturday*. It is some Time since I set apart that Day for examining the Pretensions of several who had applied to me, for Canes, Perspective Glasses, Snuff Boxes, Orange Flower Waters, and the like Ornaments of Life. In order to adjust this Matter, I had before directed *Charles Lillie*, of *Beauford Buildings*, to prepare a great Bundle of Blank Licences in the following Words.

YOU are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to pass and repass through the Streets and Suburbs of London, *or any Place within ten Miles of it, without Let or Molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his Arm, brandish it in the Air, or hang it on a Button. In which Case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.* Isaac Bickerstaff.

THE same Form, differing only in the Proviso's, will serve for a Perspective, Snuff Box, or perfumed *Handkerchief*. I had placed myself in my Elbow Chair

at

at the upper End of my great Parlour, having ordered *Charles Lillie* to take his Place upon a Joint-Stool, with a Writing-Desk before him. *John Morphew* alſo took his Station at the Door; I having, for his good and faithful Services, appointed him my Chamber-keeper upon Court Days. He let me know, That there were a great Number attending without. Upon which I order'd him to give Notice, That I did not intend to ſit upon Snuff Boxes that Day; but that thoſe who appeared for Canes might enter. The firſt preſented me with the following Petition, which I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to read.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq; *Cenſor* of *Great Britain*.

The humble Petition of Simon Trippit,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner having been bred up to a Cane from his Youth, it is now become as neceſſary to him as any other of his Limbs.

THAT a great Part of his Behaviour depending upon it, he ſhould be reduced to the utmoſt Neceſſities if he ſhould loſe the Uſe of it.

THAT the Knocking of it upon his Shoe, leaning one Leg upon it, or whiſtling with it on his Mouth, are ſuch great Reliefs to him in Converſation, that he does not know how to be good Company without it.

THAT he is at preſent engaged in an Amour, and muſt deſpair of Succeſs if it be taken from him.

YOUR Petitioner therefore hopes, that (the Premiſſes tenderly conſidered) your Worſhip will not deprive him of ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary a Support.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever, &c.

UPON the hearing of his Caſe, I was touched with ſome Compaſſion, and the more ſo, when upon obſerving him nearer, I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his Cane in Court, which he had left at the Door. He did ſo, and I finding it to be very curiouſly clouded, with a tranſparent Amber Head, and a blue Riband to hang upon his Wriſt, I immediately ordered my Clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain Joint, headed with

with Walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by Degrees, permitted him to wear it three Days in a Week, and to abate proportionally till he found himself able to go alone.

THE Second who appeared, came limping into the Court: And setting forth in his Petition many Pretences for the Use of a Cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different Stories, and confronting him with several Witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to take in his Cane, and rejected his Petition as frivolous.

A THIRD made his Entry with great Difficulty, leaning upon a slight Stick, and in Danger of falling every Step he took. I saw the Weakness of his Hams; and hearing that he had married a young Wife about a Fortnight, before, I bid him leave his Cane, and gave him a new Pair of Crutches, with which he went off in great Vigour and Alacrity. This Gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his Petition was reading, in which he had represented, That he was extremely afflicted with the Gout, and set his Foot upon the Ground with the Caution and Dignity which accompany that Distemper. I suspected him for an Impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the Hands of Dr. *Thomas Smith* in *King-street* (my own Corn-Cutter) who attended in an outward Room, and wrought so speedy a Cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his Cane.

WHILE I was thus dispensing Justice, I heard a Noise in my outward Room; and enquiring what was the Occasion of it, my Door keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very Fact as he was passing by my Door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh coloured young Man, who made great Resistance with Hand and Foot, but did not offer to make Use of his Cane, which hung upon his Fifth Button. Upon Examination I found him to be an *Oxford* Scholar, who was just enter'd at the *Temple*. He at first disputed the Jurisdiction of the Court; but being driven out of his little Law and Logick, he told me very pertly, That he look'd upon such a perpendicular Creature as Man, to make a very imperfect Figure without a Cane in his Hand. He will

well known (ſays he) we ought, according to the natural Situation of our Bodies, to walk upon our Hands and Feet; and that the Wiſdom of the Antients had deſcribed Man to be an Animal of Four Legs in the Morning, Two at Noon, and Three at Night; by which they intimated, that a Cane might very properly become Part of us in ſome Period of Life. Upon which I aſked him, Whether he wore it at his Breaſt to have in Readineſs when that Period ſhould arrive? My young Lawyer immediately told me, He had a Property in it, and a Right to hang it where he pleaſed, and to make Uſe of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the Peace with it. And further ſaid, That he never took it off his Button, unleſs it were to lift it up at a Coachman, hold it over the Head of a Drawer, point out the Circumſtances of a Story, or for other Services of the like Nature, that are all within the Laws of the Land. I did not care for diſcouraging a young Man, who, I ſaw, would come to Good; and becauſe his Heart was ſet upon his new Purchaſe, I only ordered him to wear it about his Neck, inſtead of hanging it upon his Button, and ſo diſmiſſed him.

THERE were ſeveral appeared in Court, whoſe Pretenſions I found to be very good, and therefore gave them their Licences upon paying their Fees; as many others had their Licences renewed, who required more Time for Recovery of their Lameneſs than I had before allowed them.

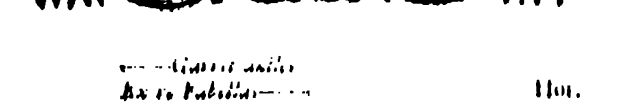
HAVING diſpatched this Set of my Petitioners, there came in a well dreſſed Man, with a Glaſs Tube in one Hand, and his Petition in the other. Upon his entering the Room, he threw back the Right Side of his Wig, put forward his Right Leg, and advancing the Glaſs to his Right Eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my Obſervations alſo, I put on my Spectacles; in which Poſture we ſurveyed each other for ſome Time. Upon the Removal of our Glaſſes, I deſired him to read his Petition, which he did very promptly and eaſily; tho' at the ſame Time it ſet forth, That he could ſee nothing diſtinctly, and was within very few Degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a Prayer, *That he might be permitted* to ſtrengthen and extend his Sight

Sight by a Glaſs. In Anſwer to this I told him, he might ſometimes extend it to his own Deſtruction. As you are now (ſaid I) you are out of the Reach of Beauty; the Shafts of the fineſt Eyes loſe their Force before they can come at you; you can't diſtinguiſh a Toaſt from an Orange Wench; you can ſee a whole Circle of Beauty without any Interruption from an impertinent Face to diſcompoſe you. In ſhort, what are Snares for others—— My Petitioner would hear no more, but told me very ſeriouſly, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you quite miſtake your Man; it is the Joy, the Pleaſure, the Employment of my Life, to frequent publick Aſſemblies, and gaze upon the Fair. In a Word, I found his Uſe of a Glaſs was occaſioned by no other Infirmity but his Vanity, and was not ſo much deſigned to make him ſee, as to make him be ſeen and diſtinguiſhed by others. I therefore refuſed him a Licence for a Perſpective, but allowed him a Pair of Spectacles, with full Permiſſion to uſe them in any publick Aſſembly as he ſhould think fit. He was followed by ſo very few of this Order of Men, that I have Reaſon to hope this Sort of Cheats are almoſt at an End.

THE Orange Flower Men appeared next with Petitions, perfumed ſo ſtrongly with Muſk, that I was almoſt overcome with the Scent; and for my own Sake was obliged forthwith to licence their Handkerchiefs, eſpecially when I found they had ſweetened them at *Charles Lillie*'s, and that ſome of their Perſons would not be altogether inoffenſive without them. *John Morphew*, whom I have made the General of my dead Men, acquainted me, That the Petitioners were all of that Order, and could produce Certificates to prove it, if I required it. I was ſo well pleaſed with this Way of their embalming themſelves, that I commanded the aboveſaid *Morphew* to give it in Orders to his whole Army, That every one, who did not ſurrender himſelf up to be diſpoſed of by the Upholders, ſhould uſe the ſame Method to keep himſelf ſweet during his preſent State of Putrefaction.

I FINISHED my Seſſion with great Content of Mind, reflecting upon the Good I had done; for however ſlightly Men may regard theſe Particularities and *little* Follies in Dreſs and Behaviour, they lead to greater Evils.

Evils. The fearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent Fortitude, and enables us to bear publick Censure for Things which more substantially deserve it. By this Means they open a Gate to Folly, and oftentimes render a Man to ridiculous, as discredit his Virtues and Capacities, and unqualify them from doing any Good in the World. Besides, the giving into uncommon Habits of this Nature, is a Want of that humble Reverence which is due to Mankind, and (what is worst of all) the certain Indication of some secret Flaw in the Mind of the Person that commits them. When I was a young Man, I remember a Gentleman of great Integrity and Worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad Belt, and a Hanger instead of a fashionable Sword, tho' in all other Points a very well bred Man. I suspected him at first Sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral Proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six and thirty Years, when at last, to the Surprize of every Body but myself, who had long expected to see the Folly break out, he married his own Cook Maid.



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with a decent and Matron like Behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I ſaw ſhe had a great deal to ſay to me, and eaſily diſcovered in her Eyes, and the Air of her Countenance, that ſhe had Abundance of Satisfaction in her Heart, which ſhe longed to communicate. However, I was reſolved to let her break into her Diſcourſe her own Way, and reduced her to a thouſand little Devices and Intimations to bring me to the Mention of her Huſband. But finding I was reſolved not to name him, ſhe began of her own Accord: My Huſband (ſaid ſhe) gives his humble Service to you: To which I only anſwered, I hope he is well; and without waiting for a Reply, fell into other Subjects. She at laſt was out of all Patience, and ſaid, (with a Smile and Manner that I thought had more Beauty and Spirit than I had ever obſerved before in her) I did not think, Brother, you had been ſo ill natured. You have ſeen, ever ſince I came in, that I had a Mind to talk of my Huſband, and you won't be ſo kind as to give me an Occaſion. I did not know (ſaid I) but it might be a diſagreeable Subject to you. You do not take me for ſo old faſhioned a Fellow as to think of entertaining a young Lady with the Diſcourſe of her Huſband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to ſpeak of one who is to be ſo; but to ſpeak of one who is ſo! Indeed, *Jenny*, I am a better bred Man than you think me. She ſhewed a little Diſlike at my Raillery; and by her bridling up, I perceived ſhe expected to be treated hereafter not as *Jenny Diſtaff*, but Mrs. *Tranquillus*. I was very well pleaſed with this Change in her Humour; and upon talking with her on ſeveral Subjects, I could not but fancy, that I ſaw a great deal of her Huſband's Way and Manner, in her Remarks, her Phraſes, the Tone of her Voice, and the very Air of her Countenance. This gave me an unſpeakable Satisfaction, not only becauſe I had found her an Huſband, from whom ſhe could learn many Things that were laudable, but alſo becauſe I looked upon her Imitation of him as an infallible Sign that ſhe intirely loved him. This is an Obſervation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural Shyneſs of her Sex hindred her from telling me the Greatneſs of her own

Paſſion,

'aſſion; but I eaſily collected it from the Repreſentation he gave me of his. I have every Thing, ſays ſhe, in *Tranquillus*, that I can wiſh for; and enjoy in him (what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good Huſband) the Fondneſs of a Lover, the Tenderneſs of a Parent, and the Intimacy of a Friend. It tranſported me to ſee her Eyes ſwimming in Tears of Affection when ſhe ſpoke: And is there not, dear Siſter, ſaid I, more Pleaſure in the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Man, than in all the little Impertinencies of Balls, Aſſemblies, and Equipage, which it coſt me much Pains to make you contemn? She anſwered, ſmiling, *Tranquillus* has made me a ſincere Convert in a few Weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole Life. To tell you truly, I have only one Fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me Trouble in the midſt of all my Satisfactions: I am afraid, you muſt know, that I ſhall not always make the ſame amiable Appearance in his Eye that I do at preſent. You know, Brother *Bickerſtaff*, that you have the Reputation of a Conjurer; and if you have any one Secret in your Art to make your Siſter always beautiful, I ſhould be happier than if I were Miſtreſs of all the Worlds you have ſhewn me in a Starry Night——*Jenny*, (ſaid I) without having Recourſe to Magick, I ſhall give you one plain Rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a Man who has ſo great a Paſſion for you, and is of ſo equal and reaſonable a Temper as *Tranquillus*. Endeavour to pleaſe, and you muſt pleaſe; be always in the ſame Diſpoſition as you are when you aſk for this Secret, and you may take my Word, you will never want it. An inviolable Fidelity, good Humour, and Complacency of Temper, out live all the Charms of a fine Face, and make the Decays of it inviſible.

WE diſcourſed very long upon this Head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I muſt confeſs, (as I tenderly love her) I take as much Pleaſure in giving her Inſtructions for her Welfare, as ſhe herſelf does in receiving them. I proceeded therefore to inculcate theſe Sentiments, by relating a very particular Paſſage that happened within my own Knowledge.

THERE were ſeveral of us making merry at a Friend's Houſe in a Country Village, when the Sexton of

fit to mention, though there is nothing in the S
what tends very much to her Honour. This Lac
several Years an exemplary Pattern of Conjugal
and dying soon after her Husband, who every V
swered her Character in Virtue and Affection,
her Death Bed Request, that all the Letters wh
had received from him both before and after he
riage, should be buried in the Coffin with her.
I found upon Examination were the Papers bef
Several of them had suffered so much by Time,
could only pick out a few Words; as my Soul!
Roses! Dearest Angel! and the like. One o
(which was legible throughout) ran thus:

MADAM,

IF you would know the Greatness of my Love,
that of your own Beauty. That Flowing Coun
that Sweet Poism, that graceful Person, return ove
ment to my Imagination: The Brightness of your Ey
sundered me from closing mine since I last saw you
may still add to your Beauties by a Smile. A Frow
make me the most wretched of Men, as I am the m
sionate of Lovers.

though the Panegyrick turned upon a different Accomplishment. The Words were as follow:

BEFORE this short Absence from you, I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though at the same Time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great Apprehension, lest you should have any Uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my Share in it, and can't think of tasting any Pleasures that you don't partake with me. Pray, my Dear be careful of your Health, if for no other Reason, but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in Absence to make Professions of an inviolable Constancy; but towards so much Merit, it is scarce a Virtue, especially when it is but a bare Return to that of which you have given me such continued Proofs ever since our first Acquaintance.

I am, &c.

IT happened that the Daughter of these two excellent Persons was by when I was reading this Letter. At the Sight of the Coffin, in which was the Body of her Mother, near that of her Father, she melted into a Flood of Tears. As I had heard a great Character of her Virtue, and observed in her this Instance of Filial Piety, I could not resist my natural Inclination of giving Advice to young People, and therefore addressed myself to her: Young Lady (said I) you see how short is the Possession of that Beauty, in which Nature has been so liberal to you. You find the melancholy Sight before you is a Contradiction to the first Letter that you heard on that Subject; whereas you may observe, the second Letter, which celebrates your Mother's Constancy, is itself, being found in this Place, an Argument of it. But, Madam, I ought to caution you, not to think the Bodies that lie before you, your Father and your Mother. Know their Constancy is rewarded by a nobler Union than by this mingling of their Ashes, in a State where there is no Danger or Possibility of a second Separation.

Nº 105. *Saturday*, December 10, 1709.

Shar-Lane, December 9.

AS ſoon as my Midnight Studies are finiſhed, I take but a very ſhort Repoſe, and am again up at an Exerciſe of another Kind; that is to ſay, my Fencing. Thus my Life paſſes away in a reſtleſs Purſuit of Fame, and a Preparation to defend myſelf againſt ſuch as attack it. This Anxiety in the Point of Reputation is the peculiar Diſtreſs of fine Spirits, and makes them liable to a thouſand Inquietudes, from which Men of groſſer Underſtandings are exempt; ſo that nothing is more common, than to ſee one Part of Mankind live at perfect Eaſe under ſuch Circumſtances as would make another Part of them intirely miſerable.

THIS may ſerve for a Preface to the Hiſtory of poor *Will. Rejin*, the Fidler of *Wapping*, who is a Man as much made for Happineſs and a quiet Life, as any one breathing; but has been lately intangled in ſo many intricate and unreaſonable Diſtreſſes, as would have made him (had he been a Man of too nice Honour) the moſt wretched of all Mortals. I came to the Knowledge of his Affairs by mere Accident. Several of the narrow End of our Lane having made an Appointment to viſit ſome Friends beyond St. *Katherine*'s, where there was to be a merry Meeting, they would needs take with them the Old Gentleman, as they are pleaſed to call me. I, who value my Company by their Good-Will, which naturally has the ſame Effect as Good Breeding, was not too ſtately, or too wiſe, to accept of the Invitation. Our Deſign was to be Spectators of a Sea Ball; to which I readily conſented, provided I might be *incognito*, being naturally pleaſed with the Survey of human Life in all its Degrees and Circumſtances. In order to this Merriment, *Will. Rejin* (who is the *Corelli* of the *Wapping Fidle*, as *Tom. Scrape* is the Benoucini of Redriff) was

inveſtigable

mediately sent for; but to our utter Disappointment, or *Will.* was under an Arrest, and desired the Assist-ce of all his kind Masters and Mistresses, or he must to Gaol. The whole Company received his Mes-ge with great Humanity, and very generously threw their Half pence a piece in a great Dish, which pur-ased his Redemption out of the Hands of the Bailiffs. ring the Negotiation for his Enlargement, I had an portunity of acquainting myself with his History.

Mr. *WILLIAM Rosin*, of the Parish of St. *Katherine*, somewhat stricken in Years, and married to a young idow, who has very much the Ascendant over him: is degenerate Age being so perverted in all Things, it even in the State of Matrimony, the Young pretend govern their Elders. The Musician is extremely fond her; but is often obliged to lay by his Fiddle to hear ider Notes of hers, when she is pleased to be angry th him: For you are to know, *Will* is not of Conse-ence enough to enjoy her Conversation but when she ides him, or makes use of him to carry on her Amours. r she is a Woman of Stratagem; and even in that Part the World where one would expect but very little Gal-ntry, by the Force of natural Genius, she can be sullen, k, out of Humour, splenatick, want new Clothes, and ore Money, as well as if she had been bred in *Cheapside Cornhill*. She was lately under a secret Discontent on Account of a Lover she was like to lose by his Mar-ge; for her Gallant, Mr. *Ezekiel Bonifacer*, had been ice asked in the Church, in order to be joined in Ma-mony with Mrs. *Winifred Dimple*, Spinster, of the me Parish. Hereupon Mrs. *Rosin* was far gone in that istemper which well governed Husbands know by the escription of, *I am I know not how*; and *Will.* soon derstood, that it was his Part to enquire into the Oc-sion of her Melancholy, or suffer as the Cause of it mself. After much Importunity, all he could get out her, was, That she was the most unhappy and the ost wicked of all Women, and had no Friend in the Vorld to tell her Grief to. Upon this *Will* doubled is Importunities; but she said, That she should break er poor Heart, if he did not take a solemn Oath upon a ook, that he would not be angry; and that he would

expoſe the Perſon who had wrong'd her to all the World, for the Eaſe of her Mind, which was no way elſe to be quieted. The Fidler was ſo melted, that he immediately kiſs'd her, and afterwards the Book. When his Oath was taken, ſhe begun to lament herſelf, and revealed to him, that (miſerable Woman as ſhe was) ſhe had been falſe to his Bed. *Will.* was glad to hear it was no worſe; but before he could reply, Nay (ſaid ſhe) I will make you all the Attonement I can, and take Shame upon me by proclaiming it to all the World, which is the only Thing that can remove my preſent Terrors of Mind. This was indeed too true, for her Deſign was to prevent Mr. *Boniface*'s Marriage, which was all ſhe apprehended. *Will.* was thoroughly angry, and begun to curſe and ſwear, the Ordinary Expreſſions of Paſſion in Perſons of his Condition. Upon which his Wife—— *Ah William!* How well you mind the Oath you have taken, and the Diſtreſs of your poor Wife, who can keep nothing from you; I hope you won't be ſuch a perjured Wretch as to forſwear yourſelf. The Fidler anſwered, That his Oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was paſſed; but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over *Wapping*. No, no, (replyed Mrs. *Roſin*) I ſee well enough what you would be at, you poor ſpirited Cuckold—— You are afraid to expoſe *Boniface*, who has abuſed your poor Wife, and would fain perſwade me ſtill to ſuffer the Stings of Conſcience; but I aſſure you, Sirrah, I won't go to the Devil for you. Poor *Will.* was not made for Contention, and beſeeching her to be pacified, deſired ſhe would conſult the Good of her Soul her own Way, for he would not ſay her nay in any Thing.

Mrs. *ROSIN* was ſo very loud and publick in her Invectives againſt *Boniface*, that the Parents of his Miſtreſs forbad the Banns, and his Match was prevented; which was the whole Deſign of this deep Stratagem. The Father of *Boniface* brought his Action of Defamation, arreſted the Fidler, and recovered Damages. This was the Diſtreſs from which he was relieved by the Company; and the good Huſband's Air, Hiſtory, and Jollity, upon his Enlargement, gave Occaſion to very much Mirth; eſpecially when *Will.* finding he had *Friends* to ſtand by him, proclaimed himſelf a Cuckold

Way of Inſult over the Family of the *Bonifaces*. Here Man of Tranquillity without reading *Seneca*! What ork had ſuch an Incident made among Perſons of tinction? The Brothers and Kindred of each Side t have been drawn out, and hereditary Hatred en- d on the Families as long as their very Names re- ned in the World. Who would believe that *Herod*, *ele*, and *Will. Rufin*, were of the ſame Species? THERE are quite different Sentiments which reign the Parlour and the Kitchen; and it is by the Point Honour, when juſtly regulated, and inviolably obſer- , that ſome Men are ſuperior to others, as much as nkind in general are to brutes. This puts me in nd of a Paſſage in the admirable Poem called the *Diſ- ary*, where the Nature of true Honour is artfully de- bed in an ironical Diſſuaſe of it.

BUT e'er we once engage in Honour's Cauſe,
Firſt know what Honour is, and whence it was,
Scorn'd by the Baſe, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the wiſe Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exiſts by Hope, and by Deſpair.
Eager whene'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain,
And Reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,
But when his Safety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, Health, and Eaſe, for Nothing but a Name.

A VERY odd Fellow viſited me to Day at my Lodg- s, and deſired Encouragement and Recommendation from for a new Invention of Knockers to Doors, which he told he had made, and profeſſed to teach ruſtick Servants the e of them. I deſired him to ſhew me an Experiment of s Invention; upon which he fixed one of his Knockers to Parlour-Door. He then gave me a compleat Set of ocks, from the ſolitary Rap of the Dun and Beggar, to the uſhrings of the ſaucy Footman of Quality, with ſeveral uriſhes and Ruffles never yet performed. He likewiſe yed over ſome private Notes, diſtinguiſhing the families iend or Relation from the modiſh Viſitor; and directing

when the Reſerve Candles are to be lighted. He has ſeveral other Curioſities in this Art. He waits only to receive my Approbation of the main Deſign. He is now ready to practice to ſuch as ſhall apply themſelves to him; but have put off his publick License till next Court Day.

N. B. *HE teaches under Ground.*

——*laceros digitis Membra Poetæ.* Hor.

You will find the Limbs of a diſmember'd Poet.

N° 106. *Tueſday*, December 13, 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, December 12.

I WAS this Evening ſitting at the Side Table, a reading one of my own Papers with great Satisfa tion, not knowing that I was obſerved by any in t Room. I had not long enjoyed this ſecret Pleaſure an Author, when a Gentleman, ſome of whoſe Wo I have been highly entertained with, accoſted me af the following Manner. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you know have for ſome Years devoted myſelf wholly to t Muſes, and perhaps you will be ſurprized when I t you I am reſolved to take up and apply myſelf to B fineſs. I ſhall therefore beg you will ſtand my Frie and recommend a Cuſtomer to me for ſeveral Goods th I have now upon my Hands. I deſired him to let m have a Particular, and I would do my utmoſt to ſer him. I have firſt of all (ſays he) the Progreſs of Amour digeſted into Sonnets, beginning with a Pos to the unknown Fair, and ending with an Epithalamiu I have celebrated in it, her Cruelty, her Pity, her Fa her Shape, her Wit, her Good Humour, her Dancin her Singing —— *I could not forbear interrupting hi This is a moſt accompliſhed Lady*, ſaid I, but but ſ

wo

really, with all these Perfections, a fine Voice? Pugh, says he you do not believe there is such a Person in Nature. This was only my Employment in Solitude last Summer, when I had neither Friends or Books to divert me. I was going, said I, to ask her Name, but I find it is only an imaginary Mistress. That's true, replied my Friend, but her Name is *Flavia*. I have, continued he, in the Second Place, a Collection of Lampoons, calculated either for the *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, or any Place where they drink Waters, with blank Spaces for the Names of such Person or Persons as may be inserted in them on Occasion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me proceeding from Love and Malice I have also at this Time the Sketch of an Heroick Poem upon the next Peace: Several indeed of the Verses are either too long or too short, it being a rough Draught of my Thoughts upon that Subject. I thereupon told him, That as it was, it might probably pass for a very good Pindarick, and I believed I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that Foot. I must tell you also, said he, I have made a Dedication to it, which is about four Sides close written, that may serve any one that is tall, and understands *Latin*. I have further, about Fifty Similes, that were never yet applied, besides Three and Twenty Descriptions of the Sun rising, that might be of great Use to an Epick Poet. These are my more bulky Commodities. Besides which I have several small Wares that I would part with at easy Rates; as, Observations upon Life, and Moral Sentences, reduced into several Couplets, very proper to close up Acts of Plays, and may be easily introduced by two or three Lines of Prose, either in Tragedy or Comedy. If I could find a Purchaser curious in *Latin* Poetry, I could accommodate him with two Dozen of Epigrams, which, by Reason of a few false Quantities, should come for little or nothing.

I HEARD the Gentleman with much Attention, and asked him, Whether he would break Bulk, and sell his Goods by Retail, or designed they should all go in a Lump? He told me, That he should be very loath to part them, unless it was to oblige a Man of Quality, or *any Person for whom* I had a particular Friendship.

My Reaſon for aſking (ſaid I) is, only becauſe I know a young Gentlemen who intends to appear next Spring in a new jingling Chariot, with the Figures of the nine Muſes on each Side of it; and I believe, would be glad to come into the World in Verſe. We could not go on in our Treaty, by reaſon of two or three Criticks that joined us. They had been talking, it ſeems, of the two Letters which were found in the Coffin, and mentioned in one of my late Lucubrations, and came with a Requeſt to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the Gentlemen was pleaſed to ſay, That it was a very proper Inſtance of a Widow's Conſtancy; and ſaid, he wiſhed I had ſubjoined, as a Foil to it, the following Paſſage in *Hamlet*. The young Prince was not yet acquainted with all the Guilt of his Mother, but turns his Thoughts on her ſudden Forgetfulneſs of his Father, and the Indecency of her haſty Marriage.

——THAT it ſhould come to this!
But two Months dead! Nay, not ſo much, not Two!
So excellent a King! that was, to this,
Hyperion *to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,*
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
To viſit her Face too roughly. Heaven and Earth!
Muſt I remember? Why ſhe would hang on him,
As if Increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a Month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy Name is Woman!
A little Month! Or ere thoſe Shoes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poor Father's Body,
Like Niobe, *all Tears, Why ſhe, even ſhe,*
Oh Heav'n! A Brute, that wants Diſcourſe of Reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer——married with mine Uncle!
My Father's Brother! but no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules. *Within a Month!*
Ere yet the Salt of moſt unrighteous Tears
Had left the Flaſhing of her gauled Eyes,
She married——O moſt wicked Speed, to poſt
With ſuch Dexterity to inceſtuous Sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good,
But break my Heart; for I muſt hold my Tongue.

THE

THE ſeveral Emotions of Mind, and Breaks of Paſſion, in this Speech, are admirable. He has touched every Circumſtance that aggravated the Fact, and ſeemed capable of hurrying the Thoughts of a Son into Diſtraction. His Father's Tenderneſs for his Mother expreſſed in ſo delicate a Particular; his Mother's Fondneſs for his Father no leſs exquiſitely deſcribed; the great and amiable Figure of his dead Parent drawn by a true Filial Piety; his Diſdain of ſo unworthy a Succeſſor to his Bed: But above all, the Shortneſs of the Time between his Father's Death and his Mother's ſecond Marriage, brought together with ſo much Diſorder, make up as noble a Part as any in that celebrated Tragedy. The Circumſtance of Time I never could enough admire. The Widowhood had laſted two Months. This is his firſt Reflection: But as his Indignation riſes, he ſinks to ſcarce two Months: Afterwards into a Month; and at laſt, into a little Month: But all this ſo naturally, that the Reader accompanies him in the Violence of his Paſſion, and finds the Time leſſen inſenſibly, according to the different Workings of his Diſdain. I have not mentioned the Inceſt of her Marriage, which is ſo obvious a Provocation; but can't forbear taking Notice, that when his Fury is at its Height, he cries, *Frailty, thy Name is Woman!* As railing at the Sex in general, rather than giving himſelf Leave to think his Mother worſe than others,——*Deſiderantur multa.*

WHEREAS Mr. Jeffrey Groggram *has ſurrendred himſelf by his Letter bearing Date* December *7. and has ſent an Acknowledgment that he is dead, praying an Order to the Company of Upholders for Interment at ſuch a reaſonable Rate as may not impoveriſh his Heirs: The ſaid* Groggram *having been dead ever ſince he was born, and added nothing to his ſmall Patrimony, Mr.* Bickerſtaff *has taken the Premiſſes into Conſideration; and being ſenſible of the ingenuous and ſingular Behaviour of this Petitioner, pronounces the ſaid* Jeffery Groggram *a true Man, and will not ſuffer that he ſhould bury himſelf out of Modeſty; but requires him to remain among the Living, as an Example to thoſe obſtinate dead Men, who will neither Labour for Life, nor go to their Grave.*

N. B. *Mr.* Groggram *is the firſt Perſon that has come in upon Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Dead Warrant.*

Florinda *demands by her Letter of this Day to be allowed to paſs for a living Woman, having danced the* Derbyſhire Hornpipe *in the Preſence of ſeveral Friends on* Saturday *laſt.*

Granted; *Provided ſhe can bring Proof, that ſhe can make a Pudding on the 24th Inſtant.*

——*Ah Miſer!*
Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
Digne Puer meliore Flamma? Hor.

Ah, wretched Youth! Worthy a better Flame, on what a Rock are you like to ſplit?

N° 107. *Thurſday*, December 15, 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 14.

ABOUT Four this Afternoon, which is the Hour I uſually put myſelf in a Readineſs to receive Company, there entered a Gentleman who I believed at firſt came upon ſome ordinary Queſtion; but as he approached nearer to me, I ſaw in his Countenance a deep Sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous Complacency that gave me ſudden Good will towards him. He ſtar'd, and betray'd an Abſence of Thought as he was going to communicate his Buſineſs to me. But at laſt, recovering himſelf, he ſaid, with an Air of great Reſpect, Sir, It would be an Injury to your Knowledge in the Occult Sciences, to tell you what is my Diſtreſs; I dare ſay, you read it in my Countenance: I therefore beg your Advice to the moſt unhappy of all Men. Much Experience has made me particularly ſagacious in the Diſcovery of Diſtempers, and I ſoon ſaw that his was Love. I then turned to my Common Place Book, and found his Caſe under

under the Word *Coquet*; and reading over the Catalogue which I have collected out of this great City of all under that Character, I saw at the Name of *Cynthia* his Fit came upon him. I repeated the Name thrice after a musing Manner, and immediately perceived his Pulse quicken two Thirds; when his Eyes, instead of the Wildness with which they appeared at his Entrance, looked with all the Gentleness imaginable upon me, not without Tears. Oh, Sir, (said he) you know not the unworthy Usage I have met with from the Woman my Soul doats on. I could gaze at her to the End of my Being; yet when I have done so, for some Time past, I have found her Eyes fixed on another. She is now two and twenty, in the full Tyranny of her Charms, which she once acknowledged she rejoiced in, only as they made her Choice of me, out of a Crowd of Admirers, the more obliging. But in the Midst of this Happiness, so it is Mr. *Bickerstaff*, that young *Quicksett*, who is just come to Town, without any other Recommendation than that of being tolerably handsome, and excessively rich, has won her Heart in so shameless a Manner, that she dies for him. In a Word, I would consult you, how to cure myself of this Passion for an ungrateful Woman, who triumphs in her Falshood, and can make no Man happy, because her own Satisfaction consists chiefly in being capable of giving Distress. I know *Quicksett* is at present considerable with her, for no other Reason but that he can be without her, and feel no Pain in the Loss. Let me therefore desire you, Sir, to fortify my Reason against the Levity of an Inconstant, who ought only to be treated with Neglect.

A L L this Time I was looking over my Receipts, and asked him, if he had any good Winter Boots—— —Boots, Sir, said my Patient ——I went on; You may easily reach *Harwich* in a Day, so as to be there when the Packet goes off. Sir, (said the Lover) I find you design me for Travelling; but alas! I have no Language, it will be the same Thing to me as Solitude, to be in a strange Country. I have (continued he, sighing) been many Years in Love with this Creature, and have almost lost even my *English*, at least to speak such as any Body else does. I asked a Tenant of ours, who came

came up to Town the other Day with Rent, Whether the flowry Mead near my Father's Houſe in the Country, had any Shepherd in it? I have called a Cave a Grotto theſe three Years, and muſt keep ordinary Company, and frequent buſy People for ſome Time, before I can recover my common Words. I ſmiled at his Railery upon himſelf, tho' I well ſaw it came from an heavy Heart. You are (ſaid I) acquainted to be ſure with ſome of the General Officers: Suppoſe you made a Campaign? If I did, (ſaid he) I ſhould venture more than any Man there, for I ſhould be in Danger of Starving; my Father is ſuch an untoward old Gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his Taxes towards the War, without making it more expenſive by an Allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, and I am his only Son.

I looked upon the young Gentleman with much Tenderneſs, and not like a Phyſician, but a Friend: for I talk'd to him ſo largely, that if I had parcelled my Diſcourſe into diſtinct Preſcriptions, I am confident I gave him two hundred Pounds worth of Advice. He heard me with great Attention, bowing, ſmiling, and ſhewing all other Inſtances of that natural Good Breeding which ingenuous Tempers pay to thoſe who are elder and wiſer than themſelves. I entertained him to the following Purpoſe. I am ſorry, Sir, that your Paſſion is of ſo long a Date, for Evils are much more curable in their Beginnings: but at the ſame Time muſt allow, that you are not to be blamed, ſince your Youth and Merit has been abuſed by one of the moſt charming, but the moſt unworthy Sort of Women, the Coquets. A Coquet is a chaſte Jilt, and differs only from a common One, as a Soldier, who is perfect in Exerciſe, does from one that is actually in Service. This Grief, like all others, is to be cured only by Time: and although you are convinced this Moment, as much as you will be ten Years hence, that the ought to be ſcorned and neglected, you ſee you muſt not expect your Remedy from the force of Reaſon. The Cure then is only in Time, and the haſtening of the Cure only in the Manner of employing that Time. You have anſwered me as to Travel and a Campaign, ſo that we have only Great Britain to avoid here in. Be

there

then yourſelf, and liſten to the following Rules, which only can be of Uſe to you in this unaccountable Diſtemper, wherein the Patient is often averſe even to his Recovery. It has been of Benefit to ſome to apply themſelves to Buſineſs, but as that may not lie in your Way, go down to your Eſtate, mind your Fox Hounds, and venture the Life you are weary of, over every Hedge and Ditch in the Country. Theſe are wholeſome Remedies; but if you can have Reſolution enough, rather ſtay in Town, and recover yourſelf even in the Town where ſhe inhabits. Take particular Care to avoid all Places where you may poſſibly meet her, and ſhun the Sight of every Thing which may bring her to your Remembrance; there is an Infection in all that relates to her: You'll find, her Houſe, her Chariot, her Domeſticks, and her very Lap Dog, are ſo many Inſtruments of Torment. Tell me ſeriouſly, Do you think you could bear the Sight of her Fan? He ſhook his Head at the Queſtion, and ſaid, Ah! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you muſt have been a Patient, or you could not have been ſo good a Phyſician. To tell you truly, ſaid I, about the thirtieth Year of my Age, I received a Wound that has ſtill left a Scar in my Mind, never to be quite worn out by Time or Philoſophy.

THE Means which I found the moſt effectual for my Cure, were Reflections upon the ill Uſage I had received from the Woman I loved, and the Pleaſure I law her take in my Sufferings.

I conſidered the Diſtreſs ſhe brought upon me, as the greateſt that could befall an human Creature, at the ſame Time that ſhe did not inflict this upon one who was her Enemy, one that had done her an Injury, one that had wiſhed her ill; but on the Man who loved her more than any elſe loved her, and more than it was poſſible for him to love any other Perſon.

IN the next Place, I took Pains to conſider her in all her Imperfections; and that I might be ſure to hear of them conſtantly, kept Company with thoſe her Female Friends who were her deareſt and moſt intimate Acquaintance.

AMONG her higheſt Imperfections, I fell exactly upon *her Baſeneſs of* Mind and Ingratitude, that made her

her triumph in the Pain and Anguiſh of the Man who loved her, and of one who in thoſe Days (without Vanity be it ſpoken) was thought to deſerve her Love.

TO ſhorten my Story, ſhe was married to another, which would have diſtracted me, had he proved a good Huſband; but to my great Pleaſure, he uſed her at firſt with Coldneſs, and afterwards with Contempt. I hear he ſtill treats her very ill; and am informed, that ſhe often ſays to her Woman, This is a juſt Revenge for my Falſhood to my firſt Love: What a Wretch am I, that might have been married to the famous Mr. *Bickerſtaff*.

MY Patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy Pleaſure, and told me, He did not think it was poſſible for a Man to live to the Age I am now of, who in his thirtieth Year had been tortured with that Paſſion in its Violence. For my Part, (ſaid he) I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in it; nor keep Company with any Body, but two or three Friends who are in the ſame Condition.

THERE (anſwered I) you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping Company with yourſelf, ſo you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping Company with Men like yourſelf. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your Diſtemper.

I muſt not diſmiſs you without further Inſtructions. If poſſible, tranſfer your Paſſion from the Woman you are now in Love with, to another; or if you cannot do that, change the Paſſion itſelf into ſome other Paſſion, that is, to ſpeak more plainly, find out ſome other agreeable Woman: Or if you can't do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your Love of Woman into that of Profit, Preferment, Reputation; and for a Time, give up yourſelf entirely to the Purſuit.

THIS is a Method we ſometimes take in Phyſick, when we turn a deſperate Diſeaſe into one we can more eaſily cure.

HE made me little Anſwer to all this, but crying out, Ah, Sir! for his Paſſion reduced his Diſcourſe to Interjections.

THERE is one Thing, added I, which is preſent *Death* to a Man in your Condition, and therefore to be *avoided* with the greateſt Care and Caution; that is, in a Word,

Word, to think of your Miſtreſs and Rival together, whether walking, diſcourſing, dallying——The Devil! (He cried out) Who can bear it? To compoſe him, for I pitied him very much; The Time will come, ſaid I, when you ſhall not only bear it, but laugh at it. As a Preparation to it, ride every Morning an Hour at leaſt with the Wind full in your Face. Upon your Return, recollect the ſeveral Precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a Bottle of *Spaw Water*. Repeat this every Day for a Month ſucceſſively, and let me ſee you at the End of it. He was taking his Leave, with many Thanks, and ſome Appearance of Conſolation in his Countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, That I had private Information of a Deſign of the Coquets to buy up all the true *Spaw Water* in Town; Upon which he took his Leave in Haſte, with a Reſolution to get all Things ready for entring upon his Regimen the next Morning.

Pronaque cum ſpectant Animalia cætera Terram,
Os Homini ſublime dedit, Cœlumque tueri
Juſſit ——— Ovid. Met.

And while Beaſts look downward on the Ground with groveling Eyes, to Man he gave a Look ſublime, to contemplate the Stars.

N° 108. *Saturday*, December 17, 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 16.

IT is not to be imagined, how great an Effect well-diſpoſed Lights, with proper Forms and Orders in Aſſemblies have upon ſome Tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a Manner, that I cannot in a Day

Day or two get out of my Imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable Impreſſion which I receive on ſuch Occaſions. For this Reaſon I frequently look in at the Play houſe, in order to enlarge my Thoughts, and warm my Mind with ſome new Idea's, that may be ſerviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

IN this Diſpoſition I entered the Theatre the other Day, and placed myſelf in a Corner of it, very convenient for ſeeing, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the Audience huſhed in a very deep Attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble Tragedy was juſt then in its Criſis, or that an Incident was to be unravelled which would determine the Fate of an Hero. While I was in this Suſpence, expecting every Moment to ſee my old Friend Mr. *Betterton* appear in all the Majeſty of Pilgrets, to my unſpeakable Amazement, there came up a Monſter with a Face between his Feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one Leg in ſuch a perpendicular Poſture, that the other grew in a direct Line above his Head. It afterwards twiſted itſelf into the Motions and Wreathings of ſeveral different Animals, and after great Variety of Shapes and Tranſformations went off the Stage in the Figure of an human Creature. The Admiration, the Applauſe, the Satisfaction of the Audience, during this ſtrange Entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of Countenance for my dear Countrymen, and looked about with ſome Apprehenſion, for fear any Foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible (thought I) that human Nature can rejoice in its Diſgrace, and take Pleaſure in ſeeing its own Figure turned to Ridicule, and diſtorted into Forms that raiſe Horror and Averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the Being able to bear ſuch a Sight. Men of elegant and noble Minds, are ſhocked at the ſeeing Characters of Perſons who deſerve Eſteem for their Virtue, Knowledge, or Services to their Country, placed in wrong Lights, and by Mis-repreſentation made the Subject of Buffoonery. Such a mere Abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the Vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe, who have nothing but the outward Figure to diſtinguiſh them

as

as Men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified and diſgraced.

I MUST confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in Books, or ſee among Mankind, than ſuch Paſſages as repreſent human Nature in its proper Dignity. As Man is a Creature made up of different Extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: A ſkilful Artiſt may draw an excellent Picture of him in either of theſe Views. The moſt Authors of Antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous Side. They cultivate the natural Grandeur of the Soul, raiſe in her a generous Ambition, feed her with Hopes of Immortality and Perfection, and do all they can to widen the Partition between the Virtuous and the Vicious, by making the Difference betwixt them as great as between Gods and Brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to read a Page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a thouſand other antient Moraliſts, without being a greater and a better Man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh *French* Authors, or thoſe of our own Country, who are the Imitators and Admirers of that trifling Nation, without being for ſome Time out of Humour with myſelf, and at every Thing about me. Their Buſineſs is, to depreciate human Nature, and conſider it under its worſt Appearances. They give mean Interpretations and baſe Motives to the worthieſt Actions: They reſolve Virtue and Vice into Conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavour to make no Diſtinction between Man and Man, or between the Species of Men and that of Brutes. As an Inſtance of this kind of Authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Rochefoucault*, who is the great Philoſopher for adminiſtring of Conſolation to the Idle, the Envious, and worthleſs Part of Mankind.

I remember a young Gentleman of moderate Underſtanding, but great Vivacity, who by dipping into many Authors of this Nature, had got a little Smattering of Knowledge, juſt enough to make an Atheiſt or a Freethinker, but not a Philoſopher or a Man of Senſe. With theſe Accompliſhments, he went to viſit his Father in the Country, who was a plain, rough, honeſt Man, and wiſe, *tho' not learned*. The Son, who took all Opportunities

tunities to ſhew his Learning, began to eſtabliſh a new Religion in the Family, and to change the Narrowneſs of their Country Notions; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the Butler by his Table Talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt Siſter. The old Gentleman began to be alarmed at the Schiſms that aroſe among his Children, but did not yet believe his Son's Doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, till one Day talking of his Setting Dog, the Son ſaid, He did not queſtion but *Tory* was as immortal as any one of the Family; and in the Heat of the Argument told his Father, That for his own Part, he expected to die like a Dog. Upon which, the old Man ſtarting up in a very great Paſſion, cried out, Then, Sirrah, you ſhall live like one; and taking his Cane in his Hand, cudgelled him out of his Syſtem. This had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he took up from that Day, fell to reading good Books, and is now a Bencher in the *Middle Temple*.

I DO not mention this cudgelling Part of the Story with a Deſign to engage the ſecular Arm in Matters of this Nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in Affairs of Opinion and Speculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable Pretenders to Knowledge, who endeavour to give Man dark and uncomfortable Proſpects of his Being, and deſtroy thoſe Principles which are the Support, Happineſs, and Glory of all publick Societies, as well as private Perſons.

I THINK it is one of *Pythagoras*'s Golden Sayings, *That a Man ſhould take Care above all Things to have a due Reſpect for himſelf*: And it is certain, that this licentious Sort of Authors, who are for depreciating Mankind, endeavour to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined Spirits have been labouring to advance ſince the Beginning of the World. The very Deſign of Dreſs, Good Breeding, outward Ornaments and Ceremony, were to lift up human Nature, and ſet it off to an Advantage. Architecture, Painting, and Statuary, were invented with the ſame Deſign; as indeed every Art and Science contributes to the Embelliſhment of Life, and to the wearing off and throwing into Shades *the* mean and low Parts of our Nature. Poetry carries *on* this great End more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen

in the following Passage, taken out of his *Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better Account of this Art than all the Volumes that were ever written upon it.

POETRY, especially Heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble Foundation, which makes much for the Dignity of Man's Nature. For seeing this sensible World is in Dignity inferior to the Soul of Man, Poesy seems to endow human Nature with that which History denies; and to give Satisfaction to the Mind, with at least the Shadow of Things, where the Substance cannot be had. For if the Matter be thoroughly considered, a strong Argument may be drawn from Poesy, that a more stately Creatness of Things, a more perfect Order, and a more beautiful Variety, delights the Soul of Man, than any Way can be found in Nature since the Fall. Wherefore seeing the Acts and Events, which are the Subjects of true History, are not of that Amplitude as to content the Mind of Man; Poesy is ready at Hand to feign Acts more Heroical. Because true History reports the Successes of Business not proportionable to the Merit of Virtues and Vices, Poesy corrects it, and presents Events and Fortunes according to Desert, and according to the Law of Providence: Because true History, through the frequent Satiety and Similitude of Things, works a Distaste and Misprision in the Mind of Man; Poesy cheereth and refresheth the Soul, chanting Things rare and various, and full of Vicissitudes. So as Poesy serveth and conferreth to Delectation, Magnanimity and Morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some Participation of Divineness, because it doth raise the Mind, and exalt the Spirit with high Raptures, by proportioning the Shows of Things to the Desires of the Mind, and not submitting the Mind to Things as Reason and History do. And by these Allurements and Congruities, whereby it cherisheth the Soul of Man, joined also with Consort of Musick, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself; it hath won such Access, that it hath been in Estimation even in rude Times, and barbarous Nations, when other Learning stood excluded.

BUT there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural Greatneſs and Dignity of humane Nature ſo much as Religion, which does not only promiſe the entire Refinement of the Mind, but the glorifying of the Body, and the Immortality of both.

Perdidit hoc inter miſeris lux. Hor.

In ſuch Trifles as theſe the Wretches throw away their Time.

N° 109. *Tueſday*, December 20, 1709.

Sheer Lane, December 19.

THERE has not ſome Years been ſuch a Tumult in our Neighbourhood, as this Evening about Six. At the lower End of the Lane the Word was given, that there was a great Funeral coming by. The next Moment came forward, in a very haſty, inſtead of a ſolemn Manner, a long Train of Lights, when at laſt a Footman, in very high Youth and Health, with all his Force, ran through the whole Art of beating the Door of the Houſe next to me, and ended his Rattle with the true finiſhing Rap. This did not only bring one to the Door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the Lane in an Inſtant. As ong the reſt, my Country-Maid took the Alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, There was a fine, fine Lady, who had three Men with Burial Torches making Way before her, carried by two Men upon Poles, with Looking glaſſes on each Side of her, and one Glaſs alſo before, ſhe herſelf appearing the prettieſt that ever was. The Girl was going on in her Story, when the Lady was come to my Door in her Chair, having miſtaken the Houſe. As ſoon as ſhe entered I ſaw ſhe was Mr. *Iſaac*'s Scholar, by her ſpeaking

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Air, and the becoming Blush she made when she began her Apology. You'll be surprised, Sir, (said she) that I take this Liberty, who am utterly a Stranger to you. Besides that, it may be thought an Indecorum that I visit a Man. She made here a pretty Hesitation, and held her Fan to her Face. Then, as if recovering her Resolution, she proceeded. But I think you have told, that Men of your Age are of no Sex; therefore I may be as free with you as one of my own. The Lady did me the Honour to consult me on some particular Matters, which I am not at Liberty to report. But before she took her Leave, she produced a long List of Names, which she looked upon to know whither she was to go next. I must confess, I could hardly forbear discovering to her immediately, that I secretly laughed at the punctilious Regularity she observed in throwing away her Time; but I seemed to indulge her in it, out of a Curiosity to hear her own Reasons of her Way of Life. Mr *Bickerstaff*, (said she) you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me in staying thus long with you, having so many Visits to make; and indeed, if I had not Hopes that a third Part of those I am going to will be Abroad, I should be unable to dispatch them this Evening. Madam, (said I) Are you in all this Haste and Perplexity, and only going to such as you have not a Mind to see? Yes, Sir, (said she) I have several now with whom I keep a constant Correspondence, and return Visit for Visit punctually every Week, and yet we have not seen each other since last *November* was Twelvemonth.

SHE went on with a very good Air, and fixing her Eyes on her List, told me, she was obliged to ride about three Miles and an Half before she arrived at her own House. I asked after what Manner this List was taken, whether the Perfons writ their Names to her, and desired that Favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her Matter Roll? The Method we take (says she) is, That the Porter or Servant who comes to the Door, writes down all the Names who come to see us, and all such are intitled to a Return of their Visit. But, said I, Madam, I presume those who are searching for each other, and know one another by Messages, may be considered as Candidates only for each other's Favour; and that

that after so many Howdee's, you proceed to visit or not, as you like the Run of each other's Reputation or Fortune. You understand it aright, said she; and we become Friends, as soon as we are convinced that our Dislike to each other may be of any Consequence. For to tell you truly, said she, (for it is in vain to hide any Thing from a Man of your Penetration) general Visits are not made out of Good will, but for fear of Ill-will. Punctuality in this Case is often a suspicious Circumstance; and there is nothing so common as to have a Lady say, I hope she has heard no-thing of what I said of her, that she grows so great with me. But indeed my Porter is so dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down Half the People I owe Visits to. Madam, said I, methinks it would be very proper if your Gentleman Usher or Groom of the Chamber were always to keep an Account by Way of Debtor and Creditor. I know a City Lady who uses that Method, which I think very laudable; for though you may publicly at the Court End of the Town receive at the Door, and light up better than within *Temple Bar*, yet I must do that Justice to my Friends the Ladies within the Walls, to own, that they are much more exact in their Correspondence. The Lady I was going to mention as an Example, has always the second Prentice out of the Counting house for her own Use on her Visiting Day, and he sets down very methodically all the Visits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the 25th of *January* last, when she made up her Account for the Year 1708, it stood thus:

Mrs. *Centlewoman*—Dr.		*Per Contra*—Cr.	
To Seventeen hundred and four Visits received.	1704	By Eleven hundred and nine paid.	1109
		Due to Balance	595
			1704

THIS Gentlewoman is a Woman of great Oeconomy, and was not afraid to go to the Bottom of her *Affairs*; and therefore ordered her Apprentice to give her

her Credit for my Lady *Betty*'s impertinent Visits upon wrong Days, and deduct only Twelve *per Cent.* He had Orders also to subtract One and an Half from the whole of such as she had denied herself to before she kept a Day; and after taking those proper Articles of Credit on her Side, she was in Arrear but five hundred. She ordered her Husband to buy in a Couple of fresh Coach Horses; and with no other Loss, than the Death of two Footmen, and a Church yard Cough brought upon her Coachman, she was clear in the World on the 19th of *February* last, and keeps so before hand, that she pays every Body their own, and yet makes daily new Acquaintances. I know not whether this agreeable Visitant was fired with the Example of the Lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished out of my Sight, it being, it seems, as necessary a Point of Good Breeding, to go off as if you stole something out of the House, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one Thing that contributes so much to the lessening the Esteem Men of Sense have to the Fair Sex, as this Article of Visits. A young Lady cannot be married, but all the Impertinents in Town must be beating the *Tattoo* from one Quarter of the Town to the other, to shew they know what passes. If a Man of Honour should once in an Age marry a Woman of Merit for her intrinsick Value, the envious Things are all in Motion in an Instant to make it known to the Sisterhood as an Indiscretion, and publish to the Town how many Pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next Thing is, to make their Compliments to the married Couple and their Relations. They are equally busy at a Funeral, and the Death of a Person of Quality is always attended with the Murder of several Sets of Coach Horses and Chairmen. In both Cases, the Visitants are wholly unaffected, either with Joy or Sorrow. For which Reason, their Congratulations and Condolences are equally Words of Course; and one would be thought wonderfully ill bred, that should build upon such Expressions as Encouragements to expect from them any Instance of Friendship.

THUR-

THUS are the true Causes of Living, and the solid Pleasures in Life, lost in Shew, Imposture, and Impertinence. As for my Part, I think most of the Misfortunes in Families arise from the trifling Way the Women have in spending their Time, and gratifying only their Eyes and Ears, instead of their Reason and Understanding.

A FINE young Woman, bred under a Visiting Mother, knows all that is possible for her to be acquainted with by Report, and sees the Virtuous and the Vicious used so indifferently, that the Fears she is born with are abated, and Desires indulged, in proportion to her Love of that light and trifling Conversation. I know I talk like an old Man; but I must go on to say, that I think the general Reception of mixed Company, and the pretty Fellows that are admitted at those Assemblies, give a young Woman so false an Idea of Life, that she is generally bred up with a Scorn of that Sort of Merit in a Man, which only can make her happy in Marriage; and the Wretch, to whose Lot she falls, very often receives in his Arms a Coquet, with the Refuse of an Heart long before given away to a Coxcomb.

HAVING received from the Society of Upholders sundry Complaints of the obstinate and refractory Behaviour of several dead Persons, who have been guilty of very great Outrages and Disorders, and by that Means elapsed the proper Time of their Interment; and having on the other Hand received many Appeals from the aforesaid dead Persons, wherein they desire to be heard before such their Interment; I have set apart Wednesday, *the 21st Instant, at an extraordinary Court Day for the hearing both Parties. If therefore any one can alledge why they or any of their Acquaintance should or should not be buried, I desire they may be ready with their Witnesses at that Time, or that they will for ever after hold their Tongues.*

N. B. *This is the last Hearing on this Subject.*

—Quæ

——*Quæ lucis Miseris tam dira Cupido?* Virg.

What makes the unhappy Souls so covetous of Light?

N° 110. *Thursday*, December 22, 1709.

Sheer Lane, December 21.

AS soon as I had placed myself in my Chair of Judicature, I ordered my Clerk, Mr. *Lillie*, to read to the Assembly (who were gather'd together according to Notice) a certain Declaration, by Way of Charge, to open the Purpose of my Session, which tended only to this Explanation, that as other Courts were often call'd to demand the Execution of Persons dead in Law; so this was held to give the last Orders relating to those who are dead in Reason. The Solicitor of the New Company of Upholders near the *Hay Market* appeared in Behalf of that useful Society, and brought in an Accusation of a young Woman, who herself stood at the Bar before me. Mr. *Lillie* read her Indictment, which was in Substance, That whereas Mrs. *Rebecca Pindust*, of the Parish of St. *Martin in the Fields*, had by the Use of one Instrument called a Looking glass, and by the further Use of certain Attire, made either of Cambrick, Muslin or other Linen Wares, upon her Head, attained to such an evil Art and Magical Force in the Motion of her Eyes and Turn of her Countenance, that the the said *Rebecca* had put to Death several young Men of the said Parish; and that the said young Men had acknowledged in certain Papers, commonly called Love Letters, (which were produced in Court, gilded on the Edges, and sealed with a particular Wax, with

certain amorous and inchanting Words wrought upon the said Seals) that they died for the said *Rebecca*. And whereas the said *Rebecca* perfisted in the said evil Practice; this Way of Life the said Society continued to be, according to former Edicts, a State of Death, and demanded an Order for the Interment of the said *Rebecca*.

I looked upon the Maid with great Humanity, and desired her to make Answer to what was said against her. She said, It was indeed true, that she had practised all the Arts and Means she could to dispose of her self happily in Marriage, but thought she did not come under the Censure expressed in my Writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the Ignorance of her Accusers, who, according to their own Words, had rather represented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, That the Expressions mentioned in the Papers written to her, were become mere Words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their Escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her Discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the Meaning of the Words, *I Die*, in Letters of Love.

Mrs *Penelope* behaved herself with such an Air of Innocence, that she easily gained Credit, and was acquitted. Upon which Occasion I gave it as a standing Rule, That any Person, who in any Letter, Billet, or Discourse, should tell a Woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own Confession, without Bail or Mainprize.

IT happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very Head. A Letter which he acknowledged to be his own Hand was read, in which were the following Words, *Cruel Creature, I die for you.* It was observable that he took Snuff all the Time his Accusation was reading. I asked him, how he came to use those Words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, he was in Love with the Lady, and did not know *any* other Way of telling her so; and that all his Acquaintance took the same Method. Tho' I was moved with

with Compaſſion towards him by reaſon of the Weakneſs of his Parts, yet for Example ſake I was forced to anſwer, Your Sentence ſhall be a Warning to all the reſt of your Companions, not to tell Lies for want of Wit. Upon this he began to beat his ſmall box with a very ſawcy Air; and opening it again, Faith, *Iſaac*, ſaid he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow---- --Prithee, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What a Pox haſt thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I ſuppoſe thou would'ſt have a Man be in Company with his Miſtreſs, and ſay nothing to her. Doſt thou call breaking a Jeſt, telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy Wiſdom, old Solifidian, ha? He was going on with this inſipid Common place Mirth, ſometimes opening his Box, ſometimes ſhutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the Workmanſhip of the Hinge, when in the midſt of his Eloquence I ordered his Box to be taken from him, upon which he was immediately ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and carried off ſtone dead.

THE next who appeared was a hale old Fellow of Sixty. He was brought in by his Relations, who deſired Leave to bury him. Upon requiring a diſtinct Account of the Priſoner, a credible Witneſs depoſed, That he always roſe at Ten of the Clock, played with his Cat till Twelve, ſmoaked Tobacco till One, was at Dinner till Two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till Six, talked of one Madam *Eyres*, an old Miſtreſs of his, till Eight, repeated the ſame Account at the Tavern till Ten, then returned Home, took Conſtable Pipe, and then to Bed. I aſked him, What he had to ſay for himſelf? As to what (ſaid he) they mention concerning Madam *Eyres*----I did not care for hearing a *Canterbury* Tale, and therefore thought myſelf ſeaſonably interrupted by a young Gentleman, who appeared in the Behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arreſt of Judgment; for that he the ſaid young Man held certain Lands by his the ſaid old Man's Life. Upon this, the Solicitor of the Upholders took an Occaſion to demand him alſo, and thereupon produced ſeveral Evidences that witneſſed to his Life and Converſation. It appeared, That each of them divided their Hours in *Matters of equal Moment* and Importance to themſelves

kerſtaff, *God Morrow my Maſters all.* The Silence and Darkneſs of the Night diſpoſed me to be more than ordinarily ſerious; and as my Attention was not drawn out among exterior Objects, by the Avocations of Senſe, my Thoughts naturally fell upon myſelf. I was conſidering, amidſt the Stillneſs of the Night, What was the proper Employment of a Thinking Being? What were the Perfections it ſhould propoſe to itſelf? And, What the End it ſhould aim at? My Mind is of ſuch a particular Caſt, that the Falling of a Shower of Rain, or the Whiſtling of Wind, at ſuch a Time, is apt to fill my Thoughts with ſomething awful and ſolemn. I was in this Diſpoſition, when our Bellman began his Midnight Homily (which he has been repeating to us every Winter Night for theſe twenty Years) with the uſual Exordium.

Oh! mortal Man, that art born in Sin!

Sentiments of this Nature, which are in themſelves juſt and reaſonable, however debaſed by the Circumſtances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural Effect in a Mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong Notions of Gallantry, Politeneſs and Ridicule. The Temper which I now found myſelf in, as well as the Time of the Year, put me in Mind of thoſe Lines in *Shakeſpear*, wherein, according to his agreeable Wildneſs of Imagination, he has wrought a Country Tradition into a beautiful Piece of Poetry. In the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, where the Ghoſt vaniſhes upon the Cock's Crowing, he takes Occaſion to mention its Crowing all Hours of the Night about *Chriſtmas* Time, and to inſinuate a kind of religious Veneration for that Seaſon.

It faded on the Crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay, That ever 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all Night long;
And then, they ſay, no Spirit dares walk abroad:
The Nights are wholeſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch has Power to charm;
So hallowed, and ſo gracious is the Time.

THIS

THIS admirable Author, as well as the beſt and greateſt Men of all Ages, and of all Nations, ſeems to have had his Mind thoroughly ſeaſoned with Religion, as is evident by many Paſſages in his Plays, that would not be ſuffered by a modern Audience; and are therefore certain Inſtances, that the Age he lived in had a much greater Senſe of Virtue than the preſent.

IT is indeed a melancholy Reflection to conſider, That the *Britiſh* Nation, which is now at a greater Height of Glory for its Councils and Conqueſts, than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain Looſeneſs of Principles, and a Falling off from thoſe Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the Happineſs and Perfection of human Nature. This Evil comes upon us from the Works of a few ſolemn Blockheads, that meet together with the Zeal and Seriouſneſs of Apoſtles, to extirpate common Senſe, and propagate Infidelity. Theſe are Wretches, who, without any Show of Wit, Learning, or Reaſon, publiſh their crude Conceptions with an Ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of Mankind, upon no other Pretence, than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by Heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues againſt the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the Oſtentation of his Parts, rally the Truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a Chapter in it. Theſe poor Wretches talk Blaſphemy for want of Diſcourſe, and are rather the Objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his Time in convincing himſelf and the World, that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to conſider an Infidel, whether diſtinguiſh'd by the Title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free Thinker, in three different Lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his laſt Moments.

A wiſe Man that lives up to the Principles of Reaſon and Virtue, if one conſiders him in his Solitude, as taking in the Syſtem of the Univerſe, obſerving the mu*tual Dependence* and Harmony, by which the whole

kerstaff, *God Morrow my Masters all.* The Silence and Darkness of the Night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my Attention was not drawn out among exterior Objects, by the Avocations of Sense, my Thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the Stillness of the Night, What was the proper Employment of a Thinking Being? What were the Reflections it should propose to itself? And, What the End it should aim at? My Mind is of such a particular Cast, that the Falling of a Shower of Rain, or the Whistling of Wind, at such a Time, is apt to fill my Thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this Disposition, when our Bellman began his Midnight Homily (which he has been repeating to us every Winter Night for these twenty Years) with the usual Exordium,

O! mortal Man, how that art born in Sin!

Sentiments of this Nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the Circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural Effect in a Mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong Notions of Gallantry, Politeness and Ridicule. The Temper which I now found myself in, as well as the Time of the Year, put me in Mind of those Lines in *Shakspear*, wherein, according to his agreeable Wildness of Imagination, he has wrought a Country Tradition into a beautiful Piece of Poetry. In the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, where the Ghost vanishes upon the Cock's Crowing, he takes Occasion to mention its Crowing all Hours of the Night about *Christmas* Time, and to intimate a kind of religious Veneration for that Season.

It faded on the Crowing of the Cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all Night long:
And then, say they, no Spirit dares walk abroad:
The Nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch has Power to charm:
So hallowed, and so gracious is the Time.

THIS

THIS admirable Author, as well as the beſt and greateſt Men of all Ages, and of all Nations, ſeems to have had his Mind throughly ſeaſoned with Religion, as is evident by many Paſſages in his Plays, that would not be ſuffered by a modern Audience; and are therefore certain Inſtances, that the Age he lived in had a much greater Senſe of Virtue than the preſent.

IT is indeed a melancholy Reflection to conſider, That the *Britiſh* Nation, which is now at a greater Height of Glory for its Councils and Conqueſts, than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain Looſeneſs of Principles, and a Falling off from thoſe Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the Happineſs and Perfection of human Nature. This Evil comes upon us from the Works of a few ſolemn Blockheads, that meet together with the Zeal and Seriouſneſs of Apoſtles, to extirpate common Senſe, and propagate Infidelity. Theſe are Wretches, who, without any Show of Wit, Learning, or Reaſon, publiſh their crude Conceptions with an Ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of Mankind, upon no other Pretence, than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by Heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues againſt the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the Oſtentation of his Parts, rally the Truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a Chapter in it. Theſe poor Wretches talk Blaſphemy for want of Diſcourſe, and are rather the Objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his Time in convincing himſelf and the World, that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to conſider an Infidel, whether diſtinguiſh'd by the Title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free Thinker, in three different Lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his laſt Moments.

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Frame of it hangs together, beating down his Paſſions, or ſwelling his Thoughts with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler Figure in the Eye of an intelligent Being, than the greateſt Conqueror amidſt all the Pomp and Solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous Animal than an Atheiſt in his Retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: He can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant Figure in a Landſkip, and wandring up and down in a Field or a Meadow, under the ſame Terms as the meaneſt Animals about him, and as ſubject to as total a Mortality as they, with this Aggravation, That he is the only one amongſt 'em, who lies under the Apprehenſion of it.

IN Diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all Creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole Preſſure of a preſent Calamity, without being relieved by the Memory of any Thing that is paſt, or the Proſpect of any Thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt Bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an Halter or a Piſtol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of thoſe gloomy Miſcreants in his pooreſt Figure, you muſt conſider him under the Terrors, or at the Approach of Death.

ABOUT thirty Years ago I was a Shipboard with one of theſe Vermin, when there aroſe a briſk Gale, which could frighten no Body but himſelf. Upon the Rowling of the Ship he fell upon his Knees, and confeſſed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheiſt, and had denied a ſupreme Being ever ſince he came to his Eſtate. The good Man was aſtoniſhed, and a Report immediately ran through the Ship, That there was an Atheiſt upon the Upper Deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the Word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange Fiſh; but they were more ſurpriſed when they ſaw it was a Man, and heard out of his own Mouth, That he never believed till that Day that there was a God. As he lay in the Agonies of Confeſſion, one of the honeſt Tars whiſpered to the Boatſwain, That it would be a good Deed to heave him over Board. But we were now within Sight of Port, when of a ſudden the Wind fell, and the Penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were *Gentlemen*, not to ſay any Thing of what had paſſed.

HE had not been ashore above two Days, when one of the Company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in so high Terms, that it produced the Lie on both Sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheist was run through the Body, and after some Loss of Blood, became as good a Christian as he was at Sea, till he found that his Wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the Free-Thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet against several receiv'd Opinions concerning the Existence of Fairies.

AS I have taken upon me to censure the Faults of the Age and Country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the Subject of my present Discourse. I shall therefore from Time to Time give my Countrymen particular Cautions against this Distemper of the Mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that Means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable Sentence, That a Man would be a most insupportable Monster, should he have the Faults that are incident to his Years, Constitution, Profession, Family, Religion, Age, and Country; and yet every Man is in Danger of them all. For this Reason, as I am an old Man, I take particular Care to avoid being Covetous, and telling long Stories: As I am cholerick, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! or Pish! and the like. As I am a Lay-man, I resolve not to conceive an Aversion for a Wife and a good Man, because his Coat is of a different Colour from mine. As I am descended of the antient Family of the *Bickerstaffs*, I never call a Man of Merit an *Upstart*. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my Zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate Age, I guard myself particularly against the Folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an *Englishman*, I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or despise a poor *Palatine*.

Accedat Suavitas quædam oportet Sermonum, atque Morum, hauquaquam mediocre Condimentum Amicitiæ: Tristitia autem, & in omni re Severitas absit. Habet illa quidem Gravitatem, sed Amicitia remissior esse debet, & liberior, & dulcior, & ad omnem Comitatem Facilitatemque proclivior. Tull.

There should be added a certain Sweetness of Discourse and Manners, which is no inconsiderable Sauce to Friendship. But by all Means throw out Sadness and Severity in every thing. There is something of Gravity indeed in it, but Friendship requires a greater Remissness, Freedom, and Pleasantness, and an Inclination to Good Temper and Affability.

Nº 112. *Tuesday*, December 27, 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 26.

AS I was looking over my Letters this Morning, I chanced to cast my Eye upon the following one, which came to my Hands about two Months ago from an old Friend of mine, who, as I have since learned, was the Person that writ the agreeable Epistle inserted in my Paper of the Third of the last Month. It is of the same Turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a Specimen of *Right Country Letters*.

SIR,

THIS sets out to you from my Summer house upon the Terras, where I am enjoying a few Hours Sunshine, the scanty sweet Remains of a fine Autumn. The Year is almost at the lowest; so that in all Appearance, the rest of my Letters between this and Spring will be dated from my Parlour Fire, where the little fond Prattle of a Wife and Children will so often break in upon the Connexion of my Thoughts, that you'll easily discover it in my Style.

If

If this Winter ſhould prove as ſevere as the laſt, I can tell you before hand, that I am likely to be a very miſerable Man, through the perverſe Temper of my eldeſt Boy. When the Froſt was in its Extremity, you muſt know, that moſt of the Black-birds, Robins, and Finches of the Pariſh (whoſe Muſick had entertained me in the Summer) took Refuge under my Roof. Upon this, my Care was, to riſe every Morning before Day to ſet open my Windows for the Reception of the Cold and the Hungry, whom at the ſame Time I relieved with a very plentiful Alms, by ſtrewing Corn and Seeds upon the Floors and Shelves. But Dicky, *without any Regard to the Laws of Hoſpitality, conſidered the Caſements as ſo many Traps, and uſed every Bird as a Priſoner at Diſcretion. Never did Tyrant exerciſe more various Cruelties: Some of the poor Creatures he chaſed to Death about the Room; others he drove into the Paws of a Bloodthirſty Cat; and even in his greateſt Acts of Mercy, either clipped the Wings, or ſinged the Tails, of his innocent Captives. You'll laugh, when I tell you I ſympathized with every Bird in its Misfortunes; but I believe you'll think me in the Right for bewailing the Child's unlucky Humour. On the other Hand, I am extremely pleaſed, to ſee his younger Brother carry an univerſal Benevolence towards every Thing that has Life. When he was between four and five Years, I caught him weeping over a beautiful Butterfly, which he chanced to kill as he was playing with it; and I am informed, that this Morning he has given his Brother Three Half-pence (which was his whole Eſtate) to ſpare the Life of a Tom Tit. Theſe are at preſent the Matters of greateſt Moment within my Obſervation, and I know are too trifling to be communicated to any but ſo wiſe a Man as yourſelf, and from one who has the Happineſs to be*

Your moſt Faithful,
And moſt Obedient Servant.

THE beſt Critick that ever wrote, ſpeaking of ſome Paſſages in *Homer* which appear extravagant or frivolous, ſays indeed, that they are Dreams, but the Dreams of *Jupiter*. My Friend's Letter appears to me in the ſame Light. One ſees him in an idle Hour; but at the ſame Time in the idle Hour of a wiſe Man. A great Mind has ſomething in it too ſevere and forbid-

ding

ding, that is not capable of giving itself such little Relaxations, and of condescending to these agreeable Ways of trifling. *Tully*, when he celebrates the Friendship of *Scipio* and *Lælius*, who were the greatest as well as the politest Men of their Age, represents it as a beautiful Passage in their Retirement, that they used to gather up Shells on the Sea shore, and amuse themselves with the Variety of Shape and Colour, which they met with in those little unregarded Works of Nature. The great *Agesilaus* could be a Companion to his own Children, and was surprised by the Ambassadors of *Sparta* as he was riding among them upon an Hobby Horse. *Augustus* indeed had no Play Fellows of his own begetting; but is said to have passed many of his Hours with little *Moorish* Boys at a Game of Marbles, not unlike our Modern Taw. There is (methinks) a Pleasure in seeing great Men thus fall into the Rank of Mankind, and entertain themselves with Diversions and Amusements that are agreeable to the very weakest of the Species. I must frankly confess, that it is to me a Beauty in *Cato*'s Character, that he would drink a chearful Bottle with his Friend; and I cannot but own, that I have seen with great Delight one of the most celebrated Authors of the last Age feeding the Ducks in St. *James*'s Park. By Instances of this Nature, the Heroes, the Statesmen, the Philosophers, become as it were familiar with us, and grow the more amiable, the less they endeavour to appear awful. A Man who always acts in the Severity of Wisdom, or the Haughtiness of Quality, seems to move in a personated Part: It looks too constrained and theatrical for a Man to be always in that Character which distinguishes him from others. Besides that, the Slackening and unbending our Minds on some Occasions, makes them exert themselves with greater Vigour and Alacrity, when they return to their proper and natural State.

AS this innocent Way of passing a leisure Hour is not only consistent with a great Character, but very graceful in it, so there are two Sorts of People to whom I would most earnestly recommend it. [illegible] those who are uneasy out of Want of Thought [illegible] those who are so out of a Turbulence [illegible] the Impertinent, and the second th[illegible]

IT grieves me to the very Heart, when I see several young Gentlemen, descended of honest Parents, run up and down hurrying from one End of the Town to the other, calling in at every Place of Resort, without being able to fix a Quarter of an Hour in any, and in a particular Haste without knowing for what. It would (methinks) be some Consolation, if I could perswade these precipitate young Gentelmen to compose this Restlessness of Mind, and apply themselves to any Amusement, how trivial soever, that might give them Employment, and keep them out of Harm's Way. They cannot imagine how great a Relief it would be to them, if they could grow sedate enough to play for two or three Hours at a Game of Push pin. But these busy, idle Animals, are only their own Tormentors: The Turbulent and Dangerous are for embroiling Councils, stirring up Seditions, and subverting Constitutions, out of a meer Restlessness of Temper, and an Insensibility of all the Pleasures of Life that are calm and innocent. It is impossible for a Man to be so much employed in any Scene of Action, as to have great and good Affairs enough to fill up his whole Time; there will still be Chasms and empty Spaces, in which a working Mind will employ itself to its own Prejudice, or that of others, unless it can be at Ease in the Exercise of such Actions as are in themselves indifferent. How often have I wished, for the Good of the Nation, That several famous Politicians could take any Pleasure in feeding Ducks. I look upon an able Statesman out of Business, like a huge Whale, that will endeavour to overturn the Ship, unless he has an empty Cask to play with.

BUT to return to my good Friend and Correspondent, I am afraid we shall both be laughed at, when I confess, that we have often gone out into the Field to look upon a Bird's Nest; and have more than once taken an Evening's Walk together on purpose to see the Sun set. I shall conclude with my Answer to his foregoing Letter:

Dear SIR,

I THANK you for your obliging Letter, and your Kindness to the Distressed [illegible] doubtless, express their Gratitude [illegible] Spring. As for *Dick* the [illegible] put a [illegible]

'Stop to his Proceedings; and at the ſame Time take
'Care, that his little Brother be no Loſer by his Mer-
'cy to the *Tom Tit*. For my own Part, I am excluded
'all Converſation with Animals that delight only in a
'Country Life, and am therefore forced to entertain my-
'ſelf as well as I can, with my little Dog and Cat. They
'both of them ſit by my Fire every Night, expecting my
'coming Home with Impatience; and at my Entrance,
'never fail of running up to me, and bidding me wel-
'come, each of 'em in his proper Language. As they
'have been bred up together from their Infancy, and ſeen
'no other Company, they have learned each other's Man-
'ners, ſo that the Dog often gives himſelf the Airs of a
'Cat, and the Cat, in ſeveral of her Motions and Ge-
'ſtures, affects the Behaviour of the little Dog. When
'they are at Play, I often make one with them: and
'ſometimes pleaſe myſelf with conſidering, how much
'Reaſon and Inſtinct are capable of delighting each other.
'Thus, you ſee, I have communicated to you the ma-
'terial Occurrences in my Family, with the ſame Freedom
'that you uſe to me; as I am with the ſame Sincerity
'and Affection,

Your moſt Faithful
Humble Servant,
Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus! Juv.

Once more Criſpinus *comes upon the Stage.*

No 114. *Thurſday*, December 20, 1709.

Day Market, December 13.

WHEREAS the Gentleman that behaved him-
ſelf in a very diſobedient and obſtinate Manner at the late Trial in *Staple Inn* on the 10th Inſtant, and was carried off dead upon taking away of his Snuff *Box*, remains ſtill unburied: the Company of Uphol-

ders

ders not knowing otherwiſe how they ſhould be paid, have taken his Goods in Execution to defray the Charge of his Funeral. His ſaid Effects are to be expoſed to Sale by Auction, at their Office in the *Hay Market*, on the 4th. of *January* next, and are as follows:

A very rich Tweezer Caſe, containing twelve Inſtruments for the Uſe of each Hour in the Day.

FOUR Pounds of ſcented Snuff, with three gilt Snuff Boxes; one of them with an inviſible Hinge, and a Looking glaſs in the Lid.

TWO more of Ivory, with the Portraitures on their Lids of two Ladies of the Town; the Originals to be ſeen every Night in the Side Boxes of the Play houſe.

A Sword with a Steel Diamond Hilt, never drawn but once at *May Fair*.

SIX clean Packs of Cards, a Quart of Orange-Flower-Water, a Pair of *French* Sciſſars, a Tooth pick-Caſe, and an Eye brow Bruſh.

A large Glaſs-Caſe, containing the Linen and Clothes of the Deceaſed; among which are, two embroider'd Suits, a Pocket Perſpective, a Dozen Pair of red heel'd Shoes, three Pair of red Silk Stockings, and an Amber-headed Cane.

THE ſtrong Box of the Deceaſed, wherein were found, five Billet doux, a *Bath* Shilling, a crooked Sixpence, a Silk Garter, a Lock of Hair, and three broken Fans.

A Preſs for Books; containing on the upper Shelf,

THREE Bottles of Diet Drink.

TWO Boxes of Pills.

A Syringe, and other Mathematical Inſtruments.

ON the Second Shelf are ſeveral Miſcellaneous Works, as,

LAMPOONS.

PLAYS.

TAYLORS Bills.

AND an *Almanack* for the Year Seventeen Hundred.

On the Third Shelf,

A Bundle of Letters unopened, indorſed, (in the Hand of the Deceaſed) *Letters from the old Gentleman.*

LESSONS

LESSONS for the Flute.

TOLAND's Christianity not Mysterious: And a Paper filled with Patterns of several fashionable Stuffs.

On the Lowest Shelf.

ONE Shoe.

A Pair of Snuffers.

A *French* Grammar.

A Mourning Hatband; And half a Bottle of Usquebaugh.

THERE will be added to these Goods, to make a compleat Auction, a Collection of Gold Snuff Boxes and clouded Canes, which are to continue in Fashion for three Months after the Sale.

THE Whole are to be set up and prized by *Charles Bubbleby*, who is to open the Auction with a Speech.

I find that I am so very unhappy, that while I am busy in correcting the Folly and Vice of one Sex, several Exorbitances break out in the other. I have not throughly examined their new fashioned Petticoats, but shall set aside one Day in the next Week for that Purpose. The following Petition on this Subject was presented to me this Morning.

The humble Petition of William Jingle, *Coach-maker and Chair-maker of the Liberty of* Westminster.

To *Paul Bickerstaff*, Esq; Censor of *Great Britain*.

SHEWETH,

"THAT upon the late Invention of Mrs *Catherine* "*Cleveland*, Mantoe-maker, the Petticoats of Ladies "were so wide for entring into any Coach or Chair "which was in Use before the said Invention.

"THAT for the Service of the said Ladies, your "Petitioner has built a round Chair, in the Form of a "Pantoon, six Yards and an half in Circumference, with "a Stool in the Centre of it; the said Vehicle being so "contrived, [illegible] receive the Passenger by opening in two "in the [illegible] and closing mathematically when she is "[illegible]

[illegible]

"THAT your Petitioner has also invented a Coach
"for the Reception of one Lady only, who is to be let
"in at the Top.

"THAT the said Coach has been tried by a Lady's
"Woman in one of these full Petticoats, who was let
"down from a Balcony, and drawn up again by Pullies,
"to the great Satisfaction of her Lady, and all who be-
"held her.

"YOUR Petitioner therefore most humbly prays,
"That for the Encouragement of Ingenuity and useful
"Inventions, he may be heard before you pass Sentence
"upon the Petticoats aforesaid.

And your Petitioner, &c.

I have likewise received a Female Petition, signed by several Thousands, praying, That I would not any longer defer giving Judgment in the Case of the Petticoat, many of them having put off the making new Clothes, till such Time as they know what Verdict will pass upon it. I do therefore hereby certify to all whom it may concern, That I do design to set apart *Tuesday* next for the final Determination of that Matter, having already ordered a Jury of Matrons to be impanelled, for the clearing up of any difficult Points that may arise in the Trial.

BEING informed that several dead Men in and about this City do keep out of the Way and abscond, for Fear of being buried, and being willing to oppose their Interment, in Consideration of their Families, and in Hopes of their Amendment, I shall allow them certain Privileged Places, where they may appear to one another, without causing any Let or Molestation to the Living, or receiving any in their own Persons from the Company of Upholders. Between the Hours of Seven and Nine in the Morning, they may appear in Safety at St. James's Coffee-house, or at White's, if they do not keep their Beds, which is more proper for Men in their Condition. From Nine to Eleven, I allow them to walk from Story's to Rosamond's Pond in the Park, or in any other publick Walks which are not frequented by the Living at that Time. Between Eleven and Three, they are to

watch, and kept out of Sight till Three in the Afternoon at which time they may go to Change *till Five; and then of their own, divert themselves at the* Play Market, *in* Drury Lane, *till the Play begins. It is further granted in Favour of these Persons, That they may be received at any Table, where there are more present than seven or Number proceed, that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, converse, or find Fault with any Speech, Action or Behaviour, of the Living. In which Case it shall be lawful to seize their Persons at any Place or Hour whatsoever, and to convey their Bodies to the next Undertaker's; any thing in this Advertisement to the contrary notwithstanding.*

Ut in Vitâ, sic in Studiis, pulcherrimum & humanissimum existimo, Severitatem Comitatemque miscere, ne illa in Tristitiam, hæc in Petulantiam procedat. Plin. Epist.

As in a Man's Life, so in his Studies, I think it the most beautiful human Thing in the World, to mingle Gravity with Politeness, that the one may not sink into Melancholy, nor the other rise up into Buffoonery.

Nº 114. *Saturday*, December 31, 1709.

Shoe-Lane, December 30.

I WAS walking about my Chamber this Morning in a very gay Humour, when I saw a Coach stop at my Door, and a Youth about Fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest Son of my Bosom Friend, that I gave some Account of in my Paper of the 12th of the last Month. I felt a sensible Pleasure rising in me at the Sight of him, my Acquaintance having begun with his Father when he was just such a Stripling, and about that very Age. When he came up to me, he took me

by the Hand, and burst out in Tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, Child, How does your Father do? He began to reply, My Mother— —But could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the Coach, and gathered out of him, That his Mother was then dying, and that while the holy Man was doing the last Offices to her, he had taken that Time to come and call me to his Father, who (he told) would certainly break his Heart if I did not go and comfort him. The Child's Discretion in coming to me of his own Head, and the Tenderness he shewed for his Parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the tolerable Performance of those Duties which I owed to my Friend. As we were going I could not but reflect upon the Character of that excellent Woman, and the Greatness of his Grief for the Loss of one who has ever been the Support to him under all other Afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the Hour of her Death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a Sickness, which was then past, without Sorrow. We were now got pretty far into *Hertfordshire*, and arrived at my Friend's House. At the Door of it I met *Eugenius*, not without a secret Satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his House; and as he abounds with that Sort of Virtue and Knowledge which makes Religion beautiful, and never leads the Conversation into the Violence and Rage of Party Disputes, I listened to him with great Pleasure. Our Discourse chanced to be upon the Subject of Death, which he treated with such a Strength of Reason, and Greatness of Soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a Mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be defired. As I met him at the Door, I saw in his Face a certain Glowing of Grief and Humanity, heightened with an Air of Fortitude and Refolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible Force, as to suspend the Pains of the Dying, and the Lamentation of the nearest Friends who attended her. I went up directly to the Room where she lay, and was met at the Entrance by my Friend, who, unwithstanding his *Thoughts* had been composed a little before, as the

the Sight of me turned away his Face and wept. The little Family of Children renewed the Expressions of their Sorrow according to their several Ages and Degrees of Understanding. The eldest Daughter was in Tears, busied in Attendance upon her Mother; others were kneeling about the Bedside: And what troubled me most was, to see a little Boy, who was too young to know the Reason, weeping only because his Sisters did. The only one in the Room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying Person. At my Approach to the Bedside, she told me, with a low broken Voice, 'This is kindly done ——Take Care of your Friend—— Don't go from him. She had before taken Leave of her Husband and Children, in a Manner proper for so solemn a Parting, and with a Gracefulness peculiar to a Woman of her Character. My Heart was torn in Pieces to see the Husband on one Side suppressing and keeping down the Swellings of his Grief, for Fear of disturbing her in her last Moments; and the Wife even at that Time concealing the Pains she endured, for Fear of increasing his Affliction. She kept her Eyes upon him for some Moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the Moment of her Departure, my Friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep Groan, and fell into a Swoon by her Bedside. The Distraction of the Children, who thought they saw both their Parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest Heart; but they soon perceived their Father recover, whom I helped to remove into another Room, with a Resolution to accompany him till the first Pangs of his Affliction were abated. I knew Consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in Silence. For I shall here use the Method of an antient Author, who in one of his Epistles relating the Virtues and Death of *Maximus*'s Wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall suspend my Advice to this 'best of Friends, till he is made capable of receiving it 'by those three great Remedies, (*Necessitas ipsa, Dies longa, & Satietas Doloris*) The Necessity of Submission, Length of Time, and Satiety of Grief.'

IN the mean Time, I cannot but consider with much Commiseration, the melancholy State of one who has had such a Part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every Circumstance of Life. His Condition is like that of one who has lately lost his Right Arm, and is every Moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same Person in his House, at his Table, in Company, or in Retirement; and tires the Relish of all the Pleasures and Diversions that were before entertaining to him by her Participation of them. The most agreeable Objects to all the Sorrow in her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional Satisfaction, from the Taste of Pleasures in the Society of one we love, is admirably described in *Milton*, who represents *Eve*, though in Paradise itself, no farther pleased with the beautiful Objects round her, than as she saw them in Company with *Adam*, in that Passage to inexpressibly charming.

With thee conversing, I forget all Time,
All Seasons, and their Change; all please alike.
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet
With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His Orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower,
Glist'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft Showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild, the silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heaven, her Starry Train.
But neither Breath of Morn when she ascends
With Charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
In this delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Glist'ring with Dew, nor Fragrant after Showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, nor Walk by Moon,
Or glitt'ring Star-light, without Thee is sweet.

THE Variety of Images in this Passage is infinitely pleasing, and the Recapitulation of each particular Image, with a little varying of the Expression, makes one of the finest Turns of Words that I have ever seen. Which I rather

rather mention, because Mr. *Dryden* has said in his P face to *Juvenal*, that he could meet with no Turn Words in *Milton*.

I 'T may be further observed, That though the Swe ness of these Verses has something in it of a Pasto yet it excels the ordinary Kind, as much as the Scene it is above an ordinary Field or Meadow. I might he since I am accidentally led into this Subject, shew veral Passages in *Milton* that have as excellent Turns this Nature, as any of our *English* Poets whatsoev but shall only mention that which follows, in which describes the fallen Angels engaged in the intricate D putes of Predestination, Free-will, and Foreknowledg and to humour the Perplexity, makes a kind of L byrinth in the very Words that describe it.

Others apart sate on a Hill retir'd,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Foreknowledge absolute,
And found no End in wandring Mazes lost.

The End of the Second Volume.

AN

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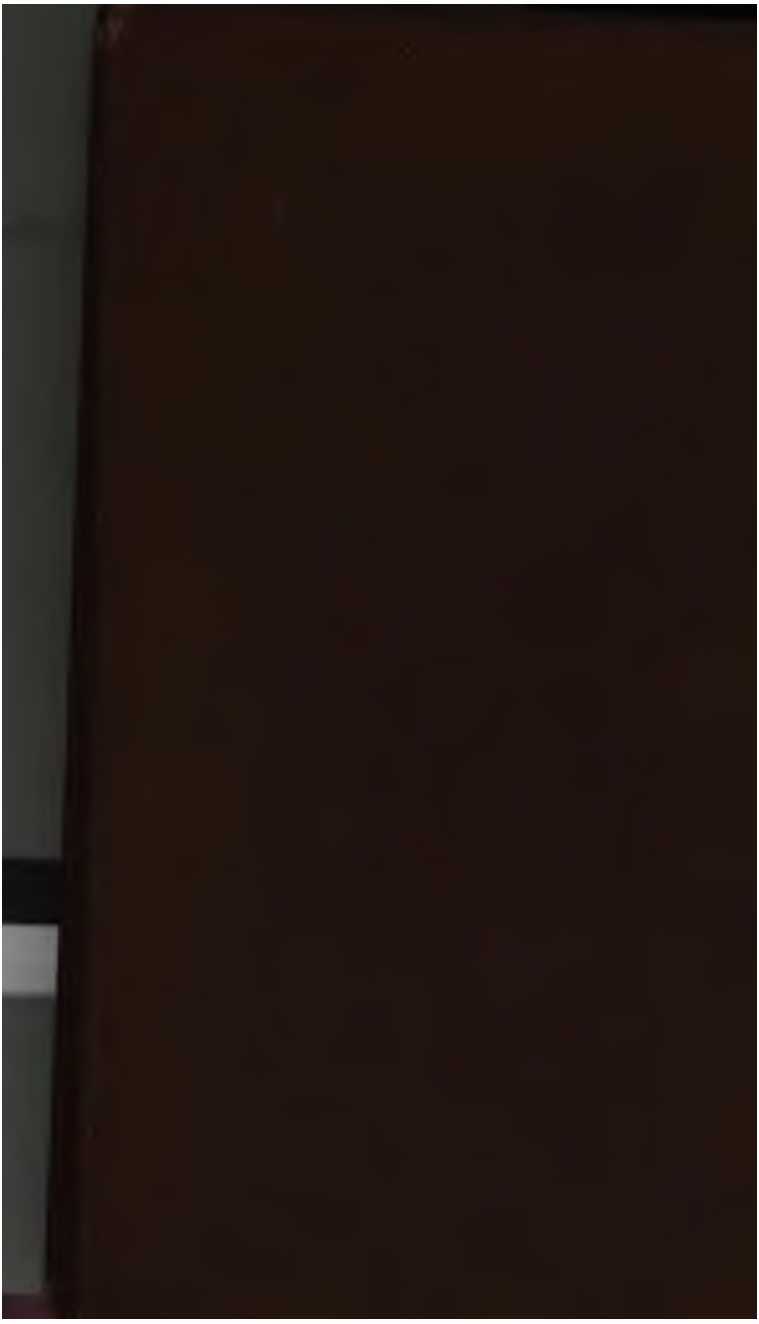
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